

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF
TUTANKHAMEN

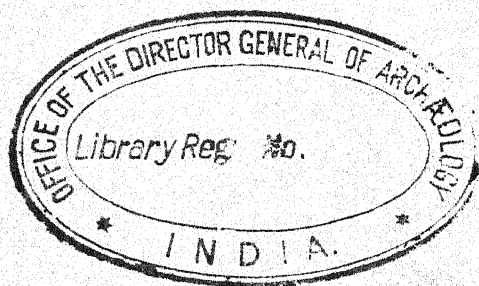
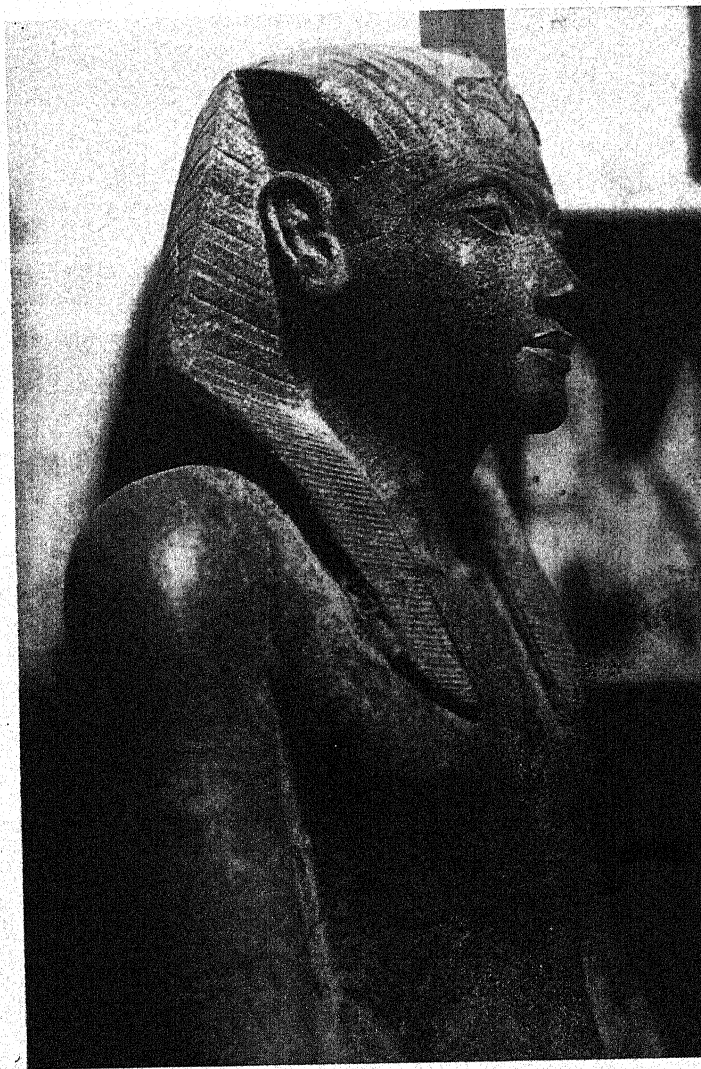


PLATE I



TUTANKHAMEN

Statue of grey granite (Cairo Museum)

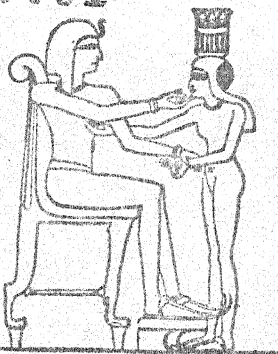
G. R. TABOUIS

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF TUTANKHAMEN

LOVE, RELIGION, AND POLITICS
AT THE COURT OF AN
EGYPTIAN KING

With a Preface by
THÉODORE REINACH

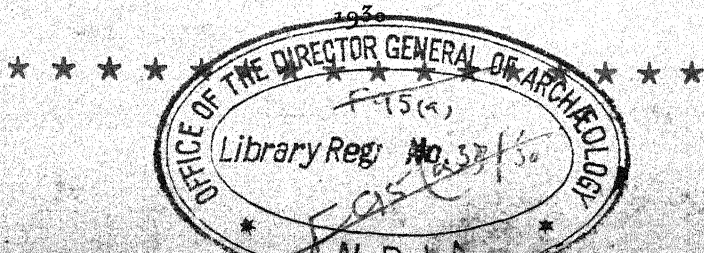
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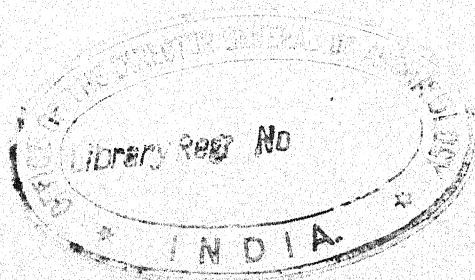
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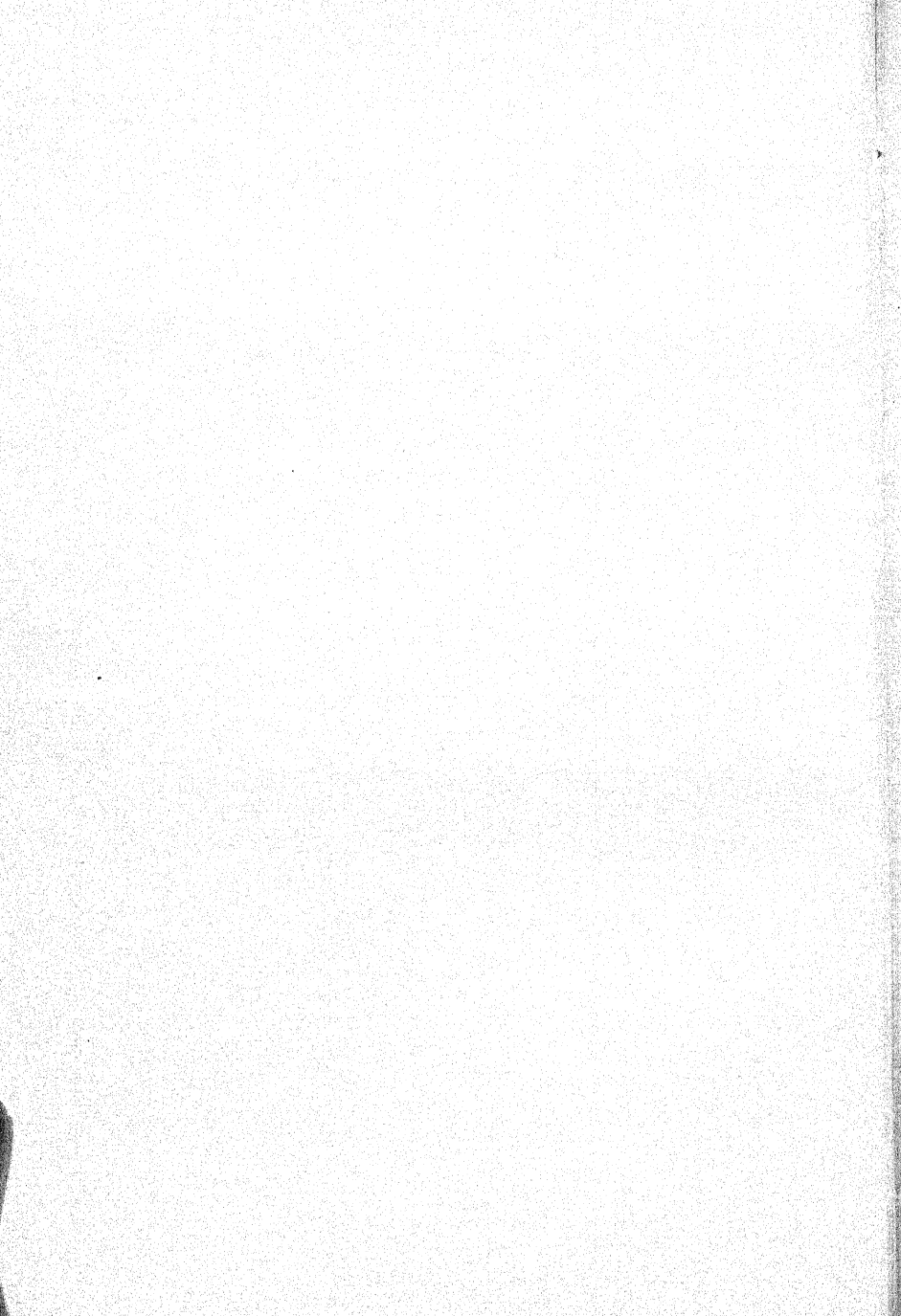
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TO
HIS MAJESTY FUAD, KING OF EGYPT,
MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE,

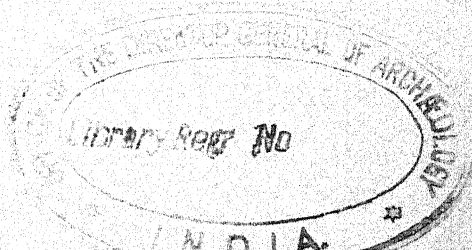
THIS WORK, THE TRIBUTE OF A FRENCHWOMAN
TO THE ANCIENT GLORIES OF EGYPT,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
IN GRATITUDE FOR THE HIGH PROTECTION
GIVEN BY THAT MONARCH TO
FRENCH ARCHÆOLOGY

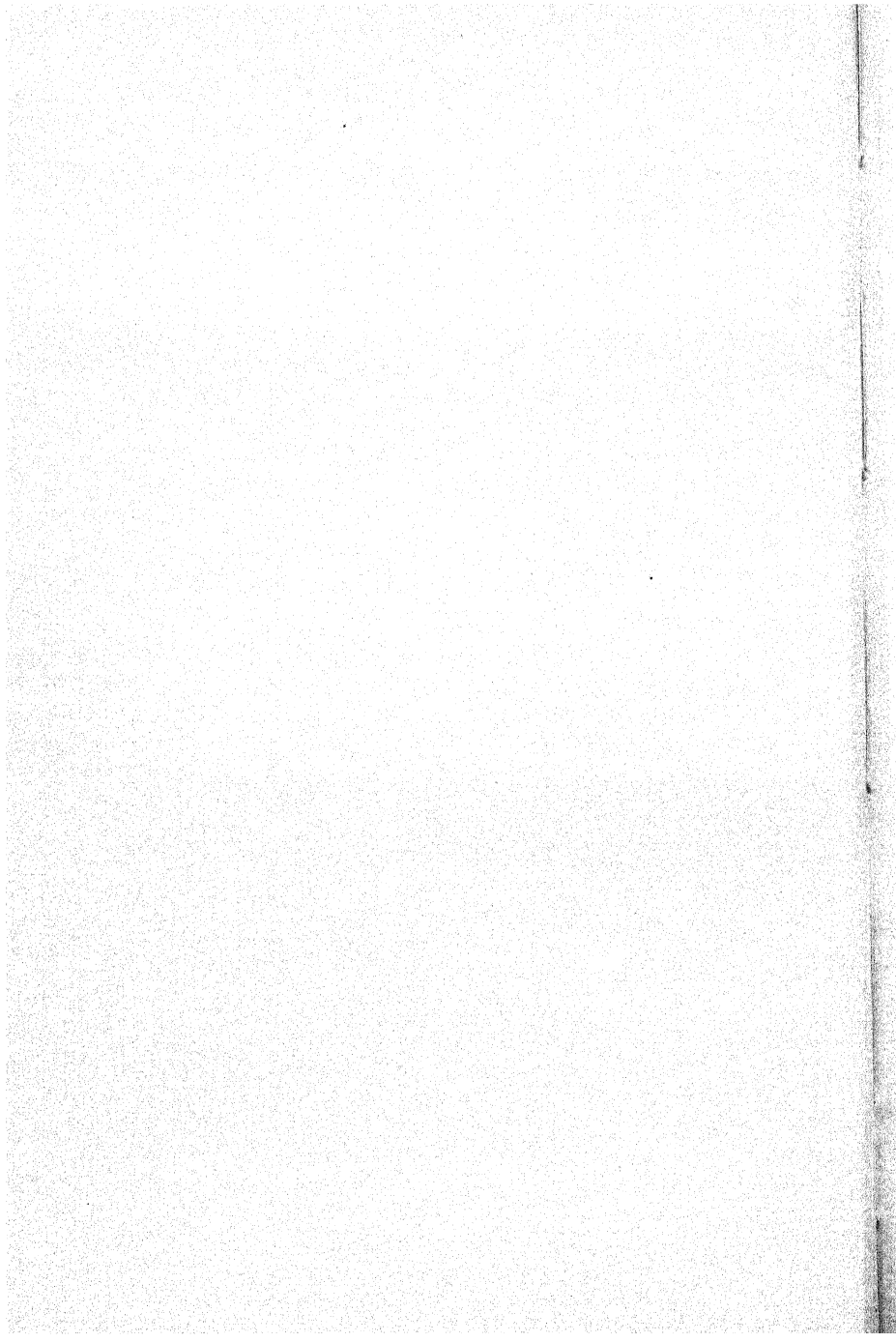




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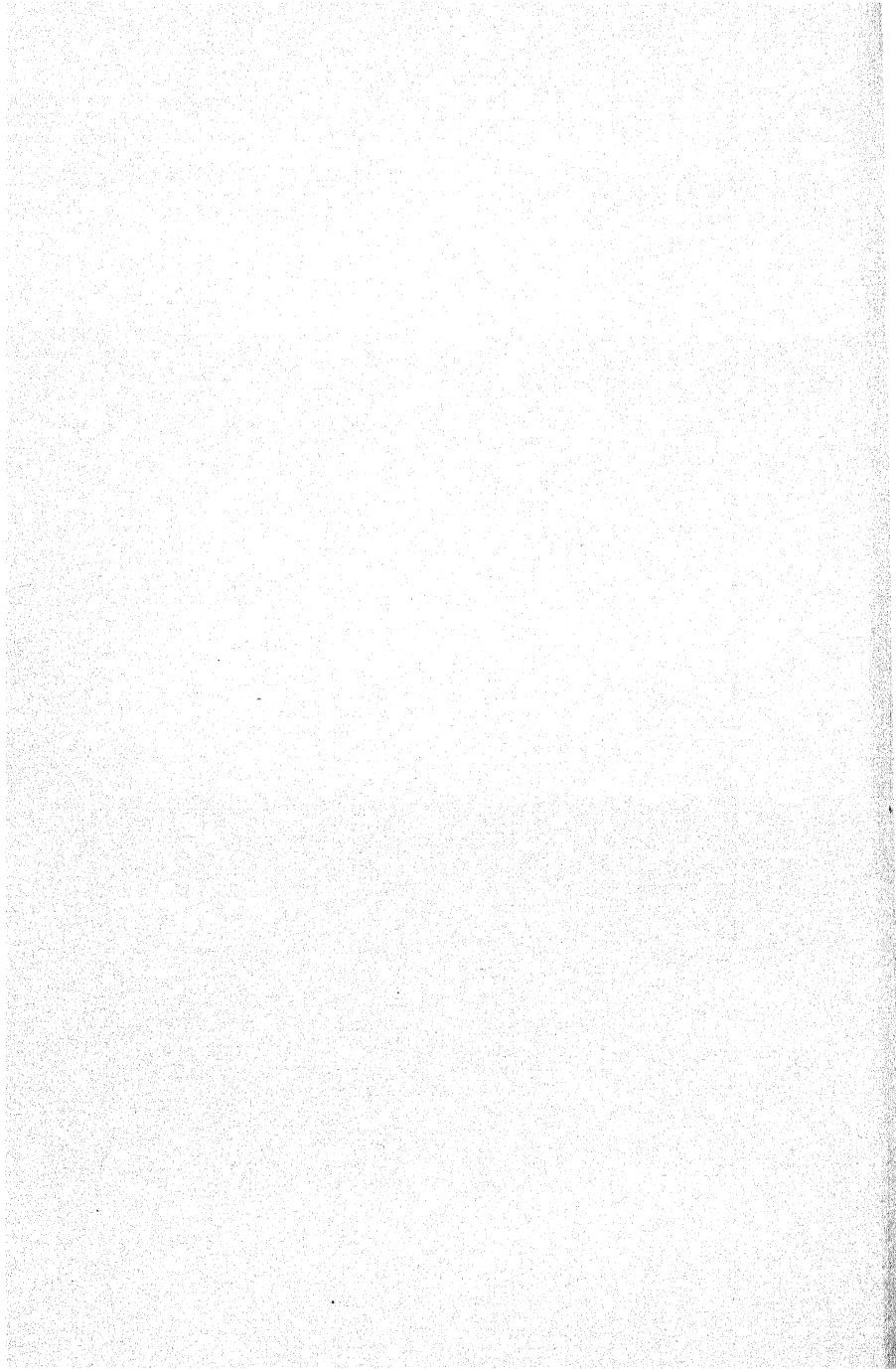
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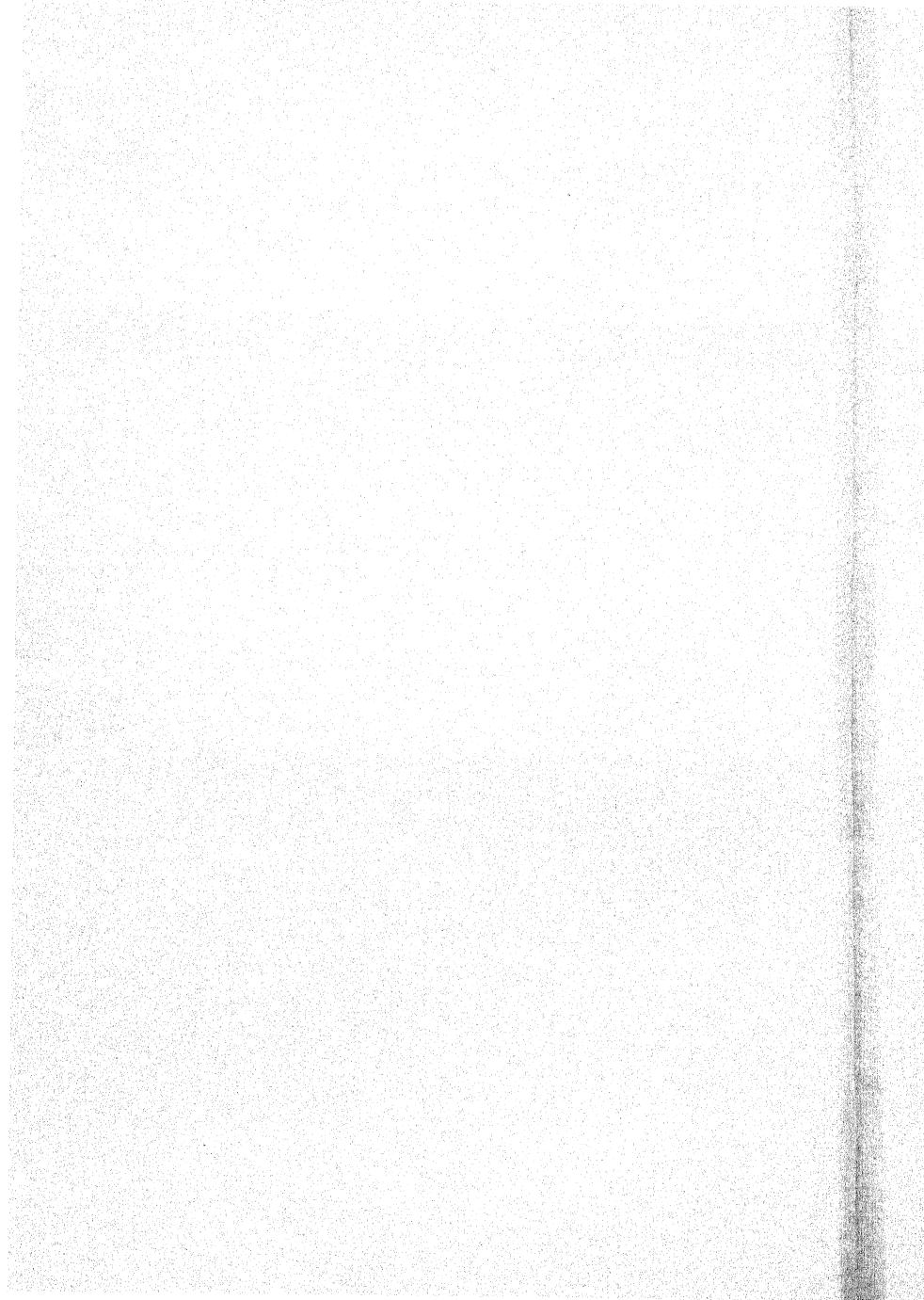
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PREFACE

IF by "the history of a people" one means the exact details of its wars and treaties, its victories and defeats, the Palace revolutions through which it has passed and the statesmen who have guided its destinies, it must be owned that we know very little about the history of Egypt under the Pharaohs, and that we shall probably never know much. The simple reason is that, among their other remarkable gifts, the Egyptians did not include the "historical head," just as, according to Voltaire, the modern French have not the "epic head."

In the considerable literature which the hieratic papyri have already given to us, I do not believe that there is one history-book, for the famous poem of Pentaur is no more history than Boileau's Epistle on the crossing of the Rhine by Louis XIV. Certain Pharaohs, it is true, like the kings of the Hebrews and Assyrians, caused scribes to write up chronological annals of their reigns, but nothing has come down to us of these official chronicles, except in two cases, and the historical stelæ which might make good the deficiency to some extent are remarkably few.

But the best proof that there was no real historical literature is the fact that when, under the first Ptolemy, an Egyptian priest who had learned Greek wanted to write a short history of Egypt for the use of Greek readers, he found nothing in the records of the temples but interminable lists of dynasties and kings, full of

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gaps and confusions, and often giving the lengths of reigns incorrectly—in a word, a framework of history, but not history. And to fill up the framework, Manetho had to fall back almost entirely on guess-work, vague “traditions,” popular tales evidently based on the slenderest historical foundation, or infantile comparisons with the fables of Greek mythology.

In one period only in the long history of their rule did the Pharaohs make a real effort to perpetuate the memory of their deeds on stone. This was in the time extending from the accession of Thothmes III (about 1480 B.C.) to the death of Rameses II (about 1234). At that time, the great age of the New Empire, the walls of the great temples of Thebes, and particularly of the pylons, were covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions and reliefs, which commemorated the conquests and explorations of the warlike Pharaohs in wildly exaggerated language, and gave lists of the peoples subdued and of the tribute which they brought. Among all these inscriptions, some of which have a suspicious family likeness to those of previous reigns, the largest, most precise, and, it seems, most trustworthy are those which have, with some exaggeration, been called the “Annals” of Thothmes III, engraved on a pylon at Karnak. So, for an instant (for what are two centuries in a history of three thousand years?) the veil is lifted on the details of political happenings, alliances and wars, to fall immediately. After that there is darkness until the appearance of the Assyrian Annals, the Jewish chroniclers, and, rather later, the first Greek travellers, the most loquacious and credulous of whom is Herodotos.

It is a curious thing, that it was to these same inscriptions, which, with the tablets of Tell el-Amarna,

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are still our most authentic source of information for the war-history of Pharaonic Egypt, that those Romans of the first century after Christ who were interested in that distant past turned for information about the history of the mysterious people which they had ruled since the suicide of Antony and Cleopatra.

The historian Tacitus relates that when Germanicus, the nephew and adopted son of the Emperor Tiberius, visited Alexandria and Upper Egypt (without his uncle's permission), he stopped for some time among the ruins of Thebes. There on the colossal buildings he saw inscriptions in Egyptian characters describing the ancient splendour of the city. An aged priest of the place was asked to interpret the texts. He explained that Thebes had once had 700,000 inhabitants capable of bearing arms, and that with that army King Rameses had made himself master of Libya, Ethiopia, the Medes, the Persians, Bactriana, Scythia, and the lands occupied by the Syrians, Armenians, and Cappadocians, and had brought under his law "everything from the Bithynian sea to the Lycian"—that is, the whole of Anatolia. The monuments also told of the tribute imposed on the nations—the weight of gold and silver, the number of arms and horses, the gifts of ivory and perfumes made to the temples, the amount of wheat and foodstuffs of every kind which each nation had had to provide.

If we allow for a certain amount of humbug and nonsense, and for the arbitrary application of some obsolete geographical names to peoples known to the Romans, we find that this is exactly the same information as the modern Egyptologist obtains from the "Annals" of Thothmes III and the triumphal inscriptions of Seti and Rameses II, and, to tell the truth, in spite of the immense work done by the heirs of Champollion,

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we do not know much more on the matter than the old priest who talked to Germanicus.

But, even if the political history of Egypt remains a half-closed book for us, it is not so with the history of her civilization. The lack of information about the former is only equalled by the abundance—I will even say superabundance—of evidence which we possess regarding the latter.

The plastic genius of the Egyptians, who covered the walls of their temples and tombs with scenes of their private, public, and religious life, lavishly and with meticulous accuracy, their belief that the dead must be surrounded with the objects, or images of the objects, which they had loved in life, and, lastly, the marvellous dryness of the climate and soil of Upper Egypt, which has enabled us to collect and accumulate in our museums, in an almost perfect condition, thousands upon thousands of articles of every kind which had been laid in tombs—these are the things which explain why there is no people of antiquity, not excepting the Greeks and Romans, whose manners, arts, amusements, ceremonies, superstitions, furniture, costume, and jewels are better known to us than those of Pharaonic Egypt.

This information has more than once been gathered into a general survey in learned works like those of Wilkinson, Erman, Wiedemann, Maspero, Moret, and Capart. Nevertheless, a knowledge of Egyptian archæology has not yet penetrated far enough into the mass of the educated public, the Egyptian museum in the Louvre is still without a catalogue, and, besides, the constant appearance of new discoveries soon makes the very best works out-of-date. So I understand and am full of admiration when a young, keen, scholarly

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mind, such as existed in Italy in the days of the Renaissance, tries in its turn to revive, in its various aspects and in its very special atmosphere, Egyptian civilization in its greatest days, at the time when, on to the old native stock, so many new shoots had been grafted, brought by trade or conquest from Syria, Chaldæa, Asia Minor, and the "Isles of the Great Green." The short reign of Tutankhamen, whose well-concealed tomb was a few years ago the object of a memorable discovery and sensational excavations, is the moment chosen by Mlle. Tabouis as a setting for an attempt at reconstruction which is based on sound evidence and excellently set forth. Since, like a good story-teller, she follows Horace's advice and at once transports us into the middle of her theme—*in medias res*—I may be permitted to conclude this preface by showing very briefly (for the benefit of the hurried reader) the place of Tutankhamen's reign in the course of Egyptian history, so far as we can now catch a glimpse of it.

The dominant fact of that history seems to me to be the constant opposition, the alternating swing of the pendulum, between the North and South of the country. The North was the Delta, a country of swamps, bordering on the sea, accessible to novelties and foreign influences. The South was the long valley of the Nile, enclosed within its threefold barrier of mountains and cataracts, living on the inundation of the river, and rigidly attached to its religious and national traditions. It is true that both regions were peopled by one same race, of similar stock to the modern Berbers, but that race contained a strong admixture of Libyan and Semitic elements in the North and of Negroid elements in the South.

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At the beginning, the country must have consisted of a quantity of small independent principalities, the names and emblems of which survived in the "nomes" of later days. But the Nile formed too strong a connecting link for these political divisions to survive long. Gradually, neighbouring districts joined up, and they combined into two kingdoms, in which the fundamental division became fixed—the Kingdom of the South, or of the White Mitre, and the Kingdom of the North, or of the Red Cap. Then, led by the conquering clan of the Sons of Horus, the South overcame the North, and about 3300 B.C. the two kingdoms were fused into a single state, the chief of which wore the headgear known as the *Pshent*, composed of the two old crowns.

By a wise compromise, the capital of this united kingdom was first established at This, an old city north-east of Abydos, almost mathematically in the middle of the Nile valley. But from the IVth Dynasty onwards (about 2900), the kings took to Memphis, near the present Cairo, in an advantageous position which commanded both the Delta and the Valley. The conquered North had vanquished its conqueror. Under the Memphite Kingdom, which lasted about seven centuries (2900 to 2200), Egypt reached a high degree of civilization and power, already extending her sway southwards over the Sudan and the shore of the Red Sea and to the north-east over Sinai and Phœnicia. Recent excavations at Byblos have shown that that ancient Phœnician city was already very much penetrated by Egyptian influence under the Old Kingdom. Art, inspired by nature, reached a kind of perfection, and this was the age of those artificial mountains, the Pyramids, and the admirable reliefs in the *mastabas*.

Like the Carolingian monarchy in Gaul, the Mem-

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phite monarchy gradually surrendered to a feudal system which it had itself created by introducing the hereditary principle into the command of the nomes and the great offices of state, and granting numbers of immunities. The old political divisions threatened to reappear, and various lines seized the power. Against Memphis there rose, first Heracleopolis, at the entrance to the Fayum, and then Thebes, the heart of Southern Egypt. In the end, Thebes won the day, and the Theban XIth Dynasty founded the Middle Kingdom. However, the needs of government presently compelled Pharaoh to establish his usual residence, if not his nominal capital, half-way between Heracleopolis and Memphis, at the place now called Lisht. It was a compromise between the rival claims of the two Egypts.

The Middle Kingdom, which reached its height with the XIIth Dynasty (2000 to 1792), did not abolish the feudal system, but strengthened the power of the King, organized a regular administration, and created a standing army and even a fleet. Against the hereditary aristocracy, which held the great estates, the monarchy, like that of France, sought the support of the masses of the people by giving them civil rights, admission to public offices, and, what was still more serious, equality in death. Every man might now hope to become a "justified Osiris," a privilege hitherto reserved for Pharaoh and the great nobles. Foreign policy was pacific, but strong; the annexation of Nubia was completed, and the north-east frontier was fortified. Art again expanded, and poetry and the folk-tale produced their classical masterpieces.

The eighteenth century B.C. saw the decline of this "First Theban Empire," which, as has been seen, was only half Theban. The decline was chiefly brought on

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by the infiltration, first peaceful and then armed, of the desert tribes, Semitic and other (Manetho's "Hyksos"), whose leaders eventually conquered the whole Delta, donned the crown of the Pharaohs, and made the ruling houses of the nomes tributary to themselves. Their capital Avaris rose near Pelusium. It was the revenge of the North on the South, aggravated by the foreign character of the kings (about 1700).

Once again, it was from Thebes that the reaction came, the national effort, the re-establishment of Egyptian independence and unity. There was one long Crusade, like that which from Asturias would one day deliver Christian Spain from the dominion of the Moors. A ruler of Thebes drove the "Shepherds" out of Central Egypt, and his successor, Ahmes I, reconquered the Delta. The XVIIIth Dynasty was founded. The New Empire adopted Thebes as its capital, in name and in fact, and made a national worship of the local cult of Amen, who was identified with the sun-god Ra, chiefly worshipped at Heliopolis. The South had definitely recovered its pre-eminence (about 1580).

Now began the most luminous period in the history of Egypt, the only one in which, not content with radiating over the Eastern world by her arts and civilization, she accomplished lasting conquests and founded a real empire in Asia. The creation of that Empire was the work of the XVIIIth Dynasty, the line of the four Thothmes and the four Amenophises. For nearly two hundred years (1554 to 1376) the throne was held by a succession of energetic and enterprising sovereigns, one of them a queen, served by a capable civil service and a reconstituted army, in which the horse appears for the first time. All the little peoples scattered about between the Mediterranean and the

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Euphrates were vanquished and subdued. Syria was thoroughly occupied, and the neighbouring kingdoms, Mitanni, Assyria, Babylon, became allies of Egypt, vying with each other in their attentions to Pharaoh, who, in return, heaped gifts upon them and attached them to himself by political marriages. Only the Hittites remained hostile. The national greatness of Egypt was at that time at its height, and it was also the golden age of her architecture, in which Thebes and the neighbourhood were covered with huge, splendidly decorated temples. The long reign of Amenophis III (1410 to 1376) reaped what previous reigns had sown. He was the most magnificent king of his line, a kind of peaceful Louis XIV, whose memory still lives in the two famous statues known as the Colossi of Memnon.

Amenophis III was succeeded by Amenophis IV, his son by the famous Queen Tii and the husband of an Asiatic princess. He was a restless soul, ardent and obstinate, who has been called "the first individual," and even "the first prophet," in the history of mankind. Confronted with new problems, as the master of an extensive but hybrid empire, which was already shaken by the Hittite peril and the incessant revolts of vassals, he sought to consolidate it, not by sending out his army, but by giving the Empire a single god, acceptable to Egyptians and Asiatics, Syrians and Nubians alike, that his worship might cement their union. That supreme god could not be a local Egyptian god; so Amenophis chose the Sun-god, worshipped in the form of a disk, Aten with the thousand hand-tipped rays, or, more exactly, the solar heat of universal life. The King himself composed fervent, inspired hymns in his honour, and they have been delivered to us by the ruins of the short-lived

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capital which he built half-way between Thebes and the Delta. This daring attempt met with some support among the priests of the North, but aroused the furious resistance of the Theban clergy of Amen-Ra. The consequences of that monotheistic reformation, which conflicted with every popular tradition, the difficult legacy which the heretic King left to his feeble successor, and the manner in which that successor sank under a burden too great for his young shoulders and Amen-Ra triumphed over Aten, may be learned, with many other interesting and well-told matters, by him who reads this book. I make way for Mlle. Tabouis.

THÉODORE REINACH.

PARIS,
May 23, 1928.

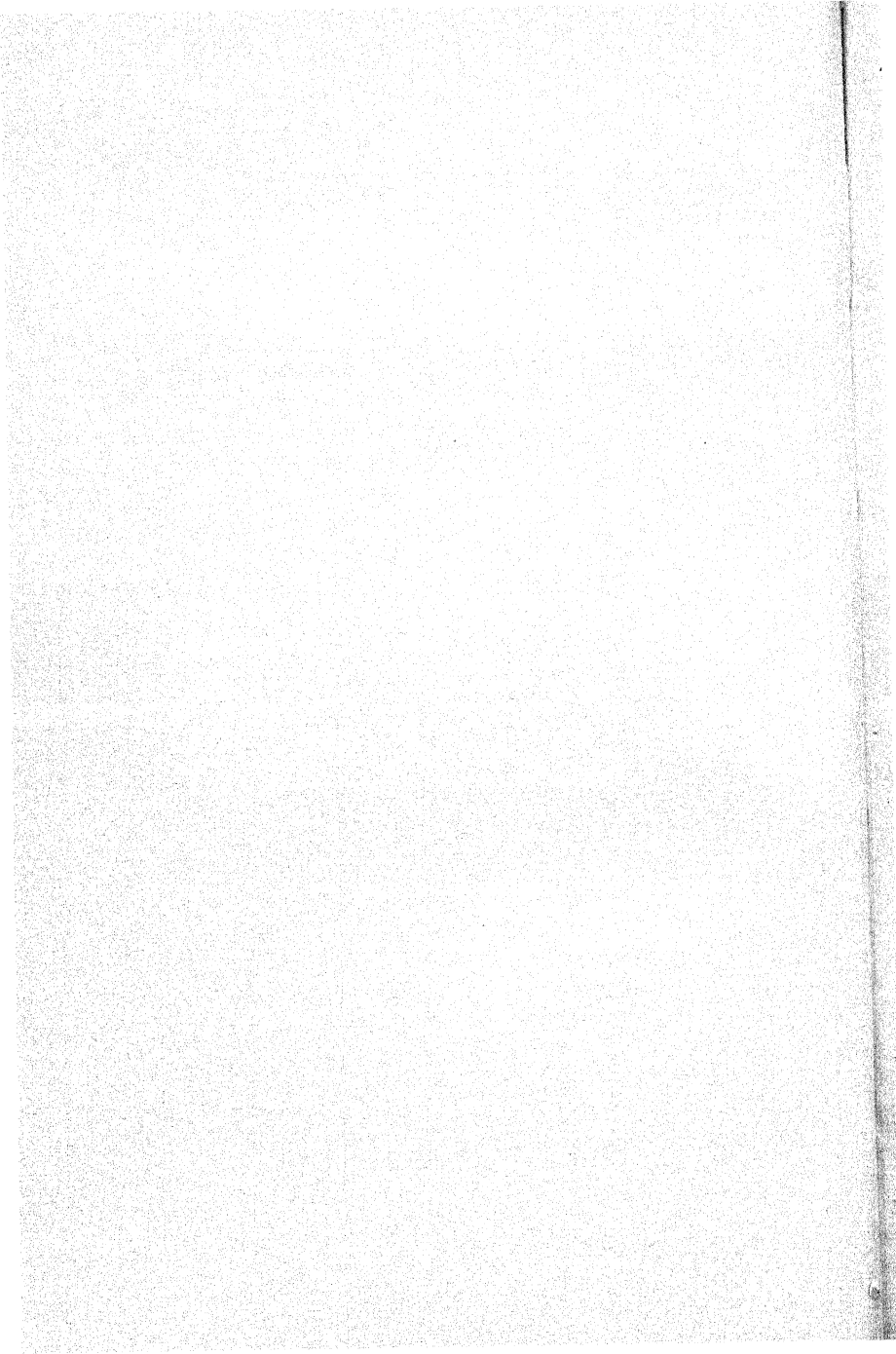
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"He was born and he died. That is almost all that we know of him." So spoke a great foreign historian only a short time ago, of Tutankhamen.

To-day, his monuments and decrees and the numerous portraits of him enable us to reconstruct the marvellous and very short life of the handsomest of all the Pharaohs, who in our age enjoys a glory which is perhaps more than his due. Thanks to the objects discovered and the documents which explain them, Egyptologists have succeeded in giving us information about that distant time which is no less certain than what we have about the classical antiquity of Europe.

The destiny of a great man is always of singular interest to his historian, and that of Tutankhamen is truly unique. In his brief reign, the Egyptian people went through one of the "historic moments" which alter the course of history.

Let us live through it with him. Let us also live, as far as we can, the life of his contemporaries—subjects, kinsfolk, neighbours. What Tutankhamen himself does not tell us, they reveal or allow us to guess. They form a frame to the portrait, which they help us to decipher and understand.



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF TUTANKHAMEN

CHAPTER I

TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER AND THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVOLUTION

IF ever an Empire of the East was possible before Alexander and the Cæsars, it was in the time of Amenophis III. At his death, the great Pharaoh left the immense Empire of Egypt at the height of its splendour and prosperity;¹ at that time the intellectual, artistic, and economic current which the triumphant conquests of the Pharaohs had set up among all the peoples of Asia flowed steadily towards the heart of Egypt, and peace reigned everywhere, based on the superiority of Egypt in war, politics, and material wealth.

Was the legacy not too great a burden for the lad of fifteen, born of the marriage of the great Amenophis III with Tiï, whom some call a low-born Egyptian, others a Syrian woman? When Amenophis IV ascended the throne he was very young, already rotten with tuberculosis, shaken with epilepsy, and lost in a mystical dream. Yet, by doggedly pursuing the realization of his dream, and making a religious revolution which changed the course of his country's history, he came near to establishing the divine kingship of the Pharaohs on new foundations of an international and human kind.

¹ Moret.

TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER

Some years later, another sickly child, Tutankhamen, Amenophis IV's own son, would return to the old religious tradition of Egypt. The supremacy of an empire is not made by the personal superiority of its chief; it is the beliefs and feelings of which that chief seems to be the living embodiment that make its political sovereignty at home and abroad.

In the eyes of ancient peoples, the sovereign was the beloved son of the gods, the man nearest akin to the heavenly race in blood, the man who made the greatest number of people regard him as having a divine character. In Egypt, the gods of every township, every city, every province, every kingdom, grew in power with the economic and political development of the district, however small, which they ruled with their spiritual authority.

From unimportant little Thebes had come the Pharaohs of the XIIth Dynasty, who set forth to deliver Egypt and conquer the Asiatic Empire. In Thebes, at the same time, popular religion had abandoned the local god Mentu and turned to Amen, who thus came to be regarded by all as the liberator of the Two Kingdoms and the builder of the Empire. Every victory over enemies abroad had been one for the god inside the kingdom, and his priesthood had grown rich on the tribute of delivered peoples and the spoils of conquered enemies.

By the sword and by the grace of Amen, Thebes had become the capital of a world, and the pride of her people broke out into glorious hymns.

"Thebes is the Queen City, mightier than all others.

By her victory, she has given all the country to one single lord.

There is never fighting near her.

At the beginning, water and land existed in her, but the sand turned into land for the plough, and so the world came into being.

TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER

All cities are founded under her name, for men call her The City,
and all the others are under her watch,
All cities are in her shade and glorify themselves by Thebes."¹

Amen became the supreme god, the lord of all the gods, the symbol of the tradition, the will, and the collective consciousness of the Egyptian people.

To consolidate their sovereignty over a people which for thousands of years had believed that man, created by the gods, returned by death to godhead, the Pharaohs had seen that a ruler must be regarded by his subjects as the chosen intermediary between the deified ancestors and the descendants of the race—to men, a god, and to the gods, a man, their beloved earthly son. So the Pharaohs were consecrated as "Son of Amen." From Amen they held their royal authority, and, the better to speak to the popular imagination, the Queen became the human wife chosen by the god. The reliefs in the temples frankly celebrate the carnal unions of Amen with the Queens. "O my son, born of my loins, my well-beloved, my living image, I have reared you up to be the sole lord of the peoples."²

But the Pharaohs who had thus given their sovereignty a strictly national foundation, connected in its essence with one particular god, had created something which would bring trouble in the future and would gradually destroy their power. Their authority found itself faced with that of the priests of Amen, growing every day greedier and more arrogant. All that belonged to Amen might in theory be under the authority of Pharaoh, but the true holder of the god's temporal power was his priesthood, which

¹ Papyrus of the XVIIIth Dynasty in the Leyden Museum.

² Inscription in the temple at Karnak; Capart, *Thèbes*. (Full details about works thus briefly referred to will be found in the Bibliography.)

TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER

ruled Thebes and many other cities and estates, even beyond the frontiers.

The temporal power of Amen had grown with that of the Empire. The Harris Papyrus in the British Museum gives an inventory which shows him in his fabulous munificence—82,000 vassals, 3,164 divine statues, 400,000 head of cattle, 433 gardens, 800,000 *arourai* of corn-land (591,071 acres), 84 boats, 46 building-yards, and 65 cities, townships, and villages, seven of which were in Asia. In twenty years of rule, the god had received 114 lb. of gold, 2,200 lb. of silver, 5,281 lb. of copper, and 3,722 pieces of material. And these were only contributions, additional to the ordinary revenues of his landed property. Amen was a lord with whom one had to reckon, even if one did not take his divine power seriously; as owner of an eighth or a tenth of the Valley,¹ he was the most powerful and wealthiest being in Egypt next to the King. The management of the divine property required a very large staff, a terrifying bureaucracy wholly out of the royal control.

In the eyes of the masses, very naturally, Amen, whose constantly increasing glory and wealth argued his might even better than miracles, had in the end, with the encouragement of theological meditation, become the supreme god, and all the other deities of the Egyptian pantheon had sunk to being mere aspects and manifestations of him. So, through his high-priest, he might well claim to direct all matters, divine and human. Following an imperceptible, logical tendency, which was, above all, favourable to their ambitions, the priests of Thebes would come to guiding the whole policy of the Empire even in its pettiest details.

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*.

TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER

Even before the reign of Amenophis III, the intrigues of the high-priests, who were "like Mayors of the Palace, wielding civil power no less than religious,"¹ had more than once interfered with the order of succession to the throne. When Thothmes I died it was only through the priesthood that his daughter, Queen Hatshepsut, had obtained recognition as mistress of the Empire, at the expense of one of her brothers.

Amenophis III may perhaps have felt some fear that soon the all-powerful priests of Amen would allow him to be no more than their executive agent and mouthpiece, and he may have seen that he could only emancipate himself from their dominion by appealing from the god to the very essence of godhead. Among the many attributes of Amen there was one, that of the Sun-god, which might unite the peoples of his empire, for all had since the earliest times worshipped the Sun, under one incarnation or another, as the primary manifestation and essential force of nature. All would understand his divinity, whether in his heavenly form as the solar disk or in his human appearance as Pharaoh, "Son of Ra."²

It was indeed a fine mystical dream, and also a masterly piece of statesmanship, to combine the lord of the sky and the lord of men in one same worship, by raising the Sun to the dignity of the god of the Empire, and to superpose on the instinctive religious feeling of men a Solar monotheism, abstract in essence but concrete in its manifestations, which should further

¹ The inscription behind the statuette of the high-priest Ptahmes (Legrain) gives us a notion of his powers: "First Prophet of Amen, Director of the City of Thebes, Vizier of Upper and Lower Egypt." His religious functions are known to us from the funerary statue of Bakenkhonsu in the Glyptothek at Munich.

² Mariette, *Renseignement sur les soixante-quatre Apis*; Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii, p. 316.

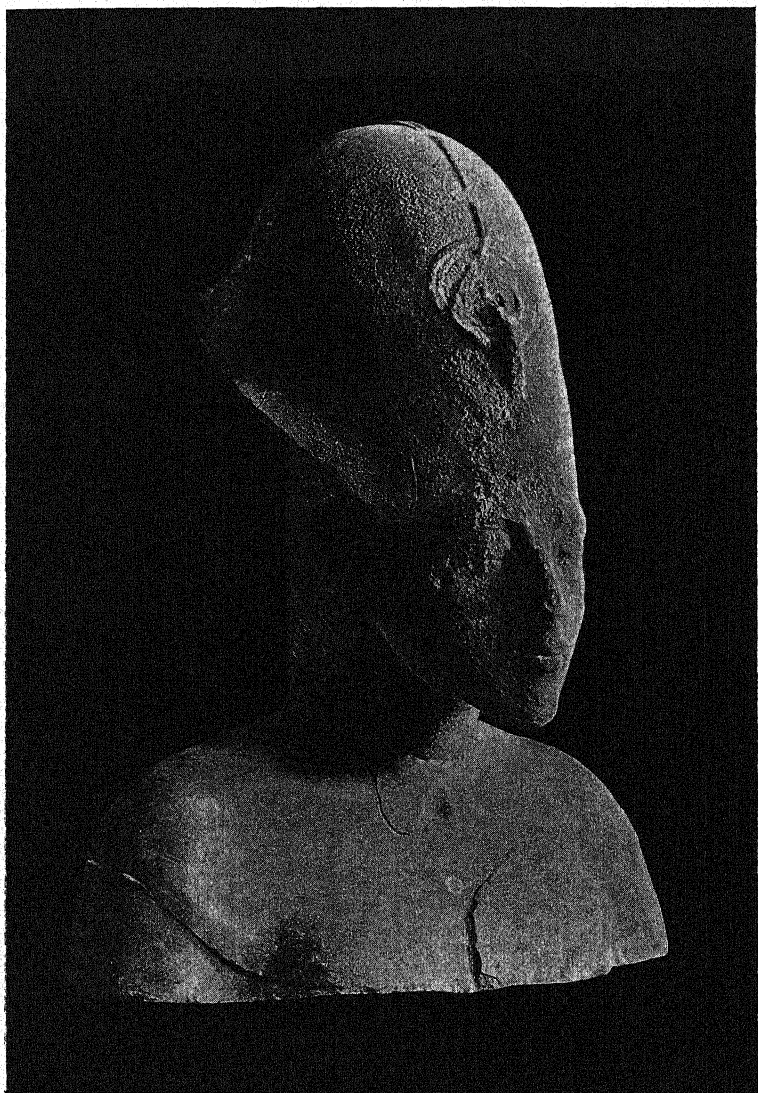
TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER

national expansion by the peaceful influence of a brotherly religion, cleared of crude superstitions. The times had moved on from the selfish policy of Thebes, the proud city with the despotic, exclusive god. A human policy, one applying to all men, was demanded.

Did this profound political idea occur to Amenophis III? Was he not rather pursuing a vengeance of his own, in his desire to gratify his increasing hatred of a priesthood which had denounced his marriage with Tii, "that daughter of nothing," a priesthood which strove to make him accept as his successor, not Amenophis IV, the beloved fruit of his love of Tii, but Thothmes, his son by an earlier marriage and now high-priest of Amen?

His death precludes any solution of the mystery of the first causes of that great religious reformation which was effected by the enthusiasm of Amenophis IV, or Akhenaten. It is doubtful whether even contemporaries could see beyond the hermetic face into the secret thoughts of that strange youth, with his hydrocephalic skull and emaciated features, yet so curiously beautiful with his huge almond eyes and their sweet, dreamy gaze, his long aquiline nose, and his delicately sensual mouth. In the reliefs his body is shown so slim and graceful, that the first Egyptologists who concerned themselves with his enigmatic personality accepted the statements of Manetho, and took him for a woman. Everything seemed, in the eyes of Lhôte,¹ to show that there was something strange about the sex of this Pharaoh; alone in the history of Egypt, he had for fan-bearers women with their heads shaven like men, and a cuneiform text declares that he had a male harem. Mariette believed that he was a eunuch.

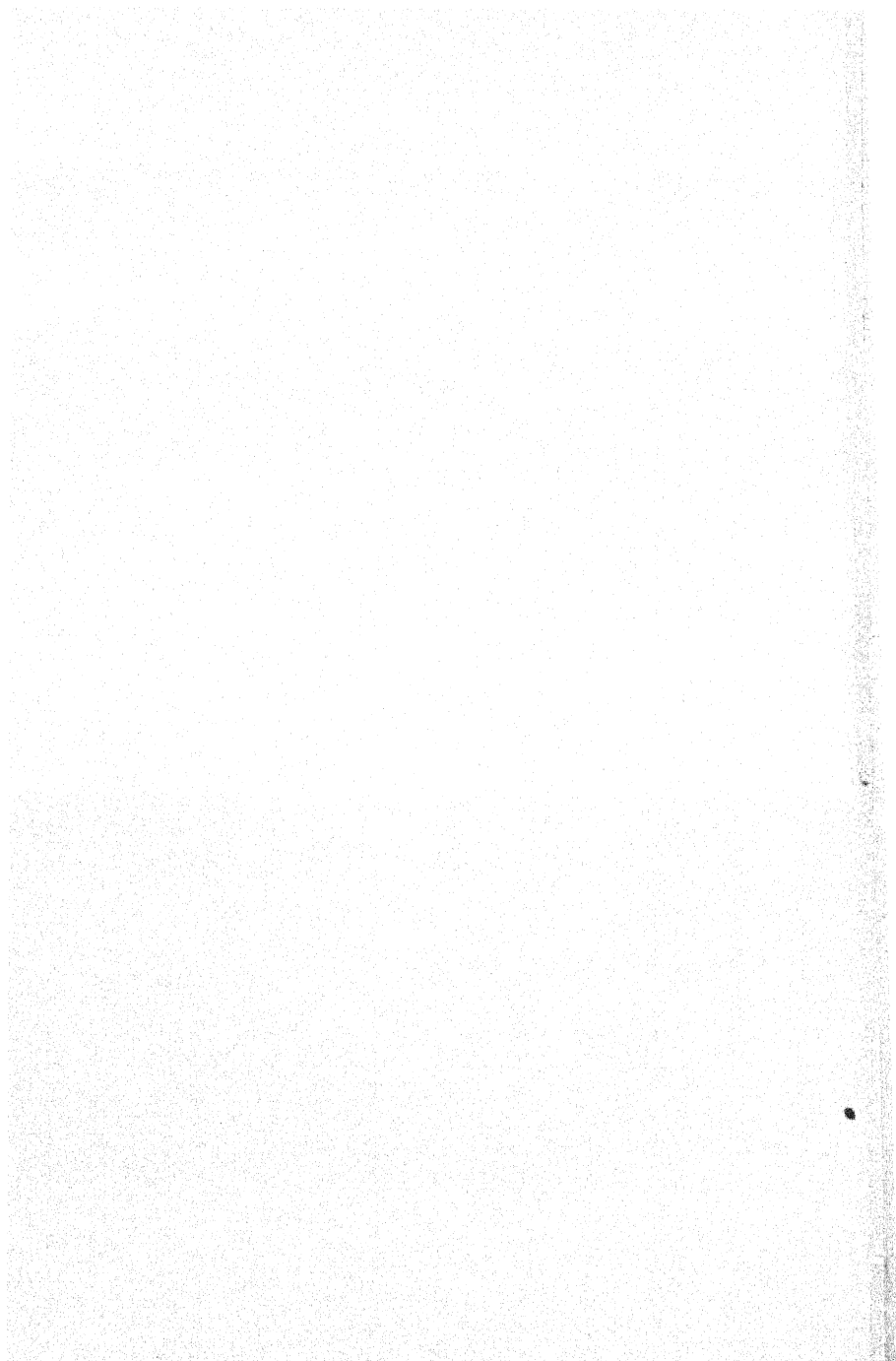
¹ *Lettres*, pp. 55, 72.



AMENOPHIS IV AKHENATEN

Limestone bust (Louvre)

Gazette des Beaux-Arts



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In any case, it is now well established that he was a man, on the strength of all the tablets of the Egyptian "Foreign Office," found at Tell el-Amarna. The marriage which the mysterious monarch contracted, in the third year of his reign, with the daughter of Dushratta, King of Mitanni, is there described in detail. "Your son," says the Mitannian father-in-law to Queen Tii, speaking of Amenophis IV.

To the young Pharaoh there came, under the guidance of the great Egyptian ambassador Mani, a sumptuous caravan of hundreds of camels, which for months had been coming over the Euphrates, the Orontes, the Leontes, the Jordan, and at last the Nile, to bring Tadukhipa, the twelve-year-old Asiatic girl, to her bridegroom. She brought him beauty beyond compare, a dowry worthy of a princess of the Arabian Nights, and her goddess Astarte.¹

Amenophis IV, madly in love with his wife, for whom his new-found passion doubtless devised her Egyptian name of Nefertiti, "the Fair One who Comes," gradually felt the formidable control of the priests weighing down upon him. Very soon a day would dawn when the high-priest would become Pharaoh. Then, with the fanatical determination of a weak man, with the absolute despotism of passion, driven on by his wife and his general Horemheb, a great favourite of Amenophis III, he realized his father's dream—the religious revolution which still stupefies us by its audacity.

Like all great spiritual reforms, this, which was the most astounding possible, since it changed not only the

¹ "May Tadukhipa be seen in the lap of prosperity in the land of my brother! May the Goddess Ishtar and the God Amen make him happy!"—such had been the paternal farewell (Delattre, in *Revue des Questions historiques*).

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god and the worship of an empire, but its capital, its destiny, and its manners, probably had a purely political origin. By dethroning a coarse, artificial god in favour of a power of nature, the Sun-disk, the creator of all life and all wealth, Amenophis IV meant to free himself from the now too heavy yoke of the priests of Amen. He wanted to be the sole intermediary between the godhead, now restored to the heavens, and the men whom he ruled. Thereby he would, moreover, become the sole director of the property of a god who had in his power too many cities, vassals, boats, and riches of all kinds. He wished, too, that the new religion should be one of love, brotherhood, and peace, to cement together an over-vast empire with a sentiment of unanimous worship.

That visionary goal, which great kings have always set up before their ambitions, was not to be reached, and all the work of the great revolutionary would perish with the worship of Aten.

As a radiant morning was breaking in the year 1375, the fourth of his reign, Pharaoh Amenophis IV went out alone from Thebes, the capital of his empire, on his small electrum¹ chariot, drawn by two white Syrian mares. Until dusk, he drove madly over the sand, all by himself, going down the river.

Among the ruins of to-day, a great stone of red granite,² forty-six feet high, stands alone, dominating a deserted, torrid place, half-way from Thebes to Memphis, among the sands of the right bank of the Nile. On this stone one may read: "In the year 4, in the 4th month of the 2nd season, on this day the 13th,

¹ A natural alloy of gold and silver.

² This stele stands north of the city, at the point where the amphitheatre hill touches the Nile.

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Amenophis IV¹ was in this place, which will be the City of the Horizon of Aten. His Majesty, ascending on an electrum chariot, appeared here like the sun when it rises on the horizon and floods the world with its rays; the skies are glad, the earth is joyful, and the hearts of men quake at the sight of his beauties." And we can also make out, on the mutilated stone: "After that, His Majesty returned to Thebes, and sat on his throne. 'Let them bring me,' he said, 'my Sole Friends, the Great Ones, the Beautiful, the Wise, the Chiefs of Soldiers, the Nobles of all the country.' And all arrived and nosed the ground, while His Majesty cried: 'Aten has bidden me raise up his city as an eternal monument to his glory. No other than he has guided me to the place where I shall raise up the City of the Horizon of Aten, on the land which belongs to me. No god, no goddess, no prince, no princess, no one has ever before had a right over this land. . . .' All answered: 'In truth, the City of Aten must rise up as the radiant Disk has risen in the sky from all time and will for all time. Praised be Aten for ever in the place which he has chosen for himself through you !' "²

Among further mutilations in the stone, the story ends: "His Majesty, lifting his arms to the sky, cried again: 'East of the Nile, Aten my father, in the place which thou hast chosen, I shall raise up thy capital for thee. All the races of man shall come there to worship thee. There I shall build thee a temple, shaded from the sun, where the Great Royal Wife Nefertiti shall

¹ He changed his name after leaving Thebes, and the last date connected with the name Amenophis is that of the year 5 on a papyrus from the Fayum; from the year 6 onwards we find his new name, Khoniatonu (Akhenaten) by the side of monuments bearing the cartouche of Amenophis (Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*, pl. xiii).

² Translation partly based on Davies, *Rock Tombs*, v.

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come to worship thee. There the house of Aten shall be, in its illustrious glory, to rejoice thy heart, Aten my father, and not far off I shall raise up my Pharaoh's palace and the palace of the Great Royal Wife. In the sides of the mountain I shall dig a tomb, by the side of that of the Great Royal Wife and my daughter Meritaten. And all this shall be done in the year 4 or 6 of my reign.' "

These great stones were set up by the King to mark the bounds of the area consecrated to the new god. Fourteen have been found, and one of those surviving stands nine hours' walking away from the short-lived capital of the Empire, in the Libyan mountain of Gebel Tuna beyond Eshmunen.

The inscriptions with which these stones are covered show us the growing passion of the King for the new god, and also his haste to leave Thebes, where life must have been uncomfortable and even dangerous, in the atmosphere of secret hostility maintained by the priests of Amen. Yet the latter must have hoped, down to the last moment, that the King would refuse to deny the god who had grown great as the Empire had grown, and that he would not leave his capital.

But by the side of Amenophis IV stood the general Horemheb, who saw in his master's daring reform a political end for which he had been hoping, the confirmation of his supremacy against that of the high-priest of Amen. Even more than Pharaoh, he was impatient to depart. He might indulge in every ambition when Pharaoh was sole master of the kingdom, the sole intermediary through whom the godhead could dispense favours.¹ In his heart, immediate interest dictated fervent appeals to the Aten, who was arising on the horizon of power in the form of a disk

¹ Weigall, *Akhnaton*.

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with a coiled uræus in the centre of the lower side, its rays falling to the earth like arms with hands to take the offerings from altars, to hold the hieroglyph of "Life" to the King's nostrils, or to embrace him and his household.¹

Hosts of workmen swarmed in the red granite quarries of Aswan and laboured busily at the building of Akhetaten, which we know under its modern name of Tell el-Amarna. In the seventh year of his reign, Pharaoh himself came to the site to encourage the workmen, as the stelæ which have been found bear witness, and the visit is commemorated with especial brilliance on the stone of red Aswan granite which also tells of the haste with which the new capital was built. The text engraved upon it pays tribute to Bek, His Majesty's assistant, who directed the work of building the city and quarrying in the mountain, and was the chief of the sculptors who adorned all the monuments.²

The city was nearly ready. Amenophis IV was twenty-one years old, and it was the eighth year of his reign. Nefertiti had just presented him with a third little princess, Ankhsenpaaten, who would one day be the wife of Tutankhamen.³ In the same year Egypt, amazed, but reduced to obedience by the determination of Pharaoh and the authority of Horemheb, looked on while the royal family went away from Thebes; Amenophis IV, Nefertiti, the three daughters, the Queen's sister Nezemmut, the favourite Ai, and the royal nurse Ti went off in an immense flotilla.⁴

¹ Davies, *Rock Tombs*; Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*.

² Even before Amenophis IV, we find radiate disks on monuments of Amenophis III (Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, iii); after Amenophis IV, the disk disappears for ever.

³ Brugsch was the first to identify the wife of Tutankhamen with the third daughter of Amenophis IV (Maspero).

⁴ Weigall, *Akhnaton*.

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Behind them went all the harem and the nobles, full of enthusiasm for the new religion, piled on light boats, impatient to see the promised capital. The stream of the Nile quietly carried away the royal flotilla, without need of rowers, the pylons and palaces of Thebes sank below the horizon, and the city seemed to all men to have fallen from its proud position as capital of the world for ever.

To-day Tell el-Amarna lies in a burning, desolate region, a vast amphitheatre of sand broken by water-courses and low hills, in the middle of which a narrow strip of cultivated ground stretches along the Nile, with three villages at intervals of some miles on a line running north and south. Near the biggest village, a heap of crumbling, unconnected walls, scattered bricks, fragments of limestone and granite, and partially excavated trenches are all that there is to remind one that here stood the glorious city which for fourteen years was the capital of the Egyptian Empire and the scene where the destinies of the world were decided.¹

At the beginning of the last century, the city was still well enough preserved for it to be possible to distinguish the line of the streets and the plan of the houses and palaces. The French Commission made out a plan, which was copied in the works of Lepsius and Prisse. But in the course of the century the peasants ransacked the place thoroughly, using even the roughest materials from it after the antiquity-dealers had been through it.²

At present it needs a great effort of imagination to see what the doves saw, Pharaoh's favourite birds, as they fluttered above the sycamores and fig-trees and

¹ Jomard, *Description de l'Égypte*, vol. iv, pp. 308-12; Maspero's *Causeries*.

² Maspero.

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acacias which stood about leaping waters in the inner courts of the palaces.

On the north was the chief temple,¹ fine in its facing of white and pink limestone. The sacred precinct, flanked by storehouses of brick and surrounded by a great wall, covered a huge area, half a mile long and 250 yards wide, of which the temple proper took up only a small part. Behind was a wide enclosure, and then came the royal Palace, 170 yards long and very Eastern-looking with its bricks covered with blue faience.² Its colossal entrance, expressing noble hospitality, was white, and surmounted by silver masts, about which red streamers fluttered in the breeze, making a kind of glittering shield over the Palace. The other dwellings of the great were gathered in the south of the town proper. Three great paved streets,³ each 130 feet wide, ran parallel to the Nile, towards the factories—the first in the world—glass-works and huge decorative masons' yards, covering an area six miles long and three wide. Lastly, dotted all over the town, were numbers of temples, dedicated to the Morning of the Sun, the Evening of the Sun, and the Sun of Night. They were small, but harmonious in architecture, made for lightness and gaiety, standing in great open spaces.⁴ The rays of the Disk fell on fine lime-

¹ The ruins have been explored by Petrie (*Tell el-Amarna*). I shall speak of them at length later. The temple is represented in the tomb of the high-priest Merira. It was called Het Benben, or Castle of the Obelisk.

² Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, iii, 97 B., where the King speaks of the rooms which he has made and decorated in the Het Benbenu and the Pa Atonu. There is a good description in Blackman, *A Study of the Liturgy celebrated in the Temple of Aton at el-Amarna* (*Recueil Champollion*, pp. 505 ff.).

³ Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*.

⁴ These temples and the pleasure-park were excavated in 1922 by the Egypt Exploration Society.

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stone and red granite, creating fairy effects of light and joy.

Beautiful, too, the pleasure-park must have been, the "Royal Precinct," consisting of two enclosures, where His Majesty went every day with the Queen and their daughters.¹ The first enclosure was a wonderful cool paradise, where an abundance of sweet-smelling trees, fruit-bearing and other, grew on a rich, black soil brought from Mesopotamia.² It lay in front of a majestic gallery with thirty-six many-coloured columns, behind which a delightful little artificial lake seemed to rejoice in reflecting the water-lilies and lotuses which floated on it. All about its delicately irregular shores were little rustic huts, the shelters of ducks and sheep, mirrored in the clear water. In the second enclosure, a tiny and altogether charming pavilion drowsed by a great sheet of water which surrounded it, repeating its exquisite proportions and its slender columns of faded red expanding into lotuses at the top. It must have been tempting to go there in the evening, and dream of the Egyptian Paradise, the Fields of Ialu, the abode of eternal bliss to which so many dynasties had aspired. Very like these closed gardens, full of perfume and voluptuous pleasure, they must have been, the Fields of Ialu.

Drinking wine which the wax of the necks of the jars discovered still proclaims as "Excellent wine of His Majesty's growth,"³ Pharaoh would come in the evening to his little enclosed park at Akhetaten and watch his city in the magic of the setting sun, which clad palaces and hovels in its opulent majesty. And on the water which trembled under the caresses of the cool breeze, the King's barge, towed by slaves, would

¹ Petrie, *op. cit.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Maspero, *Histoire.*

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bear him slowly along with his beloved wife reclining against his heart, while all the little wild duck followed in their wake.

These were the palace and the gardens where, among flowers and doves and springing waters, Amenophis IV and his wife Nefertiti, the lovely Oriental of Mitanni, lived in tender union, offering their people the unprecedented spectacle of a great amorous passion which survived eight years of marriage and the birth of seven daughters, and also of a union in which Pharaoh's adored wife was not excluded from any of his pleasures nor even from any of his acts, political or religious. In that charming setting, in that atmosphere of sunny pleasure, the most enchanting period in the history of Egypt went by, the time nearest to our own in manners, spirit, and beliefs. From universal Solar monotheism, a religion wholly made up of spirituality, love, and peace, to Christianity, it is but one step—but fourteen hundred years had to pass before it was taken. Such was Akhetaten, the glorious escapade of an Egypt that would spread her wings freely for twenty whole years, far away from her gods, her priests, and her traditions. The prodigal daughter would in the end come back to the ancestral fold, put on the old bonds, and try to recover her stern austerity. But the spell would have been broken. The soul of Egypt would not lose its longing for the happy relaxation which it owed to the religious revolution of Amenophis IV.

It was a strange time. To understand it, one would have to imagine an astonishing man, a successor of the Kings of France, who, before the Revolution, suddenly grew weary of officious nobility and Parlement and clergy and ceremonial, and fled from Paris to build himself a new dream-capital on the shores of the Mediterranean, where, having repealed all the in-

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stitutions ever made in the Île de France, he lived happy and careless, like an honest middle-class paterfamilias. It would be pleasant to picture that XVIIIth-century king, enlightened by Rousseau's ideas of Nature and the new romanticism, chasing an impossible dream of brotherhood and universal peace, adapting his whole policy, towards everyone and against everyone, to that dream, even endeavouring to create a new human nature, and proposing, by that quaint system, to establish an imperialism free of all impediments at home or abroad.¹

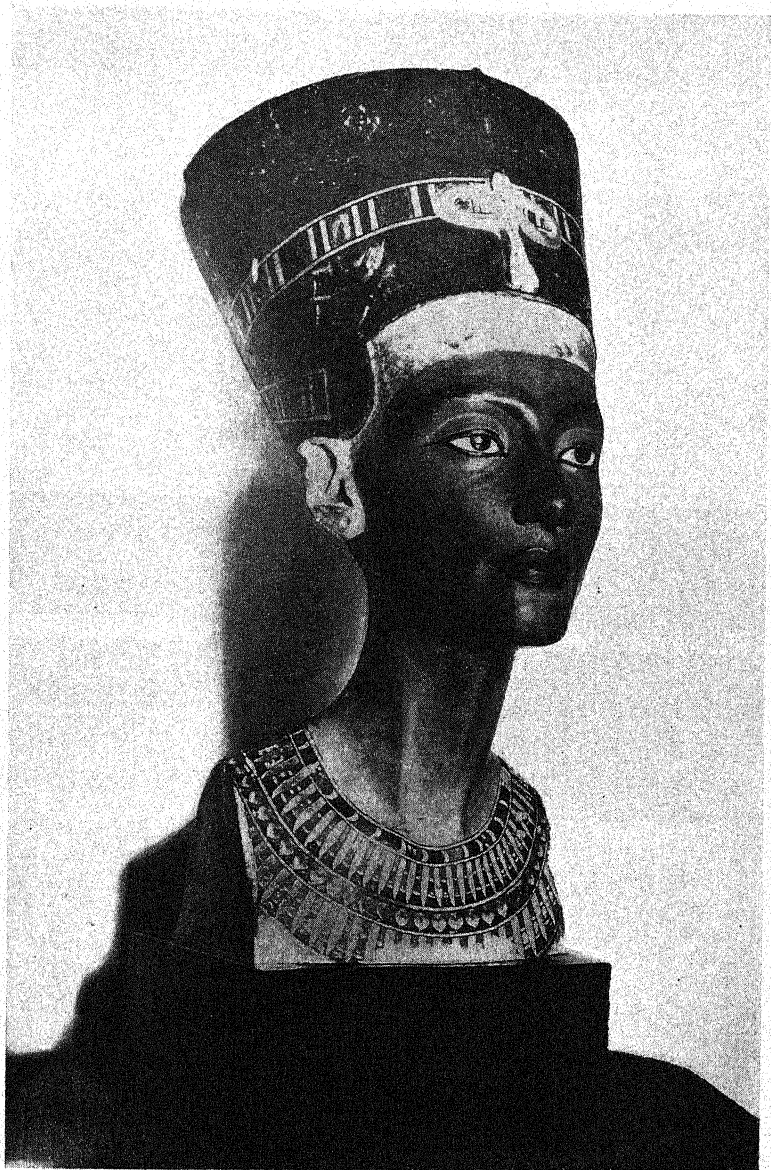
In any case, Amenophis IV is an extremely likeable character, for his humanity, his moral elevation, and his democratic ideals.² He only lacked that highest intelligence of a great statesman, which can adapt the boldest reforms to the solid traditions of a past, the memory of which cannot be effaced from the souls of men.

In his temples, empty of worshippers, Amen reigned alone among his priesthood, over a city of silence and desolation.³ Strong in the traditions which had become bound up with his cult in the course of thousands of years, and trusting to the regrets of peoples which have been torn from their age-old customs by force, he awaited his moment for triumphing over the radiant Aten. The minds of the people had only to feel anxious about an uncertain future, to contrast the glorious realities of the old days with the abstractions of a remote spiritual beatitude, and, fourteen years later, the royal flotilla would go up the Nile again, this

¹ In his *Religion of Ancient Egypt*, Petrie says of Amenophis IV that before his time the world had not yet seen a great theologian, and that he was the forerunner of monotheism in its most spiritual form.

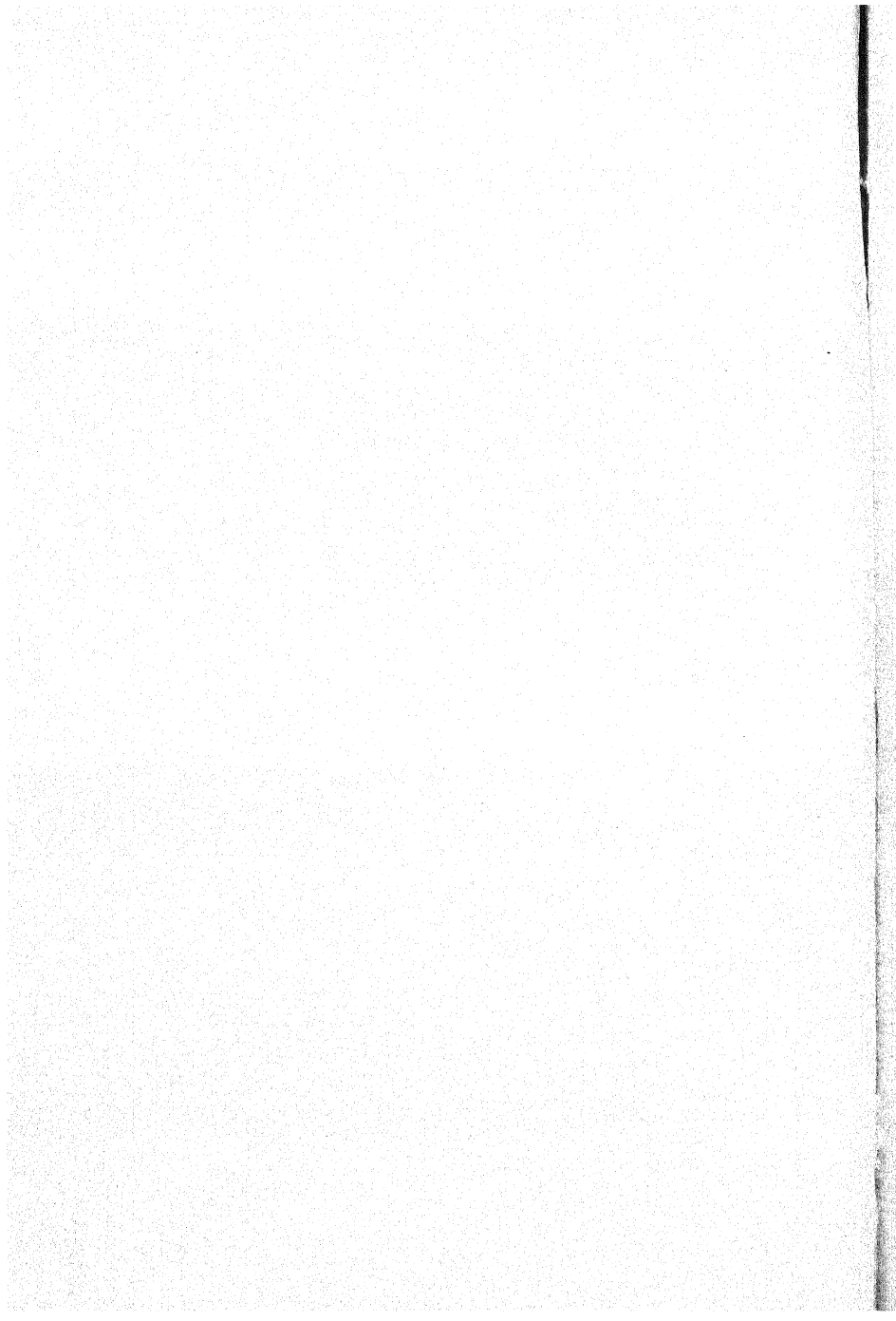
² Breasted, *History*.

³ The great stele of Tutankhamen, published by Legrain, gives an account of these years of persecution (see below, p. 251).



QUEEN NEFERTITI, WIFE OF AMENOPHIS IV

Bust of painted limestone (Berlin Museum)



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time rowed by sweating men, and young Tutankhamen, the Pharaoh of the shaken Empire, would return to the fold of his ancestors, to resume the unchangeable course of the political and religious traditions of Egypt.

It was nine months since the god Amen was united to the Queen, and Pharaoh asked, "When will she give birth?" The high-priest, who held the divine secrets,

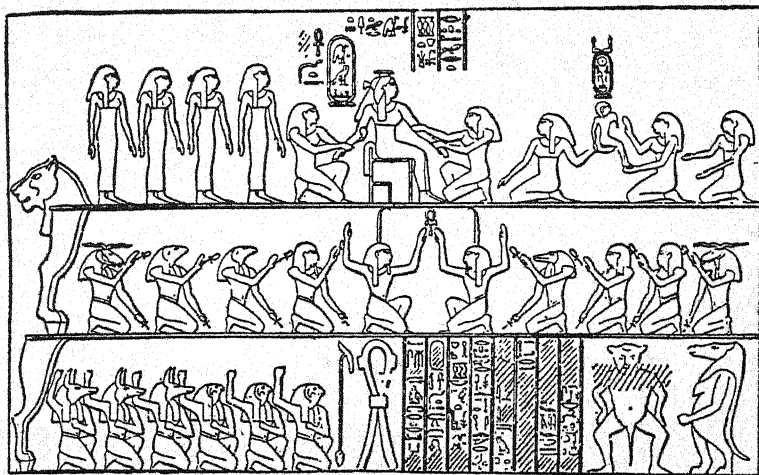


FIG. I.—CHILDBED OF QUEEN MUTEMWIA.

From Moret and Maspero.

answered, "Our Queen will give birth on the 15th of the month of Tybi."

The reliefs on the temples of Luxor, Karnak, and Der el-Bahari¹ and the popular tales² have immortalized the royal childbeds. When the day of her delivery came, if the Queen could not go to the temple,

¹ Champollion, *Monuments*, pl. cccxl.

² *King Cheops and the Magicians*, in Maspero, *Contes*, p. 37.

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the high-priest sent five priestesses to the Palace. The first represented the goddess Isis, the mother of the human race; the second, Nephthys, the goddess of death; the third, Meskhent, the goddess of the cradle; the last two, Heqt and Khnum, the two deities who had presided over the creation of the world in the time of chaos. "Hey!" said the high-priest. "Run and deliver the Divine Daughter of the child in her womb, who will fulfil a beneficent office over all this land, building your temples, furnishing your altars with offerings, supplying your libation-tables, and increasing your goods!" The priestesses ran to the Palace, and went up to the first floor. The Queen was sitting on the silver and ebony throne of childbed. Isis stood before her, and said, "Child, travel no more in her belly, come out into the sun!" and she received the child, a cubit tall, while Meskhent cried, "It is a King, who will wield the Kingship in the whole land!" Heqt and Khnum took the child, and by magical spells gave health to all his limbs.

Then, since it was a Pharaoh, the seven priestesses of Hathor were summoned to give their decrees, a favour only granted to the great ones of the earth. Near the cradle they raised the veils of the future, deciding whether new-born children should live or die, according to the day and month on which they came into the world; every day had its special virtues. They made the woof of the destiny which awaited the infant at his birth and would lead him down to his death, for, all through his youth and his riper age, his whole life would be shaped by the unchangeable mould which the will of the gods had prepared for him since the beginning of time.¹

Pharaoh, like other human men, was subject to that

¹ Maspero, *Contes*.

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implacable destiny, and he would have, like them, to give account to the infernal judge, when his soul appeared before his tribunal, for the virtues and crimes with which it should in this life have laden the destiny given to it by the gods. The forms in which men regarded destiny were certainly very charming—sometimes in the features of the goddess Hathor, in whom there was nothing ugly, and sometimes, what was still better, under the symbol of seven beautiful young goddesses, with little cow's ears by their rosy cheeks, and a smile which was unchangeably consoling, even when they had to foretell misfortune.

"The 7th of Paophi: anyone born on this day will die on foreign soil," they would say;¹ or else, "The 5th Tybi: bad, bad, bad, bad! Do not go near women. Anyone born on this day will die of love;" or, again, "The 6th Paophi: good, good, good! A happy day in heaven. Anyone born on this day will die of drunkenness."² Whatever fate was in store for them, the birthdays of the Pharaohs were blessed. "Gladness of the gods, men hold holiday, for the enemy of Amen is down. Anyone born this day will die of old age, venerated by all his folk."

So, for two thousand years, the Pharaohs of Egypt were born.

¹ Sallier Papyrus IV, pl. xiii, i, vi, vii.

² These "fates" which lay on every Egyptian from the humblest fellah to Pharaoh, sufficed to justify every superstition imaginable—incantations, amulets, magical ritual. The popular literature contained in the Leyden Papyrus tells us that, in whatever form fate disguised itself, it met a god called up as protection against it. Thus, if you were born on the 7th Paophi, Amen was obliged to protect you against crocodiles, provided that you wore his image about you, made the right incantation to him, and modulated your voice in a certain way. Yet you might see a most gallant officer taking alarm at the sight of a rat if he met it on the 12th Tybi, for which day it was said, "See no rat! Bad, bad!"

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But Amenophis IV reigned to-day. With him, Egypt had denied the old god, repudiated his priests and magicians, built a new capital in honour of Aten, the Sun-disk, "the Good God, who rejoices in truth, Lord of the Sun's Course, Lord of the Sky, Lord of the Earth, the Disk which lightens the Two Lands, living Harmachis who rises on the horizon in his name of Shu, who is the eternal life-giver."¹ Egypt was living a human life, careless of the superstitions of old times. Manners had changed suddenly, and it was very simply, sitting in the Egyptian fashion,² attended by only a few women, that the beautiful Nefertiti, the wife of Amenophis IV, gave birth to a fourth daughter. There was still no heir to the throne.

At the door of the harem, the Royal Nurse waited alone; this birth gave her the right to hope for a great future. To suckle a child of Pharaoh meant for her the certainty of afterwards marrying some prince who would make her future secure.³ She received the child. Before laying him, naked, on his mat, she tied to his neck a bag of fish-bones, to ward off "Him," the the mysterious ghost who for centuries had prowled about Egyptian babies, to suck the life out of them. Then at the end of a string, in which she made a knot, she hung a ring-bezel engraved with an open man's hand with extended fingers, and panting she exorcized the child: "I will not give you, my dear burden, to the Thief of the Underworld. The hand drawn on this ring is a charm for you, and I keep you." Then she

¹ This is the title of Aten, regarded as a god-king, in Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, iii, 105 B., 1070.

² Egyptian women always gave birth sitting on large vessels of earthenware with big rims, something like a top hat upside-down.

³ Thus, the nurse of the princesses afterwards married Ai, an obscure nobleman, who through her obtained the right to the throne and occupied it after Tutankhamen, in 1350.

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disappeared with her small burden behind the harem, into the nursery, where doves flew about the fountains which cooled the burning air.

Meanwhile, the countless host of the priesthood of Amen, driven from their temples in Thebes and every city in Egypt, ruined, hunted, persecuted, even reduced to slavery, kept saying in their fury, "Amen will never allow the worshippers of Aten to have a son" How should they forgive Pharaoh for taking the "eternal goods" of the God from them for the benefit of the royal treasury, and for claiming the ownership of the vast districts which were the "fields of the God?" For the heretical, revolutionary King had defeated them. Thebes, the old capital, was dead. "The earth here is as in the time of Chaos," moaned the few nobles who stayed on. "The goods of the Gods were laid waste from Elephantine to the Delta. Their sanctuaries fell into decay and their fields to ruin. Weeds grew in the streets, the stores were looted, and grounds which were once cultivated were delivered to the depredation of passers-by. The world was sullied, and the Gods went away, turning their back on men, their heart disgusted with their creatures."¹

Most of the nobility had gone over to Akhetaten and tried to pay court to the new god, but, in a spirit of democracy incomprehensible to his contemporaries, a spirit which in later ages became normal in great rulers seeking new foundations for their power, Amenophis IV rejected them and chose his fellow-workers among the lower classes of society. "I used to beg in front of the temples," writes Mai, the new steward. "I set myself to worship Aten to please the Master. Then he gave me men and cities. Although I was not one of the men about the Prince, I was made

¹ Legrain, *Grande Stèle*.

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one of his intimates by order of His Majesty, who takes humble men and makes princes of them."¹

Lastly, the better to impress men's imaginations, the King changed the very names of men, cities, and rivers, all of which, or almost all, had hitherto been inspired by the name of Amen. He set the example: yesterday he was Amenophis (Amen-hetep), "Satisfaction of Amen"; henceforward he would be called Akhen-Aten, "Glory of Aten," and the princesses would be Baket-Aten, "Slave of Aten," Ankhsen-pa-Aten, "Living by Aten" (the one who afterwards married Tutankhamen), and so on. Even Tutankhamen, so long as he was at Akhetaten (Tell el-Amarna), was called Tut-Ankh-Aten, "Living Image of Aten," and it was only on his return to the capital of his ancestors, some years later, that he took the name by which we now know him.²

Mr. Weigall in his history of Amenophis IV fearlessly compares his ardent preaching to that of Christ. "He spends the whole day teaching us," writes Tutu (Dudu), one of his new courtiers.³ As the sole interpreter of the god, Amenophis IV, like the great Pyramid-builders long ago, had both spiritual and temporal powers. To him alone must a man henceforth address himself in order to obtain, not only the favours of this world, but those of the next. By the sole will of Pharaoh, the worshippers of Aten, in the pretty little "Houses of Eternity" which they built themselves in the hot sand of the desert round Tell el-Amarna, would know eternal happiness illuminated for ever by the rays of the Sun-god.

¹ Davies, *Rock Tombs* (hypogea).

² For the convenience of the reader I shall call him Tutankhamen all through. When they went to Thebes, Ankhsenpaaten's name was changed to Ankhsenpaamen.

³ Davies, *Rock Tombs*.

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And Amenophis IV preached and preached, while his workmen knocked the heads off the statues of Amen and battered his image even in the tombs of his worshippers. Beyond the frontiers, he saw, in his dream of an apostle and visionary statesman, Syrians, Hittites, Mitanni, Libyans, Tyrians, and Byblites all prostrate before the symbol of the Sun-disk and united in brotherhood beneath its rays. Amenophis IV, Pharaoh, God, and Pope ! In Nubia, south of Sulb, he founded the city of Gem-Aten, "She who Finds Aten," and in Palestine, near Jerusalem, Khinatuni. These cities of the Empire well expressed Pharaonic imperialism at home and abroad, a first attempt at an internationalism, religious in essence, which should give the peoples of the Empire a common ideal above political and commercial interests. But the beautiful dream came up against hard realities. Amenophis IV strained all the energies of his people, and the new capital lived suspended from the course of the Sun-disk.

In the morning, before sunrise, the whole town is in a state of excitement, the Palace awakes, the chariots wait to take Pharaoh to the temple. Suddenly, the sun rises, and all fall prostrate in the dust. "Great is the might of Aten !" the King murmurs.

CHAPTER II

TUTANKHAMEN'S CHILDHOOD IN THE PALACE AT AKHETATEN

WHAT claim had Tutankhamen to succeed Amenophis IV, since that King's only official issue was seven daughters? It was long before his relationship was discovered. The earlier Egyptologists, Wilkinson, Leeman, Mariette, de Rougé, Loret, Lefébure, supposed, contrary to all likelihood, that he was a son of Amenophis III. A little couchant lion of red granite had been found at Gebel Barkal,¹ bearing the cartouche of Tutankhamen with this dedication to Amenophis III: "To his father." Maspero was the first to refute the theory, which is inadmissible if one considers the age of the little Pharaoh at the moment of his death. Although we still knew hardly anything about Tutankhamen, Maspero, with the admirable foresight of a scholar, stated his hypothesis quite definitely: "It is reasonable to suppose that Tutankhamen, who cannot have been born of a woman of royal blood, wished, after marrying the grand-daughter of the last Pharaoh devoted to Amen, to connect himself, by this dedication on the Gebel Barkal lion, with the old royal line and the old worship of Amen."² The truth has been revealed to us, little by little, and Mr. Carter's wonderful discoveries have in great part confirmed Maspero's suggestions brilliantly.

Tutankhamen was a son of Amenophis IV and

¹ Now in the British Museum.

² *Histoire*, vol. ii, p. 334.

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probably of a concubine of that magnificent harem whose existence is certified by a letter of his father-in-law Dushratta, the vassal King of Mitanni.¹ Moreover, Mr. Carter's minute examination of the mummies of Amenophis IV and Tutankhamen shows that the two Pharaohs were remarkably alike. Their two strange hydrocephalic heads correspond to a millimetre, and they are also like those of the six daughters of Amenophis IV. The curious thing is that Mr. Carter first finds this exaggerated shape of skull in Queen Tii, the low-born Asiatic wife of the great Amenophis III, who, with her ambition and her Gioconda smile, her capricious fancies and her tenacious spirit, kept the Egyptian Court in a constant state of nervous excitement.

In any case, Tutankhamen cannot have been a son of Nefertiti, the Royal Wife of Amenophis IV. We know that in Egypt only the children of the Great Royal Wife appeared on monuments beside their parents, and the figure of Tutankhamen is not carved on one of the innumerable reliefs of Tell el-Amarna in which the Pharaoh, Nefertiti, and their six daughters are shown in profile under Sun-disks with a thousand rays.

Later, in Tutankhamen's own reign,² the name of the little Queen whom he married appears as often as the King's, engraved on scarabs, rouge-boxes, pieces of gold plating, and vases. There was no precedent for this practice, which gave Pharaoh's wife such a high "Solar" rank, except in the case of regular marriages between princes of royal ancestry with equally royal princesses. May it not have been usual in Egypt, when there was no son of Pharaoh's marriage to claim

¹ *Journal Asiatique*, 1890, ii, p. 348.

² Petrie, *History*, vol. ii.

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the throne, to marry one of his royal daughters to a son of the harem? The "Solar blood," generously distributed by the concubines, settled a great many difficulties. The Great Royal Wife Nefertiti had not given Amenophis IV a son, and Tutankhamen, a "Royal Son" of the harem and a descendant of Queen Tii through his father, can have had no right to the throne of Egypt except from his marriage with one of the princesses, his half-sisters, the daughters of Amenophis IV and Nefertiti. Brugsch identifies his wife with the third princess, Ankhsenpaaten.

Tutankhamen must, in any case, have appeared rather unexpectedly. And one may suggest that he was the only male child that Amenophis IV ever had in his harem; for, when that King, feeling ill, wished to associate a successor with himself on the throne (Tutankhamen being then seven years old), he married his eldest daughter to Smenkhkara, an obscure young noble who, according to all the Egyptologists, was not related to him even remotely, and died prematurely.

Like all such children, Tutankhamen was brought up in the royal harem,¹ in the nursery of the beautiful white Palace at Akhetaten, with the little princesses and the other royal children. With the aid of monuments, stelæ, tombs, mummies, and documents of all kinds, we can follow the childhood of Tutankhamen at the charming Court of Akhetaten and see all the turns of fortune which brought him to the throne at the age of twelve.

Formerly, in the days of the absolute monarchy by

¹ Egypt was full of harems. We know the harems of the Kings from Manetho and all the documents, those of the gods from the reliefs on temples and religious texts, and those of private men from Diodoros Siculus (see below, chap. vii).



A DAUGHTER OF AMENOPHIS IV (SUPPOSED TO BE THE WIFE OF
TUTANKHAMEN)

Bronze (Louvre)

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right divine, under the Memphite Kingdom, Pharaoh had regarded the land and men as his patrimony, and it was for the royal family to fill the higher posts in the administration. The education of the royal sons was an important problem;¹ and so, by the side of the harem, there was a school where Pharaoh's children met those of the nobles and learned gymnastics, swimming, and the use of arms. Close by, in the "House of Life," where the scribes and magicians were educated, they learned the rules of administration summarized in the royal "Teachings," the only law of the time. They were then promoted to the position of pages at Court, serving the King, naked save for a plain waist-cloth of transparent gauze. Then, when they reached adolescence, they had a large household, like royal princes, and the eldest son of the Queen, or of the favourite concubine if Pharaoh had only daughters by his marriage, was associated in the burdens of power preliminary to succeeding his father.

But at Akhetaten there was no reason for having a school of royal princes, since Tutankhamen must have been Pharaoh's only son; besides, Amenophis IV repudiated all the traditions of the past with horror.² For nine years, young Tutankhamen lived without restraint with the six little princesses, his half-sisters, and a dozen boys, the sons of great officials of the Empire.

Every day, as he woke up on his bed of ebony and ivory with the linen sheets, his eyes first fell with delight on the beautiful roof ornamented with doves. His little bare feet set their morning impress on the

¹ Moret, communication to the Institute of France, October, 1927.

² See the account of the inside of Theban houses in Maspero's *Contes*.

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dust of lapis lazuli with which the floor was strewn.¹ On his otherwise close-shaven head, a single lock dangled oddly over his left ear as a sign of his noble birth.²

When washing was done, the tutors (*menoi* for boys, *tef-menoi* for girls) did not make the children put on any clothes, for the heat was stifling. After a drink of milk from alabaster pots, boys and girls sat on the ground in the attitude immortalized by the Seated Scribe to receive the rudiments of schooling. The princesses never learned to write,³ whereas Tutankhamen was initiated in the mysteries of hieroglyphics, the "ingenious art of painting words and speaking with pictures" which Thoth, the God of Intelligence, had taught to men. Armed with brushes, the other boys, the sons of officials, who were going to be royal scribes, covered sheets of papyrus all day long, to fit them for the duties which, even at Akhetaten, would raise them to the highest posts in the Empire.

Then came the arithmetic lesson, which the Rhind Papyrus gives us. Tutankhamen, fortunate child, had only to learn addition and subtraction, the sole bases of Egyptian arithmetic; and there were no problems to do, for that was the business of boys who were going to be architects' scribes. It was enough if Tutankhamen could measure in royal cubits ($20\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and ordinary cubits ($18\frac{1}{2}$ inches), weigh in *utnu* (3.2 oz.), compute the value of things by the *shat*, a standard value (there was no real money for doing business), and reckon the days of his life from one moon to another. Thus, he learned that Thoth had divided the year into three seasons, those of Water (Shait), Vegetation (Piruit), and Harvest (Shemu), each containing four months, numbered from 1 to 4—"The 1st month of

¹ Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

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Shait," and so on. When the twelve months were past, a new year began, its commencement being marked by the rising of Sothis about the first days of August.¹

After lessons, came play-time. Lying on their stomachs in the lapis-lazuli dust on the floor, face to face, with their legs crossed in the air, the children played the Snake Game (something like our Race Games), pushing about little ivory lions and lionesses.² They were now too old for glass cubes or frogs and crocodiles with movable jaws, and had even given up the balls of scraps of papyrus for solitaire or *mena* (a sort of chess),³ over which small heads would bend together for hours on end.

Then it was time for dinner, and all sorts of delights. Of the great sixteen-columned banqueting-hall, the splendid pavement, 32 feet by 13, survives in good enough condition to allow us to reconstruct the whole apartment. A passage ran down the middle, dividing it into two symmetrical parts, and along this passage rows of chained prisoners were painted, negroes and Asiatics, on whom you trod as you passed. Right and left, inside each set of eight columns, was painted a long tank with fish darting about in a forest of lotuses and water-plants, while outside the columns, among luxuriant foliage, birds flitted and beasts gambolled at liberty.⁴ All these paintings overflowed with life,

¹ Brugsch, *Nouvelles recherches sur la division de l'année chez les anciens Égyptiens*.

² Wilkinson, *Catalogue of the Cairo Museum*.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Amenophis IV ordered this pavement, to illustrate a verse in his Hymn to Aten: "Aten, Sun, when thou risest for them, all the birds which were as dead come to life. The beasts are content in the pastures. The trees and plants grow. The birds fly in the brake with wings uplifted in worship of thy Ka. The wild beasts leap"—so sang the worshippers of Aten as they lay prostrate before the King, nosing the ground with their foreheads on this pavement.

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in a joyous symphony of bright colours, with the brilliant reds and yellows and greens of the doors and columns standing out against them.

At the end of the hall was a huge brick divan, with a dais opposite. Here Tutankhamen and the six princesses sat down under a canopy supported by columns gracefully curving inwards like lotus-leaves.¹ Sitting on their stools, they speared their food with

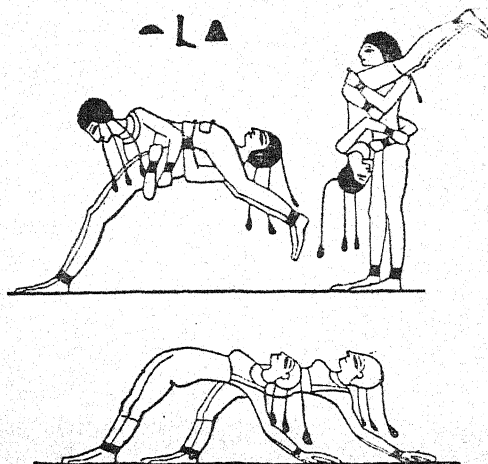


FIG. 2.—TUMBLING WOMEN.

From Wilkinson.

long gold spikes, while the fan-bearers waved their fans in rhythm and enchanting voices rose in song.

“My sister comes, and my heart swells.

My arms open to embrace her and my heart quakes in my breast.”²

A soft accompaniment was played on double flutes, mandolines, harps, and lutes. Dwarfs burst into the

¹ Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*, pp. 7-16 and pl. xxxvi (plan).

² Love-song from the Harris Papyrus, Maspero's translation (*Études égyptiennes* vol. i).

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hall, doing a thousand funny things, naked acrobats arranged themselves in beautiful set-pieces, and black slaves went round, pouring the sweet wine into golden goblets and murmuring, "May the wine do you good!"¹

The meal ended in the hottest hours of the day. This was the serious time for the children,² when the *menoi* taught them the human morality contained in the *Immortal Maxims of the Scribe Ani*, the Ten Commandments of the Egyptian child. "Always think of your mother. May she never have to reproach you, nor to lift her hands to the God, and may he never hear complaint from her!" And the *menoi* went on: "When you grow up, beware of the woman from outside. A woman who, when her husband is away, says to you, 'I am pretty,' it is a great sin to listen to her."³ Then they were all bored by the *Teachings of the Vizier Ptahhetep*, who, a thousand years ago, had put down in writing, for the use of the young, the rules of good behaviour for boys and for men in general—politeness, prudence, courage, and skill in dealing with difficult situations.⁴

By the fountain which babbled in a basin of many colours, in the shade of sycamores and acacias, the nice hour had at last come. A very old *menoi* came up, to tell the children the marvellous tales which had been repeated over and over again, but were always a joy.

First, he told them of the divine origin of all things, as they used to tell of it before Aten came. The Sky

¹ Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*.

² In the tomb of Huia, the general steward of the harem and of the house of the Queen Mother, and in that of Ahmes, the King's fan-bearer, there are representations of the royal family at meals.

³ Bulaq moral papyrus, in Mariette, *Les Papyrus égyptiens du Musée de Boulaq*.

⁴ Kahun Papyrus.

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and the Earth, two lovers lost in the Nu (Nothingness), held each other fast. The day of creation was the day on which a new god, Shu, rose from the everlasting waters and came in between the lovers. Taking the Sky in his two hands, he lifted her above his head, right up. The starry body of the Goddess covered space from east to west, her shoulders in the east and her loins in the west, and became the sky, while her hands and feet hung down to our earth at each end, making the Four Pillars of the Firmament.¹ Then, bowing to the new orthodoxy, the *menoi* would wind up the story very quickly, saying that it was all very pretty, but it was only a legend, and that you must not put any belief in these fables since, by the inspired mouth of his son Pharaoh, Aten, the radiant Disk, had revealed that he was the only Creator and that all life had been conceived by the vivifying heat of his countless rays.

Leaving the dangerous subject of divinity at that, the *menoi* would proceed to enchant the children with wonderful tales of adventures on earth, based on some true stories—tales of the travels of the first explorers in the world, the barons of Elephantine who went for Pharaoh right into the wilds of Libya, whence, after a thousand excitements, they brought back the Danga dwarfs.² Pharaoh was so pleased at their return that he sent a boat full of sweets and beer to meet them at the frontier.³ So, too, the marvellous adventures of brave General Thutii went on without end, and there was joyous laughter over the stratagem by which the

¹ See the celebrated painting on the coffin of Butehamen in the Turin Museum, of Shu, Greatest God, Great Lord of the Sky, receiving the worship of two souls (Maspero, *Histoire*, i, p. 129).

² These dwarfs were attached to Pharaoh all through the history of Egypt, like the clowns and jesters of European courts.

³ Maspero, *Contes*.

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wily warrior took the fortified town of Joppa, taking his men into the city hidden in large jars.¹

The old folk-tales, too, were an inexhaustible mine to the *menoi*. They have only recently been discovered, and even to-day, after more than three thousand years, they delight us as the early flower of the most charming romantic literature in the world, quite as good as the *Arabian Nights*. And how the subtle art and unfailing imagination of the story-teller could embellish the fantastic sea-stories, like the *Salt Merchant*, or the *Travels of Unamen on the Coasts of Syria*, or the *Adventures of King Cheops and the Magicians*!²

The minutes flew by quickly for the children while they listened to the stories; the coolness had come with the falling of the day, and the Sun-god was sinking to the horizon. It was the time for a walk, and Tutankhamen and the little princess went off through the happy city where, Maspero says, "the gentleness and gaiety of the masters was reflected in the life of their subjects." Squeezed behind Pharaoh and the Queen, who, contrary to Egyptian custom, stood affectionately side by side on the same chariot of gold and silver, the two children amused themselves watching the sights of the streets. No escort accompanied the royal family,³ which wandered about the city wherever fancy took it, stopping to talk to the people and above all to visit the studios of the artists who were working to please the tastes of Amenophis IV and to adorn his new and beloved capital.

There was plenty of work to do, and Pharaoh had

¹ *Ibid.*, 3rd ed., p. 97; Harris Papyrus, no. 500.

² *Ibid.* MS. found by Golénischeff.

³ Many stelæ. Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*; Davies, *Rock Tombs*; Lepsius, *Denkm.*, iii, pp. 92-3, 103-9, illustrations; Nestor Lhôte, *Lettres*. Illustrations in Weigall, *Akhnaton*, p. 113.

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succeeded in attracting the best sculptors of Thebes to Akhetaten. The chief of that guild, Bek, had the job of all the religious reliefs. Thanks to his chisel, we can ourselves see Amenophis IV, Nefertiti, and their six daughters, all in profile and arranged in order of height, worshipping the resplendent disk of Aten, who bathes them in his thousand rays. His art is ritual and orthodox.¹ Amenophis IV must have liked better to stop at the studio of Auta, a woman sculptor of great reputation, who was not afraid of new methods inspired by bold realism. She painted her busts to make them look more alive, and Pharaoh caused her to make one such bust of his wife, "the most beautiful woman in Egypt."² What contempt Amenophis showed for venerable traditions when he persuaded the Divine Daughter to give sittings, almost naked on a low stool, in the studio of a mortal woman!

Nor can they often have omitted to visit the great Thothmes, the accredited sculptor of the Court and very much in fashion. He was a great innovator, bold with his chisel, and must have satisfied Pharaoh's modern tastes even more than Auta; to please the King, and to make his portraits "like," he conceived the idea of taking casts of faces.³ Amenophis IV rejected idealistic symbolism in art; he wanted inspiration to remain true to nature, to nature reproduced in its ugliness as well as in its beauty, in its pain as well as in its joy. Men's feelings must be reflected in their faces; so Pharaoh was well content to see his own pensive head reproduced in alabaster, long as a sugar-

¹ Petrie, *History*; Lepsius, *Denkm.*, iii.

² See Plate III. Now in the Berlin Museum.

³ In clearing the Palace, Petrie found the King's death-mask of fine plaster. (See illustrations in Lepsius, *Denkm.*, iii, 111; Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*, pl. i, x; Weigall, *Akkhnaion*.)

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loaf, with the receding forehead, the eyes lost in dreams, the big pointed nose, the mouth compressed in dogged obstinacy, and the huge jutting chin which seemed awkwardly joined to the long, thin neck.¹ In the studio, two other works ordered by His Majesty called for attention; they would always remain sacrileges in the history of Egyptian art. There was a statue of Pharaoh, God and Pope, tenderly embracing his Queen as she sat on his knees;² and beside it there was a small relief in which, for the first time, mortals would see a Pharaoh weeping—Amenophis holding the dead body of his fifth daughter in his arms in a grief which still moves us.

Thanks to those sculptors, the brothers of Donatello, Amenophis, his wife, and their daughters³ have come across the centuries, with the angelic, ascetic faces and the gentle, distant gaze, which make it impossible ever to confuse them with any other Egyptian family.

They visited the glass and enamel factory, the only one in the world at that time, which was also a creation of Amenophis.⁴ There he could lovingly handle vases fired that same morning, with weird sea-monsters of translucent enamel twining over the belly; he could hold them up to the light, rejoicing in them, judging their transparency, giving opinions and advice. They went among the goldsmiths, where Pharaoh could give free rein to his imagination in ordering gold filigree epergnes, daggers, walking-sticks. The art of Tell el-Amarna was created—a magnificent revivification of the old styles, conceived with the fire of life and

¹ Weigall; Davies, *Rock Tombs*.

² Lepsius, *Denkm.*, 103, 106.

³ See photograph in Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*, pl. i; Maspero, vol. ii, p. 333.

⁴ Petrie, *op. cit.*; Weigall.

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freedom. The swaddling-bands were thrown off, and Egypt was expanding; it was a Renaissance.¹ We might believe ourselves in Florence, at the Court of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But in Florence art turned to paganism, whereas in Akhetaten all the inspiration came from a new religious worship.

The sun is about to set, and it is the hour for Pharaoh to do homage to the new god, the "political hour" of the day, the "great hour," for Pharaoh is well aware that the realization of his great dream depends on the impression which the majesty of this ceremony will leave every day in the hearts of his subjects.

The chariot stops at an imposing doorway, from which red ribbons hang in masses, the only bright note against the dazzling whiteness of the limestone temple which rises in the light on its foundations of pink granite. The high-priest waits on the threshold.² Surrounded by slaves bearing fly-flappers, the royal family, the princes, each wearing three ostrich-feathers stuck in his hair,³ and all the royal children go across the outer court, where there are offering-tables, right and left, on which the King and Queen, aided by the high-priest, both lay fruits and flowers,⁴ while the royal children shake sistrums behind them and the

¹ Petrie, *History*, 219.

² The ruins have been explored by Petrie (*Tell el-Amarna*, pp. 18-20; plan, pl. xxxvii). There is a perfect representation of it in the tomb of the high-priest Merira (Lepsius, *Denkm.*, iii, 94-6).

³ Tombs of Hui and Merira at el-Amarna.

⁴ It is very important to note that at Akhetaten the Queen is on a footing of absolute equality with the King in the service of the temple. Together they burn incense, pour libations, hold up offerings, offer flowers. When the King burns incense, the Queen holds up the offering, and *vice versa*. We never find such a thing elsewhere in the history of Egypt; the position of the Queen with regard to the King is usually that held by the royal children at Akhetaten.

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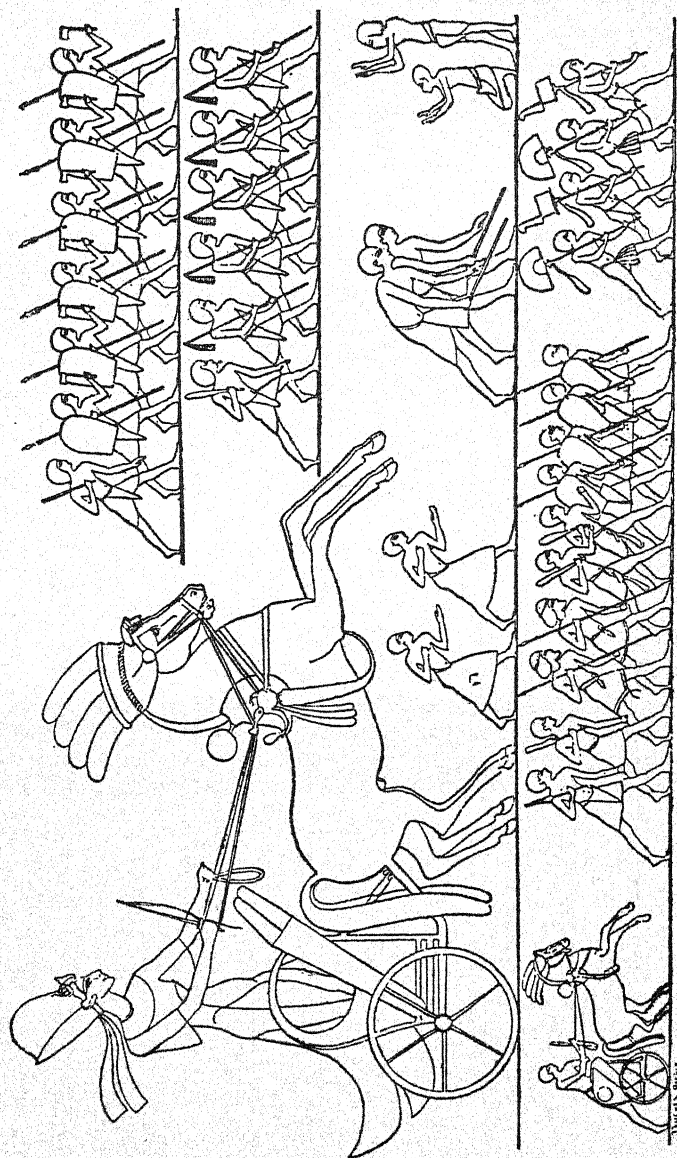


FIG. 3.—AMENOPHIS IV DRIVING TO THE TEMPLE.
From Maspero. Drawing by Faucher-Gudin.

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courtiers squat on the ground, hands on knees. The stones of sacrifice are still there, but it is very rarely that oxen, geese, or rams are slain on them; the cult of Aten is content with music, hymns, and offerings of flowers and incense.

Then, going on, the procession comes to the portico of sixteen columns, in front of a great pylon the towers of which are surmounted by ten masts with red streamers; after the pylon, they cross a large court, in the middle of which, in front of the little Benben shrine¹ (so called in memory of the sacred stone in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis) stands a colossal statue of the King; they go round another pylon, through a colonnade of eight pillars adorned with great statues of Amenophis IV² and Nefertiti and of Amenophis III and Tii, and into a last court, girt with pink columns and open to the sky. At the end, at the top of a steep flight of steps, a huge granite altar rises,³ as high as the columns, between statues of the King and Nefertiti, each holding a tray of gifts.⁴

As the day ends, the declining sun seems to officiate, clad in purple, at the altar under its mass of hyacinths, lotuses, acacias, yellow flags, and gigantic fruit—dates, figs, lemons—and alabaster jars full of perfumes. Clad in white gauze, incessantly waving their little sistrums, the princesses, and behind them, no doubt, Tutankhamen among the other children of the harem, stand on the lowest step of the altar, while Pharaoh and the

¹ Blackman, *A Study of the Liturgy celebrated in the Temple of Aton*, in *Recueil Champollion*, pp. 505 ff.

² Blackman; Davies.

³ The altar on which the King stands is one of the blocks of masonry of which Naville found a beautiful specimen in the temple at Der el-Bahari; it is the only one like it.

⁴ The relief in the tomb of Hui described by Davies in *Rock Tombs* shows it exactly.

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Queen, also clad in white,¹ majestically go up the ascent. The low chanting of the blind singers accompanies them, while women ranged at the two sides of the altar clash cymbals.

With the aid of the chief of the servants of Aten, Pharaoh, repeating an episode in the old liturgy, anoints himself before celebrating the rite; having purified his clothing with incense, he takes a little scented grease with the ritual spoon dipped in the unguent-jar and raises that offering to the shining sun, and then the flowers and the fruit.² It is the divine moment of the communion of son with father, of the King with the god. The fan-bearers and priests compose themselves; there is total silence. Amen-ophis worships his god, chanting the splendid hymn which he composed in a wild passion of gratitude and love and hope.

"Thou risest beautifully on heaven's horizon, O Aten, initiator of life!

When thou dost form thy circle on the horizon, thou fillest the earth with thy beauties.

Thou art delightful, sublime, shining high above the earth.

Thy rays envelop the lands and all that thou hast created.

Since thou art Ra (creator), thou winnest what they give and thou bindest it with the bonds of thy love.

Thou art far, but thy rays are on the earth.

"When thou dost rest in the Western horizon, the earth is in darkness, as if dead.

Men sleep in their rooms, with their heads wrapped up, and not an eye sees another.

All their goods, which they have put beneath their heads, could be stolen without their feeling it.

Then every lion comes out of his cave, every snake bites.

It is dark as in an oven.

The earth is silent; for he who created it all rests in his horizon.

¹ Relief in the tomb of Panehesi.

² N. Lhôte, *Lettres*, p. 62.

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"But the dawn comes, thou risest on the horizon, thou shinest as
Aten of the Day; the darkness is banished when thou sendest
forth thy shafts.

The Two Lands make merry.

Men awake, and leap to their feet; it is thou who makest them
rise.

They wash their limbs, they take up their clothing.

Their hands worship thy rising; the Whole Land sets to work.

"All the beasts are content in the pastures.

The trees and plants grow.

The birds fly in the brake, with wings uplifted in worship of
thy Ka.

All the wild beasts leap; all things that fly and all that flutter live
again when thou risest for them.

"The boats go up and down the river, for every road is open when
thou risest.

The fish of the river leap towards thee; thy rays go down into the
depths of the sea.

"It is thou who raisest up children in women, and createst the seed
in men;

It is thou who feedest the child in the mother's belly, who soothest
him that he may not weep, who feedest him by the breast, who
givest air to animate all that thou makest.

When the child comes forth from the womb on to the earth, on
the day of his birth, thou openest his mouth that he may speak,
and thou dost satisfy his needs.

"When the chick is in the egg, a chirping in the shell, thou givest
him breath to make him live.

Thou givest him strength in the egg, to break it;

He comes out of the egg to chirp . . . and he runs on his feet as
soon as he comes out.

"How numerous are thy works, all that thou hast created and all
that is hidden, O thou, the one God, to whom none is equal!

Thou hast created the earth according to thy heart, thou all alone,
with men, cattle, and every wild beast,

All that exists on earth and walks on feet, all that is in the air and
flies upon wings,

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And the foreign countries (*Khaš*), Syria (*Khuru*) and Nubia (*Kush*),
and the land of Egypt (*Kemt*).¹

Thou settest each man in his place, creating what is needful for
him, all with their inheritance and their property,

With their languages, differing in words, their forms different too,
and their skins different (in colour), for thou hast divided the
foreign peoples.

“Thou makest the Nile in the Lower World, and bringest it (to earth)
where thou wilt, to feed the men (of Egypt).

Thou art the Lord of them all, thou hast cared for them, the Lord
of this Land, who risest for it, the very powerful Disk of the Day.
And for distant peoples (too), thou dost make that whereby they
live.

Thou hast set the Nile in the heavens also, that it may come down
to them, and beat the mountains with its waves like a sea, to
water their fields in their countries.

How excellent are thy designs! There is a Nile in the heavens
for the foreign peoples, and for all the beasts of the desert that
go upon feet, and there is also the Nile which comes from the
Lower World for the land of Egypt.

“Thy rays give milk to every territory, and when thou risest they
live and grow for thee.

Thou makest the seasons of the year, to hold all that thou hast created,
winter to cool them and summer (to warm them).

Thou hast created the distant sky, to rise in it, and to look down
from there on what thou hast created, thou all alone.

Thou comest in thy form of living Aten, thou risest radiant, thou
goest away and returnest.

Thou drawest millions of forms from thyself alone—the Nomes,
the cities, the countryside, the ways, the waters.

Every eye beholds thee above it, Disk of the Day above the earth.

Thou art in my heart; there is no other that understands thee, except
me, thy son . . . issued from thy flesh, Akhenaten.”²

Did the King, absorbed in his heavenly dream, hear
his song of love echoed by a savage revolt in Syria?

¹ On the importance of this passage with regard to Egyptian
imperialism, see Moret and Davy, *Des clans aux empires*, English ed.,
pp. 299-301.

² Hymn found in the tomb of Ai.

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Did he even know that there was a conspiracy afoot, away there, among the vassal kings, led by Aziru, ruler of the Amorites, against the "lovely child of Aten" and his Empire?¹

Night has fallen; back in the Palace, with his eyes filled with the divine light and his ears humming with the sacred hymns, Tutankhamen falls happily asleep, his bed close to the little princess's. The murmur of the fountain in the basin in the garden lulls them, and their dreams are like the stories told by the *menoï*, in which everything ends happily for the good people. The hard reality will soon scatter them, like many dreams.

Month followed month in the pleasant monotony of happy days, and there were feasts to celebrate the marriage of the eldest princess, Meritaten, to an unknown young lord named Smenkhkara. Amenophis IV was ill, and wanted to choose an associate in power without waiting any longer. The mystical side of his religious revolution took him every day further away from the daily worries and duties of kingship.² One morning he appeared, as usual, on the balcony of the Palace, holding Smenkhkara to his left side, and presented him to the people as Pharaoh, his associate and successor, while the high-priest placed a crown on the young man's head. Henceforward Smenkhkara should command the armies and look after the administration.³

¹ Delattre, *Azirou*.

² An examination of Gauthier's *Livre des rois d'Égypte*, which contains all the cartouches of the Pharaohs and all the inscriptions of their reigns, allows one to infer that Smenkhkara only reigned three years, during which his name in his cartouche was attached to that of Amenophis IV; this would prove that he never held the throne alone, but was merely associated with the reigning Pharaoh.

³ In the XIIth Dynasty, all the Kings took their sons as associates (except two out of the eight, of whom this is not proved). In the

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Yet another gay, careless year went by, which would leave memories in Tutankhamen's mind, for it was marked by the most marvellous episodes of a fairy-tale. Pharaoh and the Queen, leaning from the veranda, showered necklaces, trinkets, precious stones, and bangles on Ai, a new favourite, who was marrying a Royal Nurse, and the two of them were made Princes, while the crowd cheered them. Then the King and Queen gave Merira the office of high-priest. "O my servant," Amenophis cried to him from the balcony, "you have listened to my teaching. My heart is satisfied with you. I give you this office, and I tell you, you shall eat the bread of Pharaoh your lord in the Temple of Aten." The courtiers carried off Merira on their arms, while the women danced to the sound of tambourines and strewed flowers on the way, shouting, "Many are the rewards which Aten gives when his heart is satisfied!"

There were feasts too, for the reception of the Queen Mother, proud old Tii, Amenophis III's widow, who was accompanied by Princess Baketaten, the present King's sister. For the first time in her life, Tii came to Akhetaten, for all her eighty years and her devotion to Amen. In the Palace, where she was received by Huia, the chief steward of the harem, there were endless festivities, interspersed with walks through the beautiful palace gardens down to the new port, which the admiral

XVIIIth Dynasty, Queen Nefertari was associated with her husband Ahmes, and then took her son Amenophis I into association with herself; Thothmes I was first the associate of his father, and then took Amenmes, and then his daughter Hatshepsut, into association; so Amenophis IV took his son-in-law Smenkhkara. In the XIXth Dynasty, Rameses I took Seti I into association, Seti I took Rameses II, and Rameses II took first Khaemuset and then Menephtah. In the XXth Dynasty, Rameses IV reigned with Rameses III (Moret).

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Mai had just completed on the Nile. The people of Akhetaten crowded in the streets to cheer the old Queen, "who comes to see Aten, her who rises in beauty, her whom Aten lightens."¹

Sunny days of Akhetaten—everywhere joy, gaiety, singing, dancing, and freedom—freedom!

Suddenly clouds darkened the sky; there was mourning in the beautiful palace of white limestone. Men learned of the death of a nine-year-old princess. Through the streets of the capital, Syrian messengers rode madly, howling with grief, to announce that the Asiatic Empire was rising in revolt against the Sun-god, and that the loyal tribes implored the help of the Egyptian armies. Presently the sudden death of the eldest princess, the wife of the future Pharaoh Smenkhkara, put the crown on the general anxiety.

The grief-stricken Palace lived in dread of coming disaster. Pharaoh was very ill, but in a last blaze of energy he refused to abandon his dream. His religion of love and peace forbade war; he refused the help of his soldiers,² and the revolt advanced further and further, while the tottering Empire called for an heir to the throne. Amenophis IV must marry off another of his daughters quickly, and consecrate her

¹ All these scenes are described and depicted in detail in the tombs of the persons concerned. These tombs, eighteen in number, belong to the southern group of the hypogea of Tell el-Amarna, which Davies has most efficiently explored and discussed in his *Rock Tombs*. They were a royal gift, and the beginning of the many favours which Amenophis IV lavished on the followers of the new Sun-worship. We see this from such expressions as, "We see the good things which the excellent Prince has done for the Scribe of his Table"; by an order for a grand tomb to be made for a man at Akhetaten; or by Ai's words, "My name penetrated into the Palace because of my services to the King and because I hearkened to his teaching."

² Correspondence between the Syrian princes and Amenophis IV, found at Tell el-Amarna. See below, chap. iv.

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husband as the future Pharaoh.¹ So the third little princess, barely twelve years old, should marry her beloved brother, Tutankhamen, who was no older than she.

The little silver statue of Tutankhamen which adorns the pommel of a walking-stick found in his tomb shows that he was a charming lad at that time, with his small head bending under the huge crown of Lower Egypt, his plump chest bare, and a small waist-cloth pulled tight over his slim young figure. He seems radiant with happiness, given over wholly to his love and thinking of nothing but love.

If we open the papyrus-cupboard in the Turin Museum, the spell of the hieroglyphics summons up the garden of the Palace of Akhetaten out of nothingness like a moonlight scene on the stage.² Tutankhamen and his little bride concealed their love in the warm, scented darkness of luxuriant vegetation; the trees which connived at those happy moments told their secrets to the Nile breeze, the usual interpreter of the love-poets of Egypt.

The old sycamore, shivering in the evening wind, murmurs: "My seeds are like the teeth of the beloved; I bear myself like the bearing of her breasts; I last longer than the other trees in the park. I remain in every weather, and when the sister sported there with her brother,³ it was under my branches that they lay,

¹ Carter. It cannot be proved that they were married while Amenophis IV was still alive; but I have adopted the hypothesis to which Carter inclines, which is more in conformity with the manners of courts, as has been seen.

² Egyptian amorous literature is contained in two papyri, one in the Turin Museum, translated by Pleyte, Rossi, and Chabas, and the other in the British Museum, translated by Goodwin.

³ The lovers in the Egyptian poems normally address each other as "brother" and "sister."

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drunk with wine and liqueurs, shining with fine scented oil. All the trees in the orchard pass, except me. I am the first of trees, and they use me ill, so I shall disclose what they do in my shadow."

And the fig-tree, rustling in the night, answers: "I am the servant brought from Syria, a captive of the beloved; she gathered me in her park. With her hands she pours fresh water from the river on me every morning. She loves me."

And the little sycamore, the tree of the islands of Ionia, bending under the caress of the spring, adds: "My branches screen her love, but my bosom is close, and I shall never tell what she says to her brother. My leaves always say to them, 'Come, spend every day in happiness.'"¹

Sandals crunch on the sand, and the intruder turns away from the young lovers whom he sees tenderly embracing. The moon shows their profiles, facing each other, clear-cut as if carved in stone.

"Your love holds me captive and my heart swings with your heart," Tutankhamen may be saying softly.

"My heart is so happy with your love for me that half of the front of my headdress falls when I come running to seek you. Your pretty sister, whom your heart loves, comes into the gardens, O brother whom I love, for my heart goes after what you love. See, all the birds of Punt sport over Egypt, place of coolness. Let us take them together. I think only of my love alone, for my heart is bound to your heart, and I cannot tear myself away from your perfection," the princess doubtless replies.

And under the little tree from the islands they sit,

¹ A celebrated episode in the *Flower-garden*, translated by Chabas. There is also a commentary by Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i, p. 127.

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so close that they have but one outline. He says again, very low, "Your love goes into me as wine spreads in water, as perfume blends with gum," and the leaves of the little tree never catch the pretty answer of the princess, so shaken is her voice: "My heart rises to you, O my brother, before whom one feels taller. I am your sister, whom you will take as a wife. It is an intoxicating drink for me to hear your voice, O marjoram of my heart. To-morrow will be the hour of eternity which is coming to us."¹

¹ Papyrus in the British Museum, translated by Goodwin.

CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE

EGYPTIAN tradition, so Maspero tells us, required a man to marry his sister. By the wish of father and mother, daughters were the brides-elect of their brothers. There was a practical reason for this—the combination of maternal ownership with paternal inheritance. The Pharaohs obeyed the custom like others; they had only departed from it occasionally, since the Thothmes line had founded the Asiatic Empire, which had to be made secure by diplomatic marriages. It has been a puzzle for the eugeniſts of all ages to explain how the Egyptians, having discovered everything except that incest was a sin or a crime, do not seem to have suffered as a race from that ingrained practice.

The King's sister, having exactly as much of the divine blood of Amen-Ra or Aten in her veins as himself, was more than any woman in the world qualified to share the bed of her brother. Since Queen Merisukhu, the daughter of Cheops, had married her brother Chephren, to say nothing of the famous Hatshepsut, who married her brother Thothmes III, the royal incests had given Egypt magnificent Pharaohs, down to the time of the "Asiatic marriages" of which the consumptive, epileptic Amenophis IV was the unfortunate fruit.

For an Egyptian girl of pure breed, marriage with her brother was the perfect union. The folk-tale of

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Satni Khaemuas is more eloquent in its racy crudity than all the legal texts in the world.

"I am Ahuri, King Menepthah's daughter," says the heroine,¹ "and the man whom you see by me is my brother Neneferkeptah. We were born of one father and one mother. When the time came for me to marry, I was taken before Pharaoh Menepthah. I was adorned, and they thought me beautiful. The King said, 'The time has come to marry our daughter.' Now, I loved my brother, and wanted only him for my husband. My mother said to Pharaoh, 'But could we not marry our daughter to an infantry general, and Neneferkeptah to the daughter of another infantry general?' And Pharaoh said, 'Ahuri, our daughter, loves her elder brother; besides, is it not the law to marry them to each other? Let them take Ahuri this very night to her brother's house.' They took me as a bride to the house of Neneferkeptah. My brother spent a happy day with me, he slept with me that same night, he found me a virgin and he knew me again and again, for each of us loved the other. And when my time came, I gave birth to this little child who is before us."

The story also confirms the belief that Egyptian girls had great liberty to choose the husband whom they preferred. Egypt was the most feministic country of antiquity.² "Their husbands were their slaves!" the Greeks and Romans afterwards said of the Egyptians, with a proper contempt. Kings, high officials, and private individuals of any rank all had their harems. This consecration of polygamy by the

¹ Maspero, *Contes*.

² Among the correspondence of scribes of the time in the papyrus of Bologna translated by Chabas, there are many letters of female scribes in Thebes in the XVIIIth Dynasty.

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social organization of Egypt is confirmed in the case of the Kings by Manetho¹ and by the long lists of royal children. Rameses II had three sons and fifty-nine daughters. Of private individuals, Diodoros Siculus says: "Among the Egyptians, the priests have only one wife, but other citizens can take as many as they want. A man who employs himself in increasing the population is regarded as contributing to the prosperity of the State more than anyone. Parents are obliged to feed all their children. No child is regarded as illegitimate, even if his mother is a slave, for it is the tradition to regard the father alone as the author of the child, to whom the mother has only afforded food and lodging."

But all, even owners of harems, kings and private individuals alike, could have only one wife legally established as such, who was protected by special rights and advantages. A man who married "founded a house," in the accepted formula, which we find in the *Prisse Papyrus*, but it was the woman who, from the Theban Kingdom onwards, enjoyed all the prerogatives of mistress of the house, and that house was her personal property, which she was at liberty to make over to her children, her husband being merely allowed into it to visit her. It was the wife's brother who, as in matriarchal societies, was the born protector of her children. Usually the father did not even give his name to his children.² You spoke of Khnumhetep or Ahmes, the son of Lady Basenet or of Lady Mimut, not of Khnumhetep or Ahmes, the son of Lord Nebtau or Khaemuaset. So it was with the ancestral gods of Egypt.

¹ There is a curious instance under the XIIth Dynasty. A great personage named Kheti was the Chief Decorated with the Bee, Sole Favourite, Supervisor of Men and Women, and Purveyor of the Nuptial Bed. In his funerary inscription, there is mention of "millions of women" whom he "led to love" (Lepsius, *Denkm.*, ii, p. 143).

² Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*.

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Horus the Younger was always called the Son of Isis, not the Son of Osiris.

While the husband had no right over the property of his wife, he had to keep her and to pay her debts.¹ Debts she always had, for the light-hearted ladies of Egypt were a great expense to their husbands, who were soon driven to inventing divorce in order to escape ruin. Separations rapidly became frequent. "I have left you as my wife. Choose yourself another husband wherever you go." This simple formula, uttered in the presence of two scribes, at last restored the luckless husband to liberty.²

But marriages could not take place without great formalities and elaborate ceremonies. There is evidence that the marriage-contract did not exist before the XIXth Dynasty, the time of the Ramessids.³ In the time of Tutankhamen, and long before, in Thebes, it was the priests who settled matrimonial rights and entered them on the records (*herit*) of the temples. These records had an official character, and were kept up to date down to the time of the Ethiopians. They mentioned not only marriages, but also successions, births, and transfers of landed property, and were a regular census-register.

The religious ceremony of marriage included among other things, in the XIIth Dynasty as in the time of Tutankhamen, a regular inventory of the property and rights of the couple. We have evidence of it in a text:

"The 5th Mechir, in the 12th year of King Amasis⁴ (to whom be Life, Health, Strength).

"On this day there came into the Temple the Choachytes Teos, son of the Keeper Ekhepraturf, to the woman Hatuset, daughter of Petuas, who was pleasing

¹ Révillout, *La Femme dans l'antiquité*.

³ Spiegelberg.

² Wilkinson.

⁴ XXVIth Dynasty.

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to him as a spouse, as a wife established conjointly, as a mother bringing family rights to their issue, as a spouse from the day of the deed onwards.

"In respect of the goods of which he said, 'I shall give it to you,' she took it in her hands, that woman, all land in a determined share. The Priest of Amen, the Priest of the Flourishing King, to whom Amen has given the power, said to him, 'Will you love her as a wife established conjointly, as a mother transmitting family rights, my brother?' He answered, 'I transmit to her by gift, their transmission, the share of these things, in the plan of love in which I love her. But if I love another woman than her, at once upon that baseness, when I am found with another woman, I give her (my wife) my land apportioned as is said above, at once, in the case of any such baseness at all.

"'All the goods which I shall cause to be (*i.e.*, acquire) by transmission or by inheritance of the goods of my father and mother shall go to my children whom I shall beget and this woman will bear, as my wife, from the 5th Mechir, the 12th year, etc., onwards, down to the end of the generation which she will bear me as my wife.'"

This deed is signed by two Prophets and several witnesses.¹

Whereas all the other ceremonies in which the Pharaohs took part are known to us, we know nothing about the legal rites of their marriage from which to obtain an idea of the pomp of the wedding in which, by the desire of Amenophis IV, his daughter Ankh-senpaaten was united to Tutankhamen. But we can imagine it, judging from Egyptian customs. All the great men of Akhetaten assembled in the banqueting-hall of the Palace in full dress, coloured stuffs and

¹ Révillout, op. cit.

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stones making a living mosaic against the many-coloured pavement. On the dais, the royal family stood together, with serious faces, adorned with such magnificent jewels that they looked like a huge glittering casket.¹ Then in the silence two little childish voices, muted by profound happiness, spoke the consecrated words with passionate fervour: "She is my wife and I am her husband from to-day to all eternity."²

Amenophis IV died, and the coronation followed close on the funeral. The inscriptions and reliefs at Der el-Bahari which describe the coronations of Queen Hatshepsut and of Horemheb, Tutankhamen's second successor,³ enable us to reconstruct that of our little Pharaoh exactly. In addition, Rameses II has left an account of his own coronation in similar circumstances, in an inscription at Abydos. We can adapt it, to picture Amenophis IV, dying, but clinging to the Palace veranda in a fierce determination to live on in the heir of his "great work," and presenting young Tutankhamen to the people.

"My father," Rameses II relates, "reared me and made me grow, in the days when I was quite a small child, until I should become King. He gave me this country when I was still in the egg. The Great Ones nosed the earth before me when I was raised to the rank of Eldest Son, Prince on the Throne of Geb. I made report (to my father) on the Two Egypts, as chief of the infantry and the chariots. Then, while I was still a youth, my father showed himself to the people, holding me in his arms, and said of me, 'Crown him King, that I may see his excellence while I am still on earth.' Then the priests were called to set the

¹ Clara Siemens, *König Echnaton in El-Amarna*, Leipzig, 1922.

² Petrie.

³ Statue of Horemheb in the Turin Museum.

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crowns on my brow. My father gave me house-keepers, ladies chosen from among the girls of the Court; he chose me women among the minstrels of Amen and a companion among the ladies of the harem."

The priests in the temple¹ set the heavy crown on Tutankhamen's head, and the King, making a supreme effort, took him in his arms, to transmit the magic fluid to him. Then the Royal Council deliberated and drew up the report of the coronation, by which the names of the new King should be established for ever—unless Amen should presently take his revenge on Aten! Copies were made,² and sent to all the great officials of the Empire, to inform them that a new master had been given to Egypt:

"Royal rescript to inform you that My Majesty has risen in Upper and Lower Egypt on the throne of Horus of the Living, without equal for ever, and that my titles have been established thus. You will therefore cause proper offerings to be given to the Gods of the South, with hymns for Life, Health, and Strength."³

The "hour of eternity" had at last sounded for the young Pharaoh and his Queen.

Darkness and silence; it is the hour of eternity. The tell-tale artists have carved many sheets of gold and other objects, delivered up by the tomb of Tutankhamen, with all the intimate scenes of his love.⁴

Pharaoh sits on a square, lion-footed stool adorned

¹ See the illustration in *Deir el-Bahari*, iii; *Journal des Savants*, 1899, p. 411; Moret, *Du caractère religieux*, pl. lx, 1, 3-10.

² See the *ostrakon* in the Giza Museum, published and translated by Erman (*A.Z.*, xxix, pp. 116-19).

³ This, the only copy which has survived, was addressed to the chief of the station of Elephantine and referred to the accession of Thothmes I.

⁴ Carter. The golden shrine, throne-back, and perfume-box.

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with marquetry symbolizing the union of the Two Kingdoms, Upper and Lower Egypt. His pretty youthful body is bare to the navel; his legs show through a thin pleated gauze; there are golden sandals on his feet; the sacred Uraeus encircles his childish head, crowned with the White Crown of Upper Egypt. With his right arm, covered with bangles, he pours sweet perfumes over the Queen, and in his left hand he holds a bunch of flowers.

The Queen has not even taken the time to remove the monumental headdress which she wore in the afternoon, with the gold Sun-disk gleaming amid huge feathers. She is all graciousness and love, squatting on a cushion at Pharaoh's feet with her elbow on his knees. A pectoral of sparkling jewellery hides one little breast, while the other ingenuously peeps through the pleated robe, which opens altogether over her stomach to reveal the slender, supple body in all its radiant youth and perfect beauty.¹

About the two children, all the marvels of the workshops of Akhetaten are gathered, and they will follow Tutankhamen into his tomb to compel our admiration thirty-two centuries later. There are two little sistrums of wood and silver, standing on boxes of precious wood, to keep off evil. At the back are the great ivory chests containing the marriage trousseaux. On a table of electrum stand golden candlesticks shaped like the hieroglyphic sign of "life," in which candles of red wax burn, beside a charming scent-box of gold incrustéd with translucent enamels, one representing the little Pharaoh, handsome as the day, sitting under the Sun-disk.

The Queen rises, takes the ebonite fan, covered with gold and spangled with turquoises and cornelians, and

¹ Gold shrine.

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tenderly fans Tutankhamen, and the lissome swaying of her arm is in itself a caress.¹ The rhythm goes slower, and time seems gradually to settle down into an infinite sweetness. Then she anoints her husband with scented oil,² the indispensable preliminary to hours of love in ancient Egypt. "O mugwort, my brother, in whose presence one feels taller, I am your best loved sister, I am to you as the field in which I have grown flowers and all kinds of fragrant herbs, where there are the delightful water-channels which I have dug with my hand to cool me in the North wind, a lovely place in which to walk with your hand in my hand, our breasts thrilled, our hearts full of joy to be walking together. It is an intoxicating drink for me to hear your voice, and I live by hearing it. To see you and to see you again is better to me than eating and drinking."³

"O marjoram my brother, I have taken your garlands when you come to me drunk, and lie down in your alcove . . . I go in. . . ."

Then, filling their arms with the offerings of flowers which are heaped on the lapis-lazuli dust of the floor, the two of them move, tenderly entwined, towards the back of the apartment. Two beds of gold and wood, adorned with graceful arabesques of fine stones, can be dimly seen in the shadow, their pillows⁴ close together, like two great cattish beasts stretching side by side.

¹ Throne-back.

² Ditto.

³ Brit. Mus. papyrus, translated by Goodwin. Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i.

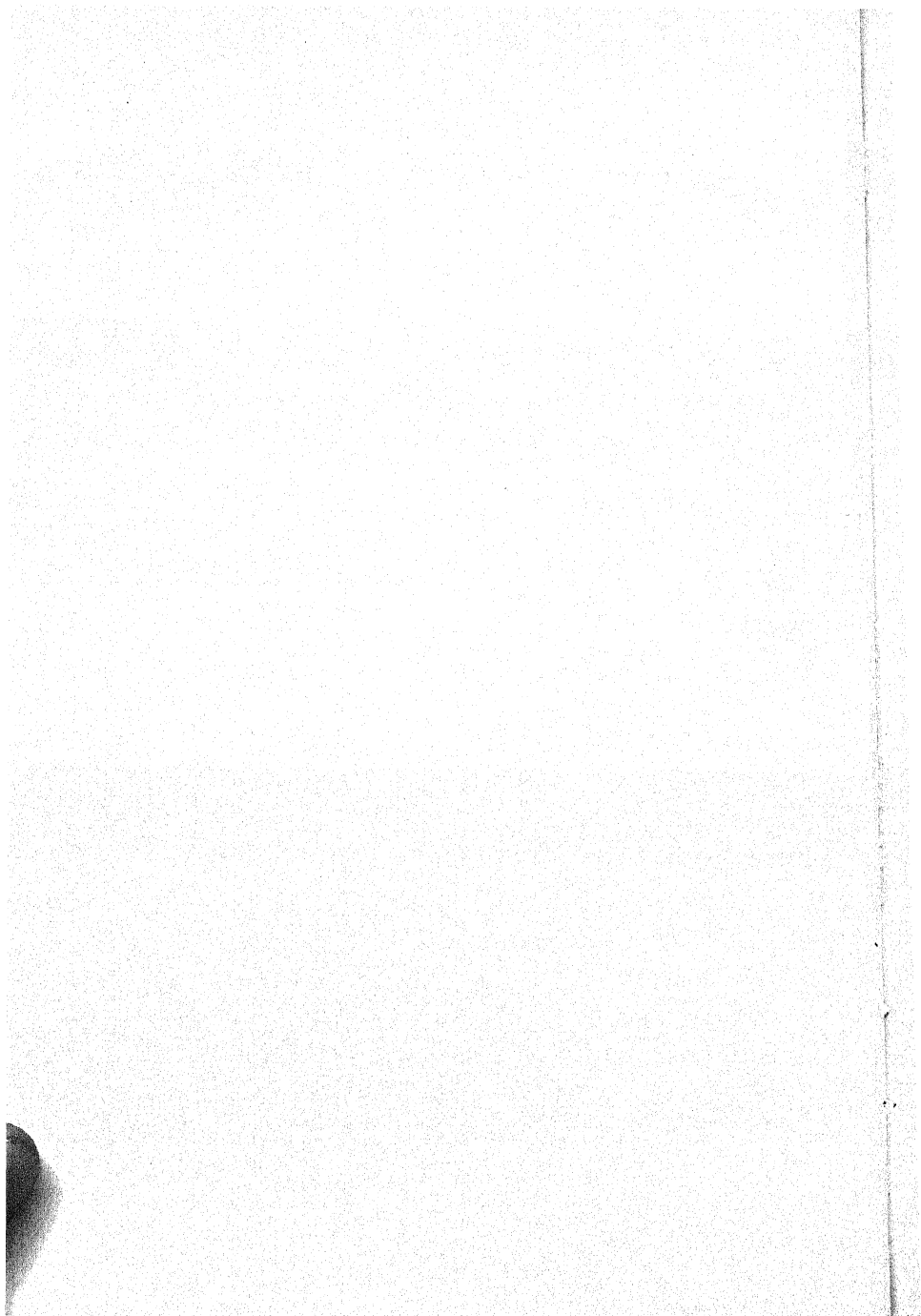
⁴ The Egyptian pillow was a curved slab of wood on legs. It was carved with the grotesque figure of the god Bes, a short-legged, pot-bellied dwarf, but of an amiable disposition, who protected the sleeper from ghosts, demons, and night-rangers. The sleeper's feet rested against a broad panel covered with plates of gold, cut out in the shapes of Thueris and Bes, side by side.



TUTANKHAMEN AND THE QUEEN. INTIMATE SCENE

Tell el-Amarna throne

Photograph by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. World copyright strictly reserved.



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The little Queen goes to the bed whose pillow is under the protection of Thueris, the Goddess of Child-birth with the great hippopotamus head, while Tutankhamen makes for the other, with the two gold heads of yawning lions. Two black wooden busts of Pharaoh, with cornelian eyes, stand in the darkness. By day they are used for trying on his clothes, but to-night the dark, staring profiles seem to be the funerary statue of Tutankhamen, as it will one day stand in the ante-chamber of his tomb, looking at his own hour of eternity.

The golden lamp is out, but in Egypt darkness is reserved for "small men," and a night-light burns in a bowl of translucent alabaster, shaped like a lotus-flower and adorned with the silhouettes of the King and Queen in coloured stones, shedding its milky luminosity on their hour of eternity. "My sister's belly is a field of lotus-buds, her pap is a bowl of perfumes."¹

Do the gilded cattish beasts still remember the murmurs of Tutankhamen and the little Queen, when the alabaster bowl paled in the rising sun?

"My heart stands still when you do what is desired and I am in your arms, O lord of my body. How lovely it was, my hour of eternity!"²

With the morning, official life began.

When Tutankhamen became the heir of the dying Pharaoh,³ he found the secret hatred of pretenders to the throne rising about him even before he ascended it. Two figures now appear, taking shape and growing

¹ Songs of recreation, Goodwin Papyrus.

² *Ibid.*; Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i.

³ Since there is no cartouche including the names of Amenophis IV and Tutankhamen together, we must conclude that the sick Pharaoh died immediately after his son's marriage with his third daughter.

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larger, which will surround the young Pharaoh from the first day of his reign to the last, already dominating him and crushing him—the favourite Ai, whom Amenophis IV had made a Prince and Divine Son,¹ a palace intriguer, whose pointed headgear, cunning face, and round back may still be seen in his tomb, and Horemheb, the conquering general, the “Great among the Great,” the most popular man in Egypt. Both already aspired to the throne, and they would occupy it, one after the other, after the death of the young Pharaoh, who while he lived would only be a political tool in their hands.

Ai seems to have been a small-minded man, delighting in palace intrigues. Not so Horemheb, whom the people, in gratitude for his military victories in Asia, had surnamed “General of Generals” and “Wiseſt of the Wise.”² The great Amenophis, in an impulse of gratitude to the warrior who had secured the Syrian Empire for him, had appointed him Chief of the Lands, the administrator of the law, hereditary prince of all kingdoms, commander-in-chief of the armies, and royal scribe. With the passage of the centuries, his character has become plain, and we see him to-day as a great statesman. If it were not always presumptuous to try to compare men of the distant paſt with thoſe of modern hiſtory, Horemheb would remind us, in ſome things, of the ſtrange figure of Talleyrand. Like that great ſtatesman, Horemheb had the quality of being able to change his god, his maſter, his ideas, and his morality. He was ambitious, far-ſighted, and able to ſee when he had made a miſtake, and he ſucceeded in making his own intereſts and

¹ As the husband of a Royal Nurse, he might have ſucceeded Amenophis IV if Tutankhamen had not married one of the princeſſes.

² Fragments of his tomb at Memphis in the Leyden Muſeum.

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appetites coincide with the interest of his country. In the course of an even longer life than Talleyrand's, he showed the same versatility and the same understanding of men and happenings, through three reigns and two revolutions, until at last he came himself to rule his country for thirty years. Lastly, in all circumstances, he knew how to wait.

He was of a very noble family, and remarkably handsome. He had been promoted at the court of Amenophis the Magnificent, and the ill-disposed whispered that he was a "favourite" there. His mother Nezemmut was born of the first marriage of Amenophis III with a sister, and it was from her that Horemheb had his rights to the throne. After his triumphant return from Syria, to the splendid court of Amenophis III, he saw the most glorious days of that reign, and then witnessed the daily tightening of the stranglehold of the priests over the royal power. He saw what would happen, but Amenophis III was too old for him to take any action. He waited, sedulously fostering his reputation as an uncrowned king among the people which revered him like a god. "The form of the God was in all his expressions and thoughts,"¹ men said, filled with mystic awe when the general was summoned to the Palace. "His thoughts are the stepping-stone of the God of Wisdom," they concluded, and in the army his popularity was unbounded. He lived for choice at Memphis, where he had already built himself a magnificent tomb, the reliefs on which show him to us, sceptre in hand, Uræus on brow, already a king. Only his name was not yet enclosed in a cartouche.²

¹ Turin Inscription, i, 2, 11, translated by Birch.

² On the tomb of Horemheb at Memphis. Between Messrs. Birch, Wiedemann, and Meyer there has been heated discussion

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Hardly was Amenophis IV on the throne, when the general saw how he could use the enthusiastic young mystic for the purpose of the revolution which he hoped to bring about to his own profit. Thenceforward he never left his side, guiding Pharaoh's anxieties to political ends. Pharaoh responded to his hopes perfectly. Egypt was on the road to a new destiny, the army triumphant over priests and gods, a bold attempt at religious imperialism. It was Horemheb who suggested that the new god should be honoured by the creation of a new capital.¹ In his view, it should symbolize the new political bond between Egypt and her foreign possessions. Established at Akhetaten with Amenophis IV, he supported him with all his immense authority against the old nobility, and when necessary even against the army. Thanks to him, the new capital started gloriously. But after a few years he foresaw complete failure. At first he hesitated, and he became definitely hostile to Pharaoh when he saw the splendid Empire of Asia collapsing through the weakness of a policy which was no longer imperial but pacific, and the Egyptian people turning away from its King to gather, city after city, round the old priesthood.

Amenophis IV no longer went to adore his Sun-god in the beautiful white temple. His dying eyes greeted him from the terrace of his palace, where he was carried every morning and evening. The constant disappointments and countless sorrows which are mixed up with

regarding the suggestion that Horemheb's residence at Memphis came after he had been deposed by Rameses I. No. The texts discovered in his tomb at Saqqara prove the theory maintained by Herr Meyer (*Geschichte des alten Egyptens*) and adopted by me.

¹ Weigall.

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the life of every one of us compel us to give a moment of pity and feeling to the misunderstood man, so like ourselves, illuminated with a divine grace, who fell asleep for ever under the rays of the sun, shortly after the marriage of Tutankhamen, not properly seeing that his whole work was collapsing.

During his long illness, the disasters which had begun to fall on the Egyptian Empire became more and more serious, until at last there was a general rising of Syria, and these catastrophes were the inevitable result of his policy at home and abroad. Shubbiluliuma, King of the Hittites,¹ a hitherto friendly people which kept guard on the northern marches of the Empire, allied himself with Aziru, King of the Amorites, to raise the standard of revolt, and the two tried to bring in the other Asiatic kings, the vassals of Egypt, those of Tyre, Simyra, and Jerusalem.

Without their leader Horemheb, the Egyptian armies in Syria had listened too readily to the words of Pharaoh, who had with such effect preached to them of world-wide love and brotherhood, the peaceful union of the peoples under the Sun-disk. A wind of anarchy was blowing through the disorganized camps.² Moreover, Amenophis IV did not answer the desperate appeals of the King of Tunip, who was valiantly resisting the attacks of Aziru:³ "To the King of Egypt, my Lord. If your chariots and bowmen arrive too late, Aziru will have led away my men against you. My city is weeping; its tears make rivers. Help us!" Pharaoh remained deaf; his religion of love forbade him to fight. Revolt was smouldering among the veterans of the Egyptian army, who could not under-

¹ Tell el-Amarna letters. *Revue Sémitique*, 1898, translated by Halévy.

² Weigall, *Akhnaton*, p. 222.

³ *Ibid.*

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stand this abandonment of conquests for which they had paid with their blood.

Ribaddi, King of Byblos,¹ alarmed at the increasing fallings-off (his neighbours the Kings of Ascalon and Gezer had joined the rebels), added his entreaties: "The whole Empire of my Lord is going to ruin. If your armies do not come this year, I shall be a dead man; Pharaoh's enemies will kill me." And he gave an order to the messenger whom he sent to Pharaoh with this last appeal: "Take this message to Pharaoh himself, before his face." The messenger came, haggard of face, with those of Ninur, a queen of some part of Judea, Addudaian, a king of another part of that country, and Dagantakala, a king of the Orontes. But Amenophis IV, who really had only to send a few hundred bowmen and chariots to nip the rebellions in the bud, support his vassals, and, in a word, to keep his Empire, would not even receive the messengers, who saw him in the Temple of Aten, clad more simply than his slaves, without a jewel, praying to his god of peace and preaching all day long in a dream-city, where no one seemed to care about the grim happenings beyond the border.²

A last blow fell. Ribaddi,³ left without help, fell in Byblos. In his despair he groaned, "I have been defeated because my gods of Byblos turned from me, for I sinned against my gods."

To fight against the stream of despair which was bearing his people along, threatening to carry away all that had been built up in ten years of hard endeavour, the dying Pharaoh, as we are told by the last inscription of his reign, held his jubilee. The Pharaohs only did this after reigning thirty years, and Amenophis had

¹ Delattre, *Aziron*.

² Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii, p. 329.

³ Delattre, *Aziron*.

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been on the throne eighteen years only; but death was at hand, and he must make haste. A melancholy jubilee it must have been. The treasury was empty, for the Syrian tribute had not been paid for two years.¹ Not only was there general revolt against Egypt in Asia, but Aten was discredited there. Even the Egyptians were turning away from the god who deserted them, and went back to the familiar gods of their childhood, to whom it was so easy to confide one's daily troubles through priests whom all men could approach. There was no human concern for which they refused their help; under the sovereignty of Amen, every god had his special department—childbed, birth, sickness, harvest, fishing, hunting. The soul of the people, stunned by adversity, abandoned Aten, unchangeably remote in his vast horizon, who spoke neither in the trees shaken by the wind nor in the waves of the Nile. The Empire was becoming disorganized at home as well as abroad. There was even a conspiracy against Pharaoh's life. It was discovered by Mahu, the chief of police, who made it his chief claim to glory, adorning his tomb at Akhetaten with incidents of the capture of the criminals.²

But death needed no assistance. Amenophis IV died in the 18th year of his reign, in 1362, amid general disorder and helplessness.³ Physicians who

¹ The last payment of tribute known is that described and depicted in the tomb of Merira II, of the 16th year of the reign. The Queen sits on the right of Amenophis IV, with their six daughters beside them. One should note that the Asiatics who file past are treated as if they were neither defeated enemies nor slaves; this difference from other scenes of the kind is due to the special consideration shown to Asiatics.

² Breasted, *History*, p. 388.

³ The length of his reign has been established for certain by Griffith, from the dates written in ink on the bellies of wine-jars found in the Royal Precinct (Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*, p. 32, pl. xii-xxv).

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have examined his mummy consider that he must have succumbed to an attack of epilepsy,¹ and we can picture the Fairest Son of Aten, fallen on the beautiful pavement of the great hall of his palace, amid bulls leaping, birds flying, and flowers opening to announce that Aten had risen on their horizon.²

By the black-paved road which led in two hours and a half from his capital to one of the remotest spots in Egypt, to the Arabian Mountain, Pharaoh's mummy was taken to the wild gorge where he had promised Aten to come for his final rest. Alone of all the Pharaohs, he had formed a spiritual idea of the next life. He had felt the vanity of sumptuous tombs, with their furniture and servants and representations of banquets and earthly pleasures. Passing through the door of the tomb, they went down twenty steps and along a corridor with a slight incline, past a kind of fence, and down another stair of seventeen steps, with a central slide down which to lower the sarcophagus. Before the great hall there was an antechamber, rather lower than was usual, from which ran two galleries, one leading to six chambers and the other to three. In the great hall Pharaoh had caused a life-size picture to be painted of the death of his daughter, his first great sorrow.³ The paintings in the first chamber glorified the cult of the Sun-disk, celebrated by Amenophis IV and his family. Opposite was another scene of mourning, the death of Smenkhkara's wife Meritaten.

¹ Carter. Weigall, on the strength of Professor Elliot Smith's examination of the skull.

² "Thus disappeared the most remarkable figure in earlier Oriental history. . . . There died with him such a spirit as the world had never seen before" (Breasted, *History*, p. 392).

³ Davies, *Rock Tombs*; Gayet, *Itinéraire de la Haute Égypte*; Maspero; Breasted, *Ancient Records*.

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There the sarcophagus was set down, to enjoy an eternal peace which was denied it, for when Tutankhamen returned to Thebes he took away his father's mummy and hid it in the Valley of the Kings, where it was discovered in 1891 by Barsanti.¹ Not even there did Amenophis enjoy the divine peace for which he had longed. Amen's revenge was cruel and lasted long. When Horemheb unleashed the persecution of Aten and the memory of the heretic Pharaoh, they opened the tomb in the Valley of the Kings and tore off the inscription on the head of the coffin, which declared: "The magnificent Prince, chosen among all men by Ra, King of Upper and Lower Egypt, living in truth, Lord of the Two Lands, Amenophis, superb son of Aten, the God whose name will live for ever and ever." The tomb was sealed up again, but the damp gradually entered and destroyed the mummy, which fell to bits in the rotted sarcophagus.

But what did these ravages matter to the soul of Amenophis IV? For him, alone of all the Pharaohs perhaps, eternal life had already the spiritual significance which it has for us to-day.² To the end, the King had felt no bitterness against the god who had caused him to lose everything. Disasters might have overwhelmed him, but he still kept all his faith in his god, and in the eternal life which he awaited, that he might

¹ The mummy, of which only the bones remain, was sent to the Cairo Museum and examined by Professor Elliot Smith, who identified it as the skeleton of a man of not more than thirty. According to him, the skull was that of an epileptic; and "of a religious reformer," Lombroso says.

² There was no emblem of a god or goddess on his mummy (Weigall, p. 229); it had only a collar shaped like a vulture, the symbol of the kingship of Upper Egypt, a sacred uræus, that of Lower Egypt, and the jackal and sphinx, symbols dating from the remotest times.

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serve his Maker for ever. His historian, Mr. Weigall, says of him that he was the first human being to have the sense of the divine, the first who, at a time when the noise of wars filled the world, preached peace, simplicity, and honesty, the first to profess a love of mankind, the first to deliver his heart from barbarism. It is not without emotion that one reads the only inscription which the iconoclastic followers of Amen have left on his coffin, such an epitaph as one might find on a Christian grave: "I breathe the sweet breath of thy mouth, O my God, I admire thy beauty every day, O my God. My desire is that I may hear thy voice even in the North wind, and that thou mayest one day rejuvenate my body by thy love and that, by it, I may live eternally."¹

Tutankhamen was left alone on the throne to which his father had raised him in his lifetime (1362); he was eleven years old. Two months went by, wholly given up to the ceremonies of embalming Amenophis IV, and then four years, which must have been the hardest of his short life.²

The Court was rent by the quarrels of the two former Queens, Smenkhkara's widow and beautiful Nefertiti, twelve-year-old Queen, innumerable relations and pretenders, and all the crowd of courtiers and ladies of the Palace. All the host of people "chosen solely by the grace of Aten" were definitely opposed to any political or religious change³ which menaced their interests, while the practical regency exercised by

¹ Transcribed by Professor Alan Gardiner.

² Carter. Four years is the period also given by Moret in *Le Nil*.

³ Although Weigall argues that the high-priest Merira never used his tomb at Akhetaten, we may interpret his action as the result of disgust with the new capital and a desire to return to Thebes.

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Horemheb and Ai aimed daily more steadily at a return to the old traditions.¹

Amid these secret conflicts and intrigues, we see Tutankhamen as a gentle, frail creature; he was only eleven, we must remember. He had the one strength of the weak—inertia. Tossed and torn one way and another, he postponed the hated decision which should consecrate the denial of his god, his father, and his dearest memories. One can easily imagine the duplicities of all in that Palace, where, every day, at sunrise and at sunset, they must have asked the eternal question, Would Tutankhamen again go to worship the new god who had brought Egypt only defeat and ruin?

Unfortunately, history has preserved no document regarding the efforts which the priests of Amen must have made to persuade the Court to return to Thebes and the worship of their god. They cannot have failed to scare the impressionable mind of the boy-king with pictures, full of terrifying detail, of the dreadful Revolution of 2360, which had gone on for two hundred years. In that cataclysm the old Memphite Kingdom had gone down, under the Xth Dynasty. Yet that kingdom had been built on solid foundations, those of a sovereign autocracy, by the great Pharaohs, who built the Pyramids. But, little by little, out of laziness, they had allowed the Nomarchs, the chiefs of nomes or districts, to succeed each other legally, from father to son, under the protection of their local gods, and had not maintained any right of investiture or control over those powerful vassals. So presently, from the Delta to the First Cataract, the Pharaohs had ceased to have any authority.² Manetho tells us that at that time seventy Pharaohs mounted the throne of Egypt in seventy days.

¹ Weigall, *Akhnaton*, p. 223.

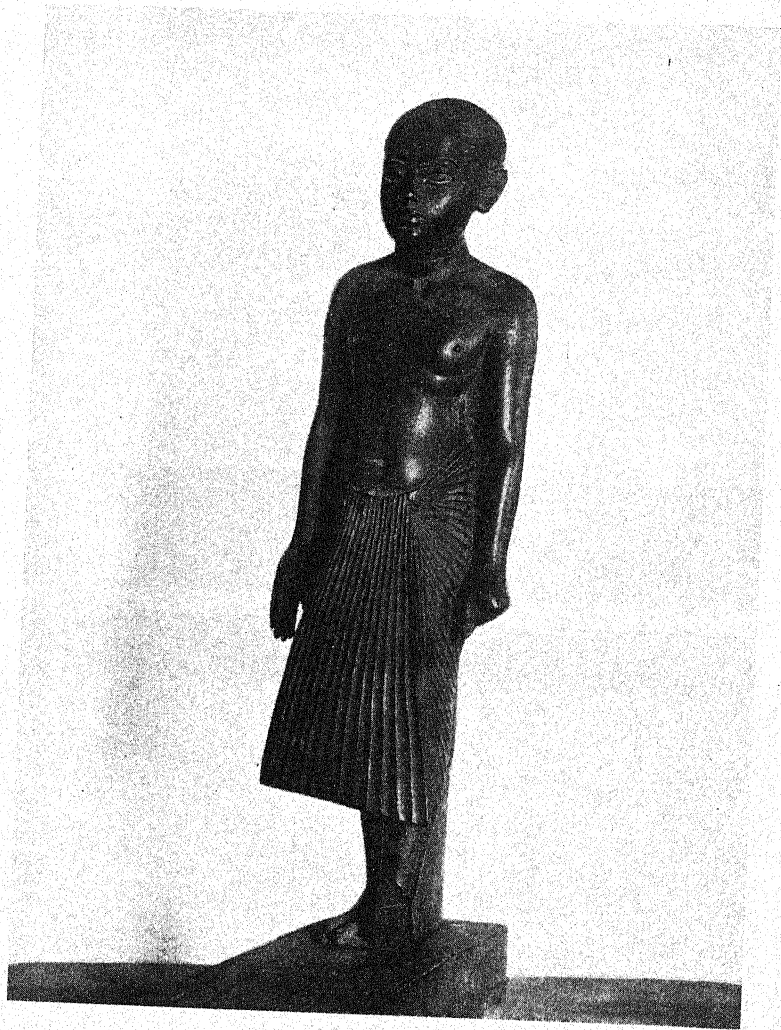
² Moret, *Le Nil*.

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The people, the stake of these intestine conflicts, had suffered. Having no future before them but a shameful bondage, doubting the power of masters who allowed them to be so oppressed, despairing even of the ancestral gods who remained deaf to their appeals, they had risen in a great tide of revolt against Pharaoh. Even the priests and the great men had risen against the throne whose holders had failed. All Egypt had been plunged in disorder; the Delta fell prey to the Asiatic invader, while Central Egypt supported a line of usurpers at Heracleopolis. Only the country south of Lake Mœris, the domain of the Ram-god, and Upper Egypt had rallied round the kings of Thebes. And only after two hundred years of conflict, with the aid of Amen, those kings had succeeded in asserting their authority and established the Middle Kingdom in 2160. And the triumph of the Theban Pharaoh Amenemhat had been the triumph of the god Amen.

As the ill news from the frontiers came into Akhetaten, the unrest grew, and came closer. In Tutankhamen's presence, the priests of Thebes preached, with more arrogant confidence, that they must return to the ancient capital and the ancient worship. They dwelt with relish on the horrors contained in the tragic papyri of that revolutionary time, in which we find the same feverish atmosphere of bloodshed and the same inevitable course of events as in all revolutions.

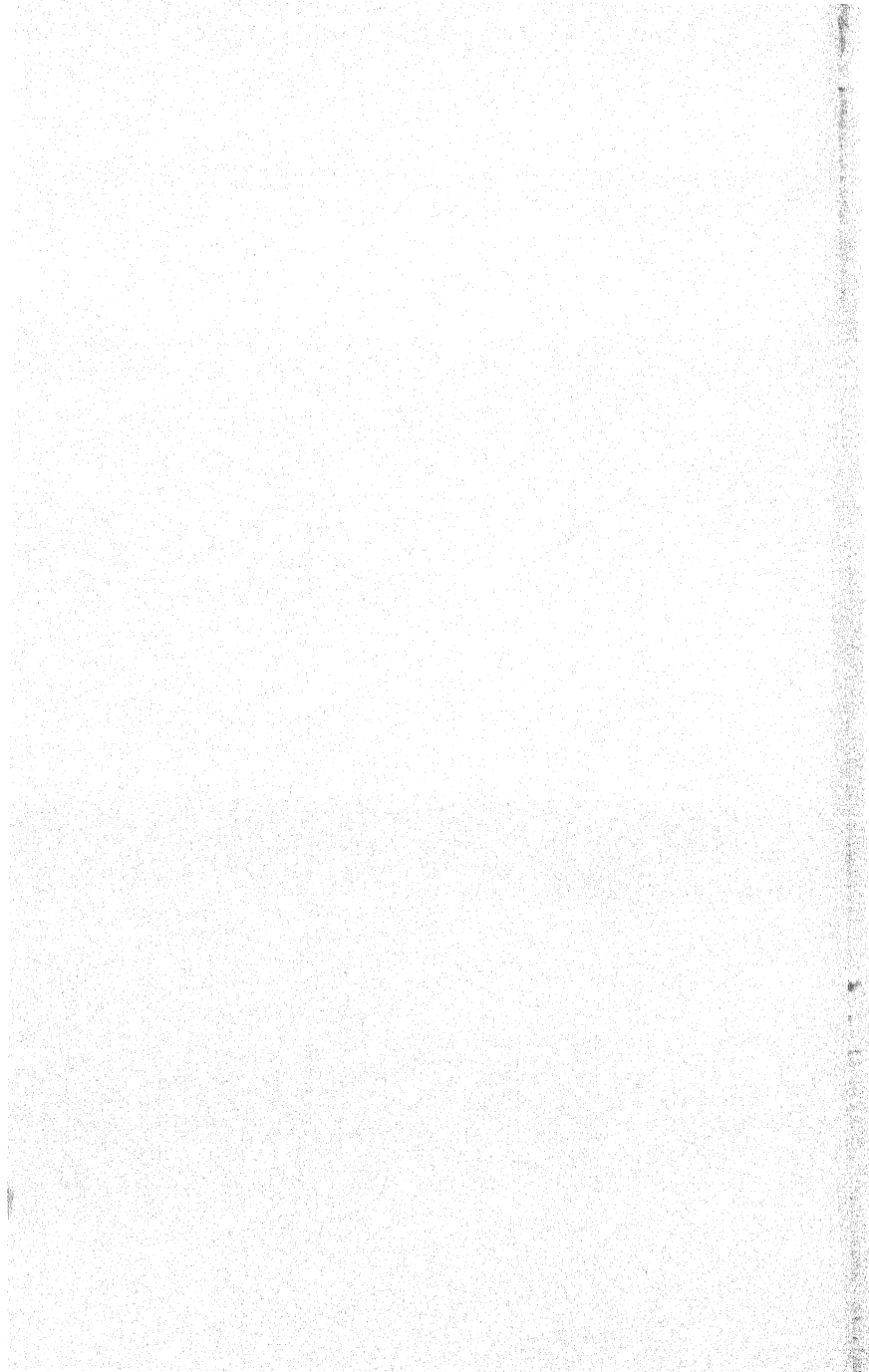
"Wild beasts of the desert drink in the river of Egypt. I see this land in mourning and woe. Things happen now which never happened before. Men take up arms for battle, because the land lives on disorder. Each kills the other, and hate reigns among the people of the towns. The land is diminished, yet its chiefs grow more numerous. The Sun turns away from men. I show you this country in distress and misery."



ZAI, A PRIEST OF AMEN

Wooden statuette (Louvre)

Gazette des Beaux-Arts



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So prophesied Neferrehu, a priest of Heliopolis in the Delta.

Still gloomier are the *Admonitions of an Old Sage*, Ipour, who came to tell his King of the terror reigning round Heliopolis in those old days.¹ "Death is never idle. Men are growing fewer, and the women are barren. The people of the desert take the place of the Egyptians on all sides; there are no more Egyptians anywhere. The officials are slain, and the food of Egypt is for him who says, 'I come, I take.' The children of the Great are thrown into the street. The House of the King has no more revenues; we are marching to ruin. The Great are hungry and in distress. The poor of the land have become rich, while the owners no longer have anything. He who had not a yoke of oxen owns herds; he who had not a loaf for himself now owns a barn, but his granary is filled with the goods of another. Even the bald man who never used pomade owns jars of scented oil."²

"He who went messages for others now has messengers in his service. The ladies who were in their husbands' bed sleep on the ground. Slaves are mistresses, and adorn their necks with gold and malachite.

"The noble ladies go hungry, and prostitute their children on beds in order to eat, while butchers glut themselves with the meat which they used to prepare for the ladies, and he who used to sleep without a woman, from poverty, now finds noble ladies.

"Laughter has perished, and we no longer know it. Affliction runs through the land, mingled with lamentations."

Before the little Pharaoh, growing more and more

¹ Papyrus at Leyden, Gardiner's text.

² Papyrus at Petrograd, 116 A, translated by Gardiner.

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terror-stricken, the priests of Amen raised their proud heads, sure of triumph now. They uttered a last prophecy, which their recovered power over the people made especially formidable: "A King shall come from the south of Thebes, called Ameni.¹ Then right will resume its place and injustice will be driven out."²

Tutankhamen gave in, overridden by unanimous opinion. Amen had won. They would return to Thebes. Tradition triumphed over the wise reasoning of Horemheb. Horemheb did not hesitate to abandon his former policy; he confessed that Egypt had taken a wrong turning, and that she must go back to her ancient customs, to her capital, to her gods, and even to her priests, the powerful instrument which, if properly handled, can alone dispense the "dope" of the people indispensable to the conduct of great empires. But he could wait, and did not try to hasten the course of history. He was coming nearer to the throne, and there was nothing between him and it but a frail child and the favourite Ai. After them his hour would come, and he would still have time to reign.

He turned to the most urgent business, the re-establishment of the Asiatic Empire.³ He, who had persuaded the father to abandon Thebes and emancipate himself from the priesthood of Amen, left it to Ai to lead the son back to the deserted capital, to the feet of the god whom his ancestors had worshipped and his father had denied. He himself would avoid the shame, glorious though it might be made to appear, of public recantation. He set out for Syria after carefully arranging for the return to Thebes, which, through his efforts, people, army, and priesthood were now demanding clamorously from young Tutankhamen.

¹ *I.e.*, Amenemhat I, the first king of the XIIth (Theban) Dynasty.

² *Sentences of Neferrehu.*

³ Weigall, *Akhnaton.*

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He left with an easy mind, for he would watch the great events going on in Egypt from a distance. Without that watchdog of the Empire, Tutankhamen might never have reigned.

With a touching sense of filial duty, in which there was a memory of the Ten Commandments of the Egyptian child, Tutankhamen obtained permission to take the body of Amenophis IV, henceforth for ever cursed as a heretic and an iconoclast, and bury him with his mother Tii in the Valley of the Kings, near Thebes, where lay the great Pharaohs from whom he was sprung.¹ The priests, in exchange for this concession, made the little King issue a solemn decree condemning the heresy and confirming an increase of their own powers. Tutankhamen complied, issuing the famous decree of the 4th year of his reign, which the granite of Karnak would preserve for all eternity. "I set up all that was ruined among the eternal monuments; I drive the lie far from the Two Lands, and everywhere I re-establish the truth"—these were the words which he caused to be engraved immediately after his return.

But the priests demanded that the proud Pharaoh who had defied and persecuted them for fifteen years should be humbled in the eyes of posterity. So Tutankhamen added: "In the time of the persecution, the sanctuaries were ruined. . . . The country was in decline. The Gods turned their heads away from this land. . . . Their hearts were disgusted with their mutilated statues, and they allowed creation to die away. But, after days had gone by over these things, His Majesty rose on the throne of his fathers, and governed the Lands of Horus. The Two Lands

¹ Davis, *The Tomb of Queen Tiyi*, pl. xxx.

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were under the supervision of his countenance, and every country bowed before his Spirits."

Now Thebes, with its god, its priests, its temples, its traditions, was waiting for Tutankhamen.¹

May the satisfaction of having effected without violence or bloodshed a revolution which, even for us distant onlookers, marks a date in the history of Egypt, console Tutankhamen for all the bitterness contained in that decree of renunciation, on which the Sun, without ill-will, still sheds his rays among the ruins of Thebes !

¹ The departure was very hurried. The dogs and all the beasts of the Royal Precinct were found locked in and dead of hunger (Petrie and Weigall).

CHAPTER IV

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WHEN Tutankhamen left Akhetaten, he made one mistake for which there was no excuse whatever. He forgot the records of his foreign office, and this error allowed modern archæologists to discover them when they cleared his Palace in 1887.¹

Really, he did not forget them, but purposely left them behind after sorting them. These official records, which had gone with Amenophis IV from Thebes to the new capital, were extremely heavy. They were not painted in hieroglyphics on the usual papyri, but engraved in cuneiform characters on little clay bricks, baked and unbaked, square and oblong, ranging in colour from reddish black to tea-colour. Down to the time of Tutankhamen's grandfather, Egyptian hieroglyphics had been universally employed for diplomatic correspondence. But gradually, as the Pharaohs became imbued with the idea that diplomacy was the best means discovered for preventing international relations from being governed by force alone, they decided that the best way to rule an empire whose frontiers were

¹ Near the present village of Haggi Qandil, fellahs were demolishing some bits of wall of buildings surrounding the great palace of Amenophis IV in 1887. There they found curious little tablets, engraved with signs. The dealers of Cairo and Luxor took possession of these and the museums of London, Vienna, and Paris bought a large number, most going to Berlin. Then the archæologists started to decipher these astonishing, vivid diplomatic letters, the first known (Halévy, Delattre, and Scheil in France).

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always advancing was to show a broad, tolerant opportunism, which first of all required that they should write their messages, recommendations, and proclamations to the conquered peoples in a language which they would all understand. To attach those peoples to the destinies of the Empire, they must be addressed as brothers, not as vassals. This requirement was met by cuneiform, which was used for writing seven or eight Asiatic languages. There was an end of fine brushes and light pens and the delightful arabesques of official documents. Hard, definite characters were impressed on the soft clay with nails. The Royal Princes of Egypt wrote even to their own Pharaohs and ministries in this manner. Cuneiform reigned in all political, diplomatic, and commercial communications, and presently the whole of Egypt adopted the formidable foreign alphabet.

Tutankhamen could not think of carrying off all the bricks heaped in two huge rooms of the Palace. Many of them referred to matters "filed for record," and armies of donkeys would have had to keep trotting over the great desert for months to transport the whole of the archives to Thebes. So, before Tutankhamen left his heretical city, he went one evening with his staff and set to work picking out the documents which he would want to consult in Thebes in order to maintain continuity in the foreign policy of the Empire. With him,¹ there were the Chief of Records, the Royal Scribe Ra-Apii, the Man of the Seal, Tetu-Nu, and a long-nosed Asiatic with a pointed beard, the Babylonian Shamash-Niki. They alone were able to read the beastly little marks, which all looked so alike to an Egyptian accustomed to the infinitely varied pictures of the hieroglyphics. Presently, in the room where

¹ Moret, *Au Temps des Pharaons*.

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they were working, the well-corded bundles of minute tablets were ready, and the ancient records of the workings of Pharaonic policy only awaited the donkey to leave Akhetaten for their old home in Thebes.

There can no longer have been any question of that earliest policy of expansion along the plain of the Nile. The question had long ago been settled by the permanent establishment of the authority of the Pharaohs.¹ From the choice made by Tutankhamen, his foreign policy seems to have been governed by one great concern—the protection of the eastern borders of the Empire. The Egyptians had long regarded the Isthmus of Suez as the French regard the Rhine, as a barrier between two civilizations, a natural frontier against the turbulent hordes of Asia who had always alarmed the Empire by their love of rapine and conquest. Over the Isthmus the Hyksos had come, the men “of ignoble race,” of whom Manetho says that their cruelties were never surpassed; pouring into the fertile plains of the Delta,² they had established themselves there under the protection of the impregnable fortress of Avaris, and the supremacy of the glorious Middle Kingdom of Thebes, which for so long had given Egypt a predominance in the world, had thus been jeopardized by the loss of its fundamental source of power—access to the Mediterranean.

Thothmes I, Thothmes II, and Thothmes III, judging that the Delta was still by no means safe, had boldly embarked upon great conquests. Their magnificent campaigns had in twenty years subdued the kingdoms of the Taurus, the Euphrates, Alashiya, Mitanni, Assyria, Karduniyash (Babylonia), Phœnicia, and Syria, and made them into “the Eastern marches

¹ Moret and Davy, *Des clans aux empires*.

² Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i.

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of the Empire." Amenophis III had, with the help of Horemheb, consolidated these conquests, hoping thus to make Egypt safe for ever. But would Horemheb not have to go to war again, to keep for Tutankhamen the Asiatic heritage which the international pacifism of Amenophis IV had so seriously endangered?

To ensure the loyalty of the unruly vassals who succeeded one another on the thrones of these buffer-states which were the safeguard of the peace of Egypt, it was necessary, after conquering, to use policy—a great policy of concessions without weakness, of authority which, while respecting the various customs and beliefs of these peoples, could decide between them in their conflicts. For that policy to succeed, a diplomacy was needed which was always firm, skilful, and varied in its methods. After the victorious campaigns of the great conqueror, Thothmes III, Amenophis III had been the first to lay down the main lines of that shrewd policy and elastic diplomacy, both maintained by treaties of every possible kind, dealing with every possible matter.¹

According to the amount of confidence to be placed in their loyalty or in the sincerity of their submission, and also according to their political importance or the independence of their past, a distinction had to be made between these conquered peoples which, beyond the Isthmus, became the "protective marches of the Empire." They would be either vassals or allies. There were two policies and two diplomacies. Neither of them, it is true, involved the sending out of Egyptian officials. The vassals of Tyre, Sidon, Byblos, Jerusalem, came under the authority of Pharaoh and not of their own rulers, but the governors of those vassal

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*; Moret, *Au Temps des Pharaons*.

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cities, the *Kazani*, were chosen among the natives.¹ These governors, who were responsible to Pharaoh for the submission of their little kingdoms and for the payment of tribute, offered two advantages. Their authority did not seem foreign to the manners and customs of the country; and under the envious eyes of their fellow-citizens they could not set up their power against Pharaoh's or compromise the latter by too flagrant extortion.

They were most zealous officials. "I am the servant of the King, the dog of his house, and I guard all the country of So-and-so for the King my Lord," declare thousands of tablets sent by the *Kazani* to the foreign office.² "I, Kazanu of the city of So-and-so, your servant, the dust of your feet and the ground on which you tread, the seat of your chair, your footstool, and the hooves of your horses, I roll on my belly and on my back seven times in the dust at the feet of the King my Lord, Sun of the Sky, and I send him a hundred oxen and bondwomen. Notice to the King my Lord!" So one of them runs.³

There was no question of irredentas and rights of minorities, nor yet of the brutal colonization of souls, minds, or consciences. Under the free control of the *Kazani*, the lot of the new subjects of the Empire was on the whole fairly endurable. They kept their gods, their ruling houses, their laws, and their frontiers. The overlordship of Amen, simply asserted by the erection of a local temple, was no heavier than that of Pharaoh. The greatness of Thebes, the prosperity of the Empire, and the radiation of its culture were sufficient to consolidate the authority of the King of the Heavens and his son. These peoples, already half-

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*.

² *Revue Sémitique*, 1893.

³ *Ibid.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

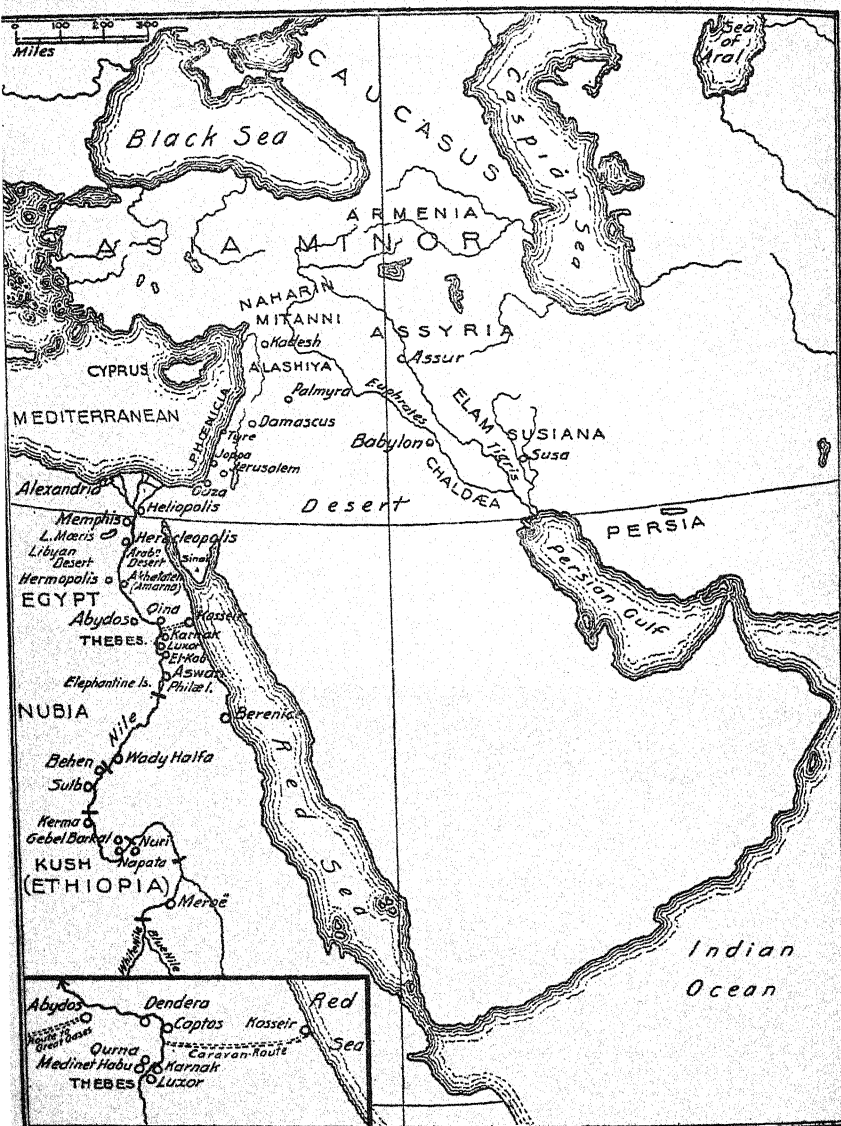


FIG. 4.—MAP OF THE EGYPTIAN EMPIRE UNDER THE XVIIIth DYNASTY.

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civilized, had a very high, but very simple, conception of sovereignty; authority belonged to him who had greatness and, being sure of his strength, could show his magnanimity and guardian care. Tribute they regarded as a just return for a peace and a prosperity which they had never known before. Each man contributed to its payment by a tax proportionate to his means.

Hostages in far-away Thebes answered for the obedience of all in the conquered country. The lists of Thothmes III inform us that already that King kept by him "the sons of the Syrian chiefs," and that they suffered no great hardship in their captivity in the capital of the Empire, where the younger ones were given a select education which imbued them with Egyptian culture. Whenever a throne fell vacant in Ethiopia or Syria, Pharaoh chose that one of these princely hostages who seemed best fitted by birth, rank, and education to maintain his authority among distant peoples. Thus, the father of the Syrian king Adadnirari had been set on the throne of Nukhashshi by Thothmes III.¹ The method did not always succeed, it is true. These princes only remembered the benefits of their Egyptian education to establish their authority more securely over barbarous peoples and to raise them against the Empire, and presented the usual danger of civilization or education not properly assimilated.

But Pharaoh watched, sure of his strength. His armies crossed the frontier a few months later, and put down the revolt without mercy, as we see from the Annals of Thothmes III. They destroyed harvests, cut down trees, and carried off women, children, cattle, and treasures. The memory or report of these aveng-

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii.

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ing campaigns turned the conquered peoples to counsels of prudence and wisdom. Therefore the administration of the vast empire, conducted without officials or complicated governmental machinery, cost the Egyptians very little money. The garrisons, when such were needed, lived on the country; they consisted of light troops of bowmen, a few units of heavy infantry, and detachments of chariots.

In the inevitable conflicts of these peoples with one another, on which Pharaoh sometimes played accordingly, the conquered had always the right to appeal to his overlord in Thebes, whose policy it was to maintain the balance between them. For *Kazani* and vassal princes were everlastingly at war with one another. "O King, my Lord, send me the bowmen of Egypt to protect me against my neighbour!" And with great generosity Pharaoh, who was very slow in meeting their complaints, would send them two, four, or eight bowmen, and sometimes, if the situation was very grave, fifty or a hundred veterans, who, after restoring order, would act as instructors to the native recruits.

But the *Kazani* did not appeal to Pharaoh only for help in their wars with their neighbours; they were also constantly writing to him about the rights of their subjects. The Egyptian law allowed vassals to receive a good welcome in Egypt, to marry and make their fortune and celebrate their worship in the country, but it also involved heavy burdens and tiresome restrictions. They could not make wills freely, or dispose of part of their property in Egypt, to the detriment of Pharaoh or without his authorization, as being the sole lawful heir of that property. This in particular was a constant subject of complaint.¹ The

¹ Maspero ; Delattre.

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diplomatic records of Tell el-Amarna contain a big series of letters from a *Kazanu* who appeals to Pharaoh for one of his subjects, a wealthy merchant established in Thebes, whose immense fortune is lost for his family; but the humble vassal shows that he is well aware that he is asking an exceptional favour of the "Sun of the Sky, Lord of the Two Lands, Sun of the Nine Bows."

This policy of vassal states seems on the whole to have been a remarkably highly developed form of the modern protectorate, a system which, with obstinate determination and indefatigable vigilance, fixed the soul of the conquered peoples and their revered past in the definite, but vast, framework of a future bound up with the prosperity of the Empire.¹

In respect of the allies, the packed-up tablets carried the "King's Secret" away to Thebes. The object of the Pharaohs, as far as we can see, was above all to contract a close alliance with one or other of the neighbouring nations whose strength defied conquest, and, by impressing on them how they would gain in power by casting in their lot with that of the Egyptian Empire, to persuade them to maintain peace with Egyptian help, as the guarantee of a common prosperity. Relations were distant and dignified. The Kings treated each other as equals. "I, King of Alashiya, your brother, I greet you," is the airy way in which that prince addresses Pharaoh on one tablet.²

The Egyptians tried to cement their alliances with marriages—first with the kingdom of Babylonia, whose power on the Euphrates counterbalanced that of the Pharaohs on the Nile; but the entrance of the Princess of Babylon, the sister of King Kadashman-enlil, into the harem of Amenophis III did not bring the Egyptian

¹ Moret and Davy, *Des clans aux empires*.

² *Journal Asiatique*, 1891, ii, p. 170.

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Empire the stability and peace which it hoped to obtain in Asia.¹

The Pharaohs turned their eyes elsewhere. To give Egypt lasting peace on her Asiatic frontiers, to ensure her prestige, and to allow her to continue her magnificent economic progress beyond the Isthmus of Suez, the kingdom of Mitanni seemed to be the ally wanted. It might be the pivot of Egyptian policy and diplomacy in Asia. By its position on the extreme north of the Empire, that immense kingdom, whose territory stretched along both sides of the Euphrates between the Mediterranean and the Tigris, lay upon the routes of Asiatic invasions towards the Delta and the Red Sea. It might become a powerful rampart, particularly against the ambitions of the Hittites, whose king Shubbiluliuma harboured projects of conquest against the Egyptian Empire.² The King of Mitanni, who had seen the victorious passage of the troops of Thothmes III, himself felt the need of an Egyptian alliance as a protection against the Hittites and the Assyrians, his neighbours on the north and on the east respectively, the power and territory of both of whom grew greater every day.

Amenophis II, while pursuing the warlike achievement of Thothmes III, employed subtler methods. A new dynasty ascended the throne of Mitanni, that of King Saushshatar, whose accession must have been facilitated, if not actually instigated, by Pharaoh, for at once "the great ones of Mitanni entreated the Good God (Amenophis II) and came to him to beg His Majesty for the sweet breaths of life."³ Marriages

¹ Moret.

² These projects were only realized long after Tutankhamen's reign, under Rameses II and III, about 1300.

³ *Inscription of Karnak XVII*, ii, p. 804.

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were concluded between the daughters of the King of Mitanni and the sons of Pharaoh, and this time they were supplemented by political treaties and trade agreements. When Amenophis III succeeded his father and Dushratta reigned in Mitanni, the alliance became still closer, a solid foundation for Asiatic peace and the security of the Egyptian Empire. The unceasing and perfidious intrigues of the other kingdoms, the Hittites and Assyrians, whose star was rising, could not prevail against it.

The letters on the little bricks which passed between Dushratta and Amenophis IV persuaded Tutankhamen of the necessity of this alliance and reassured him as to the outcome of the revolts which darkened the beginning of his reign.

With the Kings of Assyria, friendly relations were less sure, and required a more elastic policy. Being vassals of the kingdom of Babylon, with which Egyptian relations had been strained since the failure of the marriages, the lords of Assyria tried to keep in with both powers. Pharaoh addressed himself to them direct, and so drew the following threatening, but artful, letter from Burraburiash, King of Babylon: "The King of Assyria is my vassal. I need not tell you why he came to ask for your friendship. If you love me, let no treaty be made between you. Send him right away."¹ Here the "King's Secret" had to use all its subtlety; at all costs these ambitious neighbours, suspect allies and uncertain vassals, must be prevented from forming a coalition against the Empire, uniting the discontented and the overweening. A message from Burraburiash to Amenophis IV throws a disturbing light on the shady combinations which were being formed on the frontiers and even at the

¹ *Journal Asiatique*; Moret and Davy, *Des clans aux empires*.

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heart of the Empire. "In the time of my father Kurigalzu, a king of Canaan sent him word by a messenger, 'Let us go into the city of Kannishat, let us march against Pharaoh by mutual arrangement.' My father sent word to him thus, 'Do not hope to make an agreement with me. If you wish to treat the King of Egypt as an enemy, look for another ally. I shall not go; I shall not ravage his country, for he is my ally.'"¹

"Divide and rule" already appeared to be an imperative maxim, if Pharaoh wanted to maintain the balance in Asia which would protect his frontiers.

One cannot help feeling a profound admiration for the very modern notions of Egyptian imperialism. They enabled the Pharaohs to maintain, for over two hundred years, their sovereign power over distant lands and peoples which were still half-barbaric, without an army of occupation, fussy officials, or abuses of authority. The little bricks which Tutankhamen sorted out so carefully did all the work, and they are the humble evidence of a wise policy and a skilful diplomacy, based on a national opinion proud of its intellectual superiority and economic power. Men would have to stride over the centuries down to the modern British Empire, before they would again find the wise principles of Egyptian colonization.

Tutankhamen, dreaming in front of the heap of bricks which summed up the patient opportunism of his forerunners, certainly saw that, to keep up a policy of assimilation abroad and a prestige which respected the manners and beliefs of other peoples, he would have to rely in his own country on the ancient traditions which made her strength.

¹ Eleven letters between Burraburiash and Amenophis II, III, and IV, at Tell el-Amarna (*Revue Sémitique*, 1898).

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Before leaving the great records-room, the young Pharaoh caused two parcels of bricks to be carefully put on one side, one small and the other very big. These were diplomatic "bags," which should go to Thebes under the close guard of the minister himself. The smaller packet contained the precious treaties of alliance. Only one of these has withstood the ravages of time¹ in all its forty-nine articles, but, according to Maspero and Moret, it was a typical treaty. Tutankhamen, following his predecessors, must have drawn up all the treaties which he made with important allies on the same essential lines.²

Article II of this typical treaty of offensive and defensive alliance states: "These are good provisions for a peace and an alliance, and to give rest for ever. May it be a beginning for all ages!"

Article XIV goes into details: "In the future, from this day onwards, His Majesty (the King of the Hittites) is of opinion that, by this treaty, the plans conceived by Ra for the lands of Egypt in their relations with the land of Kheta should be made permanent, that there may be no more enmity between them, for ever."

Article XVI adds: "May he be an ally to me, and may I be an ally to him; may I also be at peace with him, for ever."

And, to seal the pact of friendship, the inevitable marriage-clause appears in Article XIX: "The sons and daughters of the Great Chief of Kheta shall become

¹ This treaty is much later than Tutankhamen, being of the middle of the 21st year of Rameses II, and made by that great Pharaoh and the King of the Hittites. It was prepared at Boghazkeui, the Hittite capital, and taken to Per-Rameses, then the capital of Egypt, by the Hittite messenger Tarteshub and the Egyptian messenger Rames. It was signed in 1279. Tutankhamen died in 1350.

² Rougé's translation; Egger, *Traité*.

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allies, marrying the sons and daughters of the Great King of Egypt."

Articles XXI and XXIV lay down the duty of abstaining from offensive action and the obligations of assistance in defence required between two allies: "The Great Chief of Kheta shall never invade the land of Egypt, to do injury to it, and the Sun, Lord of Justice, Great King of Egypt, shall never invade the land of Kheta, to do injury to it. If another enemy marches against the countries of the Sun, Lord of Justice, Great King of Egypt, and sends word to the Chief of Kheta, 'Come, bring me troops against him,' the Great Chief of Kheta shall massacre his enemies."

But the commercial clauses of these treaties are even more abundant and detailed. Asia contained the greater part of the raw materials which Egypt needed to feed her workshops. The Kings were keen business men. The tribute of gold and metals and precious woods which Egypt required went back to the vassal and allied peoples in the shape of furniture, vases, or jewels, the value of which Pharaoh himself laid down, assigning a fair commission to himself. The letters of Buraburiash to Amenophis IV testify to the fact; the friendly king complains to Pharaoh of the high price of the products of his empire.¹ Equally symptomatic is the correspondence which passed between Pharaoh and the King of Alashiya, who had kept the monopoly of the manufacture of bronze in his country. One seems to hear two brokers discussing a dubious deal. "Your envoy," Amenophis III writes, "brought twenty minas of impure gold, which, when put in the crucible, did not yield as much as five minas of pure gold."² Or again, "The ingots which my brother had

¹ *Revue Sémitique*, Halévy's translation.

² *Journal Asiatique*, 1891, p. 202.

not examined—when I sent them to the crucible to be melted, they sent them back to me and would not accept them.”¹

Egypt owed her economic prosperity more to the skill of her craftsmen and the artistic output of her workshops than to any raw materials which she produced. So the Pharaohs watched jealously to see that no skilled worker, no artist worthy of the name belonging to the guilds of craftsmen, should leave the kingdom to settle in a neighbouring country without special permission. An emigrant who opened a workshop beyond the frontiers, to teach his adopted compatriots the manual tricks and professional secrets which were the pride of the Egyptian guilds and the foundation of their commercial expansion, was treated as a most dangerous malefactor. By thus establishing a trade in a rival country, he robbed his own country of a certain outlet for its goods. The law had no mercy for such a crime; the culprit's earnings were confiscated, his lands were laid waste, and his whole family, father, mother, wife, and children, were held responsible for the wrong done to Pharaoh. If the runaway was caught, he was punished in some manner appropriate to the profession which he had betrayed—the loss of eyes, ears, feet, or hands.²

Yet many men fled the country in this manner, and the Pharaohs filled their treaties of alliance with clauses intended to put a stop to the disastrous exodus. No freedom should be granted by the allied power to deserting craftsmen; both parties undertook to arrest fugitives and return them to the authorities of their own country, without otherwise harming them. Again in the treaty of Rameses II with the Hittites, which is in great part reproduced on the west wall of the Hypo-

¹ *Ibid.*, pp. 54-83.

² Maspero, *Histoire*.

style Hall at Karnak, and, according to the Egyptologists, was certainly inspired by similar pacts of Tutankhamen's time, we find clauses which read just like modern extradition conventions.

"Article XXXII. If men of the provinces of Rameses go to the country of the Hittites, the latter shall not receive them, but will return them to the Sun, Lord of Justice, Great King of Egypt.¹

"Article XXXV. If skilled men of the country of the Hittites come to the country of Egypt to serve there in any capacity, the Sun, Lord of Justice, will not establish them there.

"Article XXXVII. May the words engraved on the silver tablet be protected by a thousand gods and goddesses of the land of the Hittites and by a thousand gods and goddesses of the land of Egypt; let them be my witnesses."

It may seem surprising that in the diplomatic records of Tell el-Amarna, by the side of all this detailed information about the policy of the Pharaohs in Asia, there is no document mentioning the relations which Thebes must have entertained with the vast plains and mountain-lands of the Upper Nile, towards which the Pharaohs had first turned when they set about creating Greater Egypt.² The Libyans, Ethiopians, Wawaiu, the first vassals of the Empire, were, it is true, black peoples, and all our information about these conquests comes from hieroglyphic stelæ. Cuneiform was always beyond the understanding of the negro subjects of the Empire. If there were proclamations and diplomatic communications to facilitate or justify the military campaigns, they were written on perishable materials, and nothing is left of them.

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i.

² Papyrus Sallier I, pl. ii.

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In any case, to Tutankhamen the story of Egyptian expansion in that direction was ancient history. Long ago, Pharaoh Unas, of the Vth Dynasty, had inaugurated that policy of southward conquest, pouring his armies into the plains of the Upper Nile, and presently the overlordship of Pharaoh had been recognized as far up as Elephantine (First Cataract). In a short time, it had been extended by force of arms over the great confederation of the Wawaiu (the Howlers), whose territories lay along the Red Sea southwards to the land of Punt; the tribes of the Mazaiu, which lived opposite them on the other side of the Nile, the Amamiu, and, opposite the Wawaiu, the country of Iritit, had long made submission to the Pharaohs.

Under Senusert I, the conquest had already reached the Second Cataract at Wady Halfa, and there, in a temple built to Amen in commemoration of the Egyptian victories, a gigantic statue of the Pharaoh stood opposite that of the god. Further south, Senusert III had built by the river, a century later, the fortress of Semna, which commanded the desert roads and protected the gold-fields of Egypt. "Here is the boundary established in the 8th year, which gives life for ever and ever, that none of the black peoples may cross it," he wrote on the high walls. But the conquest went on over the vast plains of the land of Kush, "the humbled,"¹ watered by the White and Blue Niles and bounded only by the Abyssinian mountains. On the pedestal of the colossal statue of Senusert III, in the temple at Tanis, we can read the long list of conquered tribes—Alaka, Matararau, Turasu, Pamaika, Uaraki, Paramaka.

After a serious revolt which brought the Nubians back across the ancient frontiers of Egypt, Ahmes

¹ The present Ethiopia.

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restored the situation, recovered his barge, the *Rising of Memphis*, and went up the river as far as Thent-ta-a, where he distinguished himself by a famous naval battle. Amenophis I again reduced the land of Kush, and Thothmes I reached the Third Cataract, where he built the fortress of Tombos, whose enormous circuit of brick is like a red belt attached to the river as it curves across the desert of Mahass and past the island of Argo.

From then onwards, these countries had furnished the Pharaohs with the best elements in that infantry which Tutankhamen knew to be the terror of the enemies of Egypt. The famines which periodically laid these regions waste, and were aggravated by requisitions intended to fill the granaries of Thebes, were the best possible recruiting sergeants. The tribe of the Mazaiu supplied the Empire with so many soldiers that the Egyptians gave the name of Mazaiu to all their coloured units.

How, then, should it have occurred to the Pharaohs to use diplomacy in their dealings with these barbarous tribes? Force was the only policy, the solid foundation of a dominion which was inconceivable without the complete enslavement of the conquered. These negroes were subjects who could be made to pay taxes and do forced labour without limit. There could be no question of settling permanently in thier country, for the Egyptians could not have stood the climate. Moreover, they were obliged to reckon with perpetual rebellions, and could not effect any sure and fruitful colonization in those poverty-stricken districts. However, to pacify the south of the Empire, the line of the Thothmes made Nubia into a viceroyalty. This arrangement may have saved Tutankhamen from any trouble with the south during his reign; but his successors, Horemheb, Seti I, and Rameses II

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and III, were once more compelled to resort to arms to put down frequent rebellions. All the same, these countries gradually became fairly civilized under the influence of Egyptian culture, and Ethiopia, in particular, soon assumed a preponderant position on the Nile, overcame Thebes, and gave lines of Pharaohs to the throne.

Tutankhamen had no such worries. To him, the southern districts were simply conquered land, in which his authority reigned absolutely. A few detachments in impregnable fortresses were sufficient to keep the screw on the population and raise the tribute which filled the treasury more abundantly than that of the northern countries. He knew well that without the gold which the natives collected up there in the alluvial land washed by the Tacazze, the Blue Nile, and its affluents, there could be no economic expansion of the Empire in Asia, and none of the policy of bribery which was needed if he was to rule over the divisions of vassals and allies. Without the precious yellow metal of the Nubian plains, the goldsmiths of the Empire could no longer turn out their marvels of electrum. There would be none of the ornamentation which he so loved on chariots, jewels, and furniture, with the dazzling patina of that now unknown alloy of gold with silver in a proportion of 80 per cent. Nor could his people adorn themselves with the delicate greyish trinkets made of an alloy of gold and platinum.

But could the young Pharaoh feel any qualms for the security of the riches which were so necessary to the policy of the Empire? If new revolts broke out anywhere, there were only too many generals eager to put them down. These military excursions in the south offered so little danger and such pleasant prospects. The joyous tales of the campaigns of Senusert still

lived in the minds of the army. There would be heaps of booty, and everyone would have a share—oxen and asses for the stall, pretty girls for the harem, and gold and ivory for friends and relations.

There were other attractions. It was to the mysterious, holy lands of Nubia that all Egyptian imaginations loved to escape, dreaming of the spiritual sweetnesses and riches lying in store for their souls up there, far away towards the fairyland of Punt, in the elusive Isle of the Double, that paradise, the Isle of the Dead, lost somewhere in the Red Sea, not far from Topazos. Everyone knew the story of the *Shipwrecked Sailor*.¹ The hero set forth for Pharaoh's mines in a ship, 150 cubits by 40, with a hundred and fifty of the best sailors of Egypt, who had seen the earth and were bolder at heart than lions. The wind raised a wave eight cubits high which swallowed boat and crew, and he was cast up on the island, which suddenly rose up before him, pink and scented, among the raging waves. "Three days I was all alone," he says, "and at night I lay down with no companion but my heart. Then I heard a voice of thunder. It was a serpent which came, thirty cubits long, with a beard of more than two cubits. His body was incrustated with gold. He opened his mouth at me, while I lay on my belly in front of him. 'If you delay to tell me who has brought you to this island, you will pass from sight.' " The shipwrecked man complied politely. "Do not fear, do not fear, my vassal, and do not wear a sad face. If you come to me, it is because the God has allowed you to live, and he has brought you to this Island of the Double, where nothing is lacking and all good things abound. I am on this island with my brothers and

¹ Popular tale of the XIIth Dynasty, in a papyrus in the Hermitage at Petrograd (Maspero).

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my children; we are seventy-five serpents in all.¹ But if you are brave a ship will come, and you will see your wife again, you will reach your country and be there among your brothers. But once you have gone from here you will never more see the island, which will turn into waves.' ”²

Tutankhamen certainly did not need to think of diplomacy in order to govern these wild mysterious countries in the south. Very wisely, when he returned to Thebes, he appointed a new Prince of Kush as viceroy of Nubia, and the authority which he conferred on him sufficed to continue the policy of force and enslavement towards the conquered and of spirituality and certain material prosperity towards his subjects.

He had now reached the second room of the Imperial records, which was larger than the first and contained more tablets. But his gaze did not concentrate on any of them; it went wandering to the unseen distances of the north, to the Mediterranean which bordered the shores of his Empire with its white foam and its green or blue water—the Mediterranean, a sea closed to dreamers but open to doers. The packages before him contained the whole maritime policy of the Pharaohs who had gone before him. That policy was like a fatal cycle, beginning with the naval victory by which the first king of his dynasty, Ahmes I,

¹ In the *Book of the Dead* and the *Book of Knowledge of what is in the Next World* we see that the places where the souls live are usually guarded by serpents.

² Tutankhamen's subjects believed that after death they could only reach the next world after a long voyage. They embarked on the Nile on the day of their burial. Arriving at a place called Mouth of the Cleft, west of Abydos, the souls travelled with all sails spread on the mysterious sea, landed in the Country which Mingles Men, and there led an earthly existence.

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delivered Egypt from the invading Hyksos, entrenched in Avaris in the Delta, and ending with the rout of Cleopatra's galleys at Actium, through which Egypt was at last enslaved by the Roman Empire. "My Empire is on the water," Tutankhamen might murmur, not needing to consult the records to know what care he must bestow on his fleet.

His ancestors, very fortunately, had raised that fleet to a pitch of power and technical perfection which made it the best equipped and most redoubtable in the world. The Egyptian warship,¹ like that of the Phœnicians, their only important rivals on the Mediterranean, was long and narrow.² The two ends rose high out of the water, the bow terminating in the jagged bronze head of a ram, gazelle, or bull, while the stern ended in a wide-open lotus-flower. In war-time,³ the handsome beast's head was replaced by a metal ram, which was the terror of the ancient naval world. No fleet could resist that dreadful weapon. "I capsized their ships and their riches fell into the water," says the inscription at Medinet Habu⁴ in which Rameses III has recorded in full detail the only Egyptian sea-battle of which we have an account.⁵

The Egyptian fleet was also one of the chief foundations of the country's prosperity. When it was not playing a direct, active part in the conquest of Asia

¹ Mariette, *Deir el-Bahari*.

² There was one mast, 26 ft. high, and the single sail, 62 ft. across, was composed of two pieces.

³ The crew consisted of 30 rowers, 15 on each side, 4 topsmen, 2 steersmen, a pilot in the bow who gave the steersmen the directions they needed, a captain, a man in charge of the rowers, and 10 soldiers.

⁴ Published by Green.

⁵ At the mouth of the Belos, near Magadil, where the Ægean fleet was sunk by the Egyptian. Half of the Egyptian crew consisted of branded Libyan prisoners.

it was used for conveying troops to the Syrian coast. It was associated in the pacific campaigns of economic penetration, coasting along Africa and Arabia, ranging the Mediterranean to the Isles and even further north, demonstrating the power of Egypt to the Cretans and other peoples of the Ægean, spreading the political prestige of the Empire far and wide, and furthering its economic development in every country.

It is true, there were astute and malevolent competitors in the Phœnicians, the people of the new city of Tyre, with their long curled hair, their bare chests, their gaudy and very short waist-cloths, and the high boots which reached half-way up their legs. They had been pushing in everywhere, and Egyptian trade was suffering. Crete, the islands of the Ægean, and the shores of the Greek mainland knew their fearless vessels, and they may perhaps have been seen on the Propontis and the Black Sea. Smart tradesmen that they were, they brought these barbarous peoples the commonest rubbish produced by the workshops of Asia, and took from them in exchange vases and curiously shaped ornaments which they resold in Egypt. They carried off pretty Greek and Lycian girls, and were the great purveyors of the harems of Thebes and Babylon. Their methods were most ingenious. There is a story that one day the Phœnicians arrived off Cyprus, as usual, and laid out a great display of jewellery and precious stuffs on their ships. The daughters of the local chiefs went on board, and while they were busy looking at the wonders, anchor was quietly weighed and the wily Semites hurled themselves upon the fair victims of curiosity.¹

But since the distant day when Tyre, Sarepta, and Byblos had felt their power on the sea threatened by the

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*.

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bowmen of Egypt, they had paid tribute to Pharaoh for the right to trade without impediment. Their overlord showed himself most solicitous about them. Tutankhamen, like his ancestors, would treat them well. He knew that the great undertakings of merchants are always necessarily mixed up with public affairs, and that the whole policy of Egypt on the coasts of the Very Green, as the Egyptians called the Mediterranean, should be made to serve her economic power. It was in his reign that the Delta saw an admirable impulse given to the war and merchant navies, which continued for centuries.

Pharaoh was now going through the Office of Figures. The clerks sat bent over their work, with their vocabularies, drawn up by the King's command, before them. These vocabularies were tablets inscribed in columns. Opposite typical words and phrases in cuneiform there were, in the first column, the corresponding representative signs or ideograms; in the second, the transcription of these into Babylonian Semitic, the almost universal language of the Egyptian Empire in Asia; and in the third, the pronunciation in Sumerian or pure Babylonian. With the aid of this vocabulary, the clerks of the Office of Figures diligently transcribed such formulas of courtesy or policy as, "Know that the King is mighty as the sun in the sky and that his troops and chariots are many; therefore remain obedient to the King."¹

Then came the huge Despatch Office, which echoed with all the complaints of the peoples of the Empire. Every day, for months, desperate appeals had been coming in from Pharaoh's vassals and allies, begging

¹ Like all correspondence. *Revue Sémitique*, 1898.

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Amenophis IV for assistance. "Lord, the city of So-and-so weeps. Its tears are like rivers. Help us, send us your chariots and bowmen!" There, too, came the extraordinary diplomatic lucubrations which were considered necessary in dealings with the Asiatic kings. The telegram of condolence sent by Dushratta, King of Mitanni, to Amenophis IV on the death of his father is the most curious specimen of these: "When your father was about to die, on that day I wept and fell ill and was myself at the point of death. But when I heard of the accession of the eldest son of the Magnificent, I said, 'Amenophis is not dead!'" Our own official mortuary literature is a pale thing beside this.

The disputes-office was the largest in this department. The disputes in question were a family affair—the endless complaints of the Asiatic fathers-in-law about deliveries of gold or gifts which Pharaoh had to hand over in exchange for the dowries brought him by his Asiatic wives. He had to send away many good ingots of gold when the princesses of Babylon arrived, followed by long caravans laden with baskets of bangles, collars, rings, and masses of furniture. There was trouble, too, when a Pharaoh's inheritance had to be taken over. Dushratta writes to Amenophis IV: "With reference to my share in the inheritance of the jewels regarding which your father wrote to me, 'All these jewels are for you; my messengers see them,' you do not, however, give them the jewels. Send them to me."¹ There are other tablets about the same inheritance from the King of the Hittites to Amenophis IV: "Continue to grant us the same conditions for the gold, but send us what is due first." Again,

¹ Delattre, *Mariages princiers*.

Dushratta becomes insistent: "Send me ten times as much gold as my brothers received, for I was on the best of terms with your father Amenophis III." Leaning over the clerks, Tutankhamen could see that the dry, neat little characters still said, and always said, "Send me gold. You must send me the same amount of gold as your father."

Disgusted by the greed which was not silent in the presence of death, and showed how fragile were the interests which bound allies and vassals to the Empire, Tutankhamen entered a small room separated from the rest, where the packets, fewer in number, were not yet sealed up. They contained the correspondence of the Pharaohs with their diplomatists. He stopped. Memories of his childhood came crowding on his mind. He thought of all the great ambassadors, the men whom his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had wanted to be "beautiful, brave, elegant, and acquainted with magic." Their most important duty was to obtain the hand of Babylonian or Mitannian princesses for the King's sons, the Divine Children.¹

Tutankhamen looked at one tablet; the negotiations for his father's marriage were inscribed on it. Amenophis III the Magnificent had sent to Dushratta, King of Mitanni, the great ambassador of the day, Mani, with this message: "What I now grant you as gifts is nothing; but when you have granted me your daughter, the wife whom I desire for my son, gifts will come in greater numbers." And the tablet which Dushratta, King of Mitanni, sent in reply said simply, "May Nefertiti be seen in the lap of prosperity in my brother's land! May the goddess Ishtar and the god

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*.

Amen make her happy ! I give you my daughter.”¹ So the beautiful Nefertiti had come to Egypt, to be the wife of his father Amenophis IV, to whom Mani addressed this graceful message: “A great friendship bound your father and me; now I shall have still more love for you, his son.”

Negotiations were not always so successful. Thothmes IV had had to send seven ambassadors to Artatama, Dushratta’s grandfather, before he obtained the hand of his daughter, and the great Amenophis had sent six to Dushratta before that king’s sister Gilukhipa entered his harem, accompanied by three hundred and seventeen serving-women !

Some bricks Tutankhamen left—those which told the history of vanished ambassadors, whose tragic adventures the *menoi* had already related to him. He could not forget the cruel death of that luckless ambassador of his father, whom the King of Byblos had kept shut up in a prison for seventeen years, tortured, and put to death.²

Having made his choice according to his feelings, he had to choose according to political needs. He left the bricks which revealed his ancestors’ dislike of granting the Divine Daughters to Asiatic rulers. “They did not willingly hand over the Marie Louises of Egypt to the Napoleons of Babylon and Mitanni,” as Professor Moret wittily says. Tutankhamen was content to read for a last time the complaints of rejected and irritated suitors. “When I asked for your daughter’s hand, you answered, ‘Never has the

¹ But the end of the letter was not so charming. “Let my brother send me gold in great quantities, without counting, and more gold than he sent to my father. For in my brother’s land gold is the dust on the roads” (Winckler, Letter XVII ; Delattre).

² Maspero, *Histoire*.

daughter of the King of Egypt been given to anyone.' So I tell you that if you give her to me with reluctance, I prefer that you should not send her at all. But you have not the goodwill of a brother for me."¹ "When you informed me that you intended to seal an alliance between us by a marriage, I replied with all the kindness of a brother; and now, my brother, when I express the wish that we should be allied by a marriage, why do you refuse me your daughter?"

At length he was at the last tablets. These contained the correspondence of the innumerable Envoys of Pharaoh, Royal Envoys, Eyes and Ears of the King, who travelled from country to country to make report to the King on the condition of his realm. Theirs was not an easy job. In addition to all the qualities of great ambassadors, it required youth and great courage. Some were called His Majesty's Envoys for the Countries of the South; others, His Majesty's Envoys for the Countries of the North; and when they rose in rank they became the King's Envoys for All Regions. As a rule they resided in vassal or allied countries, like the celebrated Dudu, and only came home once in seven years.

Still remembering the stories of his childhood, Tutankhamen read the true narrative of the feats of Dudu and Khai, his father's famous envoys, who, since they were now very old, wanted to die at Akhetaten, and refused to follow the young Pharaoh to Thebes. It was Dudu who, during the illness of Amenophis IV, had had to deal with the case of Aziru, the *Kazanu* of the Amorites, whom Rabimur (perhaps the same as Ribaddi), *Kazanu* of Byblos, had accused of killing the kings of the surrounding cities. Tut-

¹ *Journal Asiatique*, 1890, ii, letter of Kadashman-enlil to Amenophis III.

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ankhamen read the despatches relating to the matter. The first ran: "It was the chief men of the city of Irimpu who did not leave me in peace; I committed no wrong against the King my Lord." And here was the King's reply: "If you wish to act rebelliously you will die, and so will all your family. Submit, and you shall live. Come here before the King your Lord, and know that the King is as mighty as the sun in the sky." And poor Dudu had been absolutely fooled by the artful Aziru, who went on reiterating, down to the death of Amenophis IV, "I and my son are the good servants of the King, so he and I shall start"—and never came!¹

By the side, an enormous package which would go to-morrow contained the despatches of the King's Messengers, the *rabizu*, who held the lowest rank in the diplomatic service. They were trusted men, but they were also men who would do any job for Pharaoh, and he did not spare them. They were the innumerable bees of the royal hive, who had to obey his every caprice. Their letters brought Tutankhamen an entertaining reflection of the life of the whole Empire. They dealt with all kinds of matters, even the pettiest, and they gave quantities of information about the still unknown regions which their writers had to explore and prospect for their master, leading great caravans over them. All these precious tablets must go to Thebes.

Tutankhamen would consult them before he decided to send his troops or fleet on new expeditions. It was probably their detailed information which prevented him from attempting costly conquests at a time when the fabric of the old Empire was already shaken,

¹ Delattre, *Azirou*.

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and Horemheb was fighting in Syria to consolidate it. On the other hand, they might give him valuable information for the exploitation of new quarries or gold-mines. After the ruinous extravagance of Amenophis IV at Akhetaten, the royal treasury must be re-filled; also, Amen, the old god, must receive many attentions in the form of temples, obelisks, statues, to expiate the great heresy.

Feeling that he could never do anything like it, the young King read the report of the Royal Messenger to whom Queen Hatshepsut, his ambitious ancestress, had entrusted the splendid fleet of the Empire to go in search of the wonderful land of Punt with the "ladders of frankincense," of which Amen had said to the Queen: "They are the places of delight which I have made. I shall guide Your Majesty thither, that spices may be obtained for me there, and that ships may be laden with them with great joy." And the Royal Messenger, escorted by Amen and commanding five galleys, the finest of the great Thothmes III,¹ had sailed from Kosseir on the Red Sea. The squadron set out for the unknown, passed Suakin, Massowah, the islands of the Red Sea, went through the Bab el-Mandeb, and at last came to the wonderful land, on the Somali coast.² They must have found roadsteads at Avalis and Malao, but they turned Cape Guardafui and entered the mouth of the Elephant River, near the present Ras el-Fil.

They stopped near a village consisting of a jumble of round huts on piles. Natives, white of skin, ap-

¹ Hatshepsut's brother and successor.

² Egyptologists are hardly agreed about the exact position of Punt. Brugsch placed it in Arabia, Mariette on the Somali coast. Meyer thinks that these tribes of Punt were the ancestors of the Queen of Sheba. Naville and Maspero consider that the expedition landed on the Somali coast.

peared at the openings, the men in waist-cloths and the woman in yellow petticoats. The Messenger landed his escort of soldiers, but, to prove his peaceful intentions, he spread out a little table with presents—five bangles, two gold collars, a dagger. The chief Parihu and his wife Ati, she sitting on an ass, came forward. "How have you come to this country which no men know? Did you come down by the ways of the sky, or did you sail on the water?" they asked. Having satisfied their curiosity, suitably embellishing the story of the voyage, the Messenger obtained leave to do his business, there on the river-bank. He put up a tent, in which he stored his wares, and settled the chief conditions of the deal at a banquet,¹ which he hoped would win him the good-will of buyers and sellers. His methods were so successful that in a short time thirty-one frankincense-trees were loaded on to his five galleys, and before leaving the wonderful land he did not omit to carry off the chiefs of the simple-minded natives with him.

Hatshepsut gave a great feast to celebrate their return, and the royal family, escorted by the Theban militia, conducted the Messenger to the Temple of Amen. The Queen gave the god a gilt bushel, with which to measure the spices. "And Her Majesty the Queen of Egypt, Lady of the Two Lands, with her own hands made a scented essence of them for all her limbs; she exhaled the odour of the divine dew; her perfume reached to Punt; her skin was as if modelled in gold and her face shone like the stars, in the great Festival Hall, in the face of the whole earth."² Frankincense, the language of reverence and worship, had been created by Amen; the Royal Messenger had done his work well.

¹ Mariette, *Deir el-Bahari*, pl. lvi.

² *Ibid.*, pl. vii-viii.

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What boons Tutankhamen felt inclined to shower on the envoy who should enable him to appease the wrath of Amen by a gift which satisfied him as much as the frankincense of Queen Hatshepsut! He would be more deserving than the cunning Thutii, the Royal Messenger of the great King Thothmes III, whose fabulous story Tutankhamen had heard as a child. After the taking of Joppa, Pharaoh had shown him all kindness for the zeal with which he had performed his mission to the Isles of the Very Green, whence he had brought so much lapis lazuli, gold, and silver for His Majesty's treasury.¹

In any case, Tutankhamen would first have to arouse the zeal of his Messengers, if they were to go joyfully on new expeditions. What heartening instructions one of his ancestors had given to a Royal Messenger! "I shall make you know the road which goes by Megiddo. You are on the edge of an abyss, two thousand cubits deep, full of rocks and stones. You go on, holding your bow and waving your sword; you compel your enemies to lower their eyes; agony takes hold of you, and your hair stands up on your head. But you go into Joppa, and there you find an orchard, flowering in its season. You make a hole in the hedge, to go in and eat, and there you find the pretty girl who keeps the orchards. She takes you for her love and gives you the flower of her breast. You are seen, you say who you are, and you are recognized for a hero." What did it matter if realities were not so beautiful? Tutankhamen would not even stop over the complaints of unfortunate Messengers who had to cross unending deserts and die a thousand deaths. "Then thirst came down upon me, I grew weak, my throat rattled, and I was already saying, 'It is the taste

¹ Devéria, *Mémoires et fragments*, vol. i, pp. 35-53.

of death—the death of me, Hereditary Prince, King's Man, Sole Friend, Jackal, Administrator of Pharaoh's Fields, his Messenger among the Beduins, the King's Acquaintance, truly the servant Sinuhet.' ”¹

To-day one must only think of happy home-comings to Thebes. How pleasant it would be to lavish rewards without stint on his “Envoys for All Regions,” and to hear from their mouths the message which he was now reading, addressed to his father by Sinuhet! “They assigned me the house of a Royal Prince (the tutor of a royal child of the harem) with its riches, its pavilion in which to enjoy the air, its heavenly decorations, the furniture from the Double White House (the royal palace), its stuffs from the royal wardrobe, and its choice perfumes. Every room was filled with things reserved for the King and the nobles whom he loves, and every class of servant was busy in his employment. Casting the years from off my limbs, I combed my hair, I left filth to foreign countries and coarse clothing to the Sand-gatherers (name of a tribe). Then I dressed myself in soft linen, I scented myself with subtle perfumes, and I lay down in a bed, leaving the sand to those who live in it and tree-oil to those who rub themselves with it. I was given a house fit for a land-owner of the rank of Friend. Many men worked to build it, and all the timbers were renewed. They brought me delicacies from the Palace three and four times a day, in addition to what the Royal Children gave me without ceasing. A pyramid of stone was built for me in the midst of the funeral pyramids. The Chief of His Majesty's Surveyors chose the site, the Chief of the Men of the Collar designed the decoration, the Chief of the Stone-cutters carved it, the Chief of the Works Done in the Necropolis ranged all Egypt

¹ *Adventures of Sinuhet*, in Maspero, *Contes*.

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for the funerary material, supplying the furniture and making the necessary dispositions in the pyramid itself. Then I gave land and made myself a funerary domain with land taken from the King's woods, and a town, as is done for Friends of the first rank. My statue was plated with gold with a waist-cloth of gilt, and it was His Majesty who caused it to be done. Not for a man of the common herd would so much have been done, and I am in the King's favour until my time comes to die." The Pharaohs rewarded their diplomatists well when they pensioned them off.

Tutankhamen was too tired to sort the records of his Empire any more that night. In the end, six hundred tablets never went back to the old capital on the backs of the little donkeys of Akhetaten. The postponed transportation was never done, and thanks to that omission some gleams of light, even in the XXth century of our era, still fall on the diplomacy and foreign policy of the young sovereign.

CHAPTER V

BACK TO THEBES

IN the first days of 1358 the Sun-disk forgivingly shone on the departure of Tutankhamen and all his court and harem and officials as they left the new capital for the old.

It was the exodus of a whole people along the banks of the Nile, while the magnificent royal dahabeeyah, which had brought Amenophis IV fifteen years earlier, plodded up the stream, its fifty rowers toiling and sweating under the koorbash. Its bright colouring, yellow, blue, and gold, softened by the rosy shadow of the great outspread sail, adorned the water of the river with a moving mosaic. Behind, all the royal flotilla danced in the wash of Pharaoh's galley, in a long, many-coloured line of boats which would take five or six days to cover the hundred and twenty miles which lay between Akhetaten and Thebes.

Fifteen years before, the Nile had seen, moving in the opposite direction, the same enthusiastic exodus of a whole people to a dream-city whose supremacy was to change the face of the earth and guide it into the peaceful ways of brotherhood and love. Those immense hopes had met with nothing but failure; the Empire was falling to pieces. *Homo homini lupus*—men are wolves to men. The spirituality of Solar monotheism was more than they could understand; its universality made the godhead too remote, too little accessible to human passions. The altars of barbarous local gods rose once more from their ruins, and terrified throngs crowded round a priesthood which, in the

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days of its persecution, had won the prestige of martyrs and with it an increased power over the minds of men. What were all these catastrophes but the just punishment which Amen sent upon his people for denying him and his priests and despoiling him of his goods? And the priests demanded, to appease the wrath of the god and to persuade him not to let the Empire vanish altogether in chaos at home and invasions from abroad, that their own power and property should come out of the dreadful ordeal strengthened and increased.

That was the price of the safety of Egypt, and to mark his submission to the priesthood Tutankhamen was to-day going back to the city of Amen, Thebes the proud. Up to the first bend of the river, he sadly watched the fair palaces and gardens of Akhetaten, which had sheltered his childhood, vanishing on the horizon. The first rays of the sun seemed to detach themselves from the present and awaken the future up there, towards the unknown. Gracefully spread along the bank of the river, Akhetaten was so white that it seemed made of little cubes cut out of the clouds. But that whiteness, gradually fading under the ardent caress of the city's own god, gave place to every magical effect of colour, rosy and gold in the light, pale mauve in the shadow.

In taking his subjects back with him to the old ideal which had made the greatness of the Theban Empire, Tutankhamen was taking the life out of Akhetaten, where a few artists, a few kindred souls of Amenophis IV, a few fanatical worshippers of Aten, alone remained to die.¹ Eight years later, solitude

¹ The high-priest Pa-uoh, whose house is still well preserved, with its reception-rooms, bed-room, dining-room, and antechamber, the sculptor Thothmes, and the Royal Messenger Dudu stayed behind with some workmen at Akhetaten.

would reign in the sun-bathed city when Horemheb, now Pharaoh, pitiless to his own mistakes, would cause its temples and palaces to be razed to the ground and would order the mutilation, even in the tombs, of the effigies of the fairest child of Aten and the emblems of the god who had usurped the power of Amen.¹ Then the sands of the desert would, little by little, cover the poetic capital with their golden mantle. There it would sleep in peace, forgotten by men, until the spades of excavators brought it to life again.

Tutankhamen had too much anxiety about his own future to think long of the tragic destiny awaiting the abandoned city. He had the heedlessness and curiosity of youth, and this must have been his first journey; in any case, it was the first time that he had travelled over so much of his kingdom. He gazed at it eagerly, in the light of new ideas.

For some months, the priests of Amen had been teaching him about the god of Thebes, whose son and heir he was about to become, and also about what every Pharaoh before him had known—the famous Pyramid Texts, which contained all the truth about human affairs revealed by the gods of Egypt. Even if the scenery was not new to him, the world appeared to him in a new light. Godhead was no longer confined to the inaccessible sky, except perhaps in the opinion of Pharaoh and some thinking men. All nature reflected it and presented images or symbols of it. Everything was a god, from the jackals in the desert to the sycamores which the Nile wind caressed in passing.²

In the sacred texts which the priests of Amen taught him, Tutankhamen learned that his ancestors, the

¹ Maspero, Moret, Weigall.

² Loret, *Quelques idées sur la forme primitive de certaines religions égyptiennes*, in *Revue égyptologique* (Paris), vol. xi.

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Pharaohs of two thousand five hundred years before, only came to rule Egypt after the gods, whose power was exercised on this earth, where traces and memories of them were still present and alive.

At the beginning, Atum, the Sun, the god of Heliopolis, was the only living being. He, out of his own flesh, had created a first pair of children, Shu, the Air, and Tefnet, the Void. They had in their turn created a second pair, Geb, the Earth, and Nut, the Sky, and these two gave birth to Osiris, the Nile, Isis, the fertilizing Soil, Set, the Desert, and Nephthys, the Goddess of Death. These were the first family, divine, no doubt, but very close to man. Atum, the ancestor, the divine Sun, was not a spiritual abstraction; he did not appear in the symbolical form of the disk. On the reliefs he is represented as a child being born at dawn from a half-open lotus, then growing as a youth, then, at noon, as a man in his prime, crowned with the royal *Pshent*, and lastly, towards evening, weakening like a bent old man, supporting his exhausted frame with a stick (Edfu).

So Atum Ra, the Sun, had proceeded to govern the whole world from his mansion at Heliopolis.¹ Like the Pharaohs, he had to fight against his own offspring, who gathered round Set, the Desert, in the revolt of mankind against godhead which all countries have known, from Lucifer to Prometheus, and which the realistic Egyptian adapted to his own chief concerns by seeing the Prince of Evil in Set, the Desert, from which the barbarian invasions came. Old and weary, Atum asked his children to fight at his side, and bade the goddess Hathor slaughter the culprits, till she was drunk with blood. Then he returned sadly to the sky, showing his divine pity to men. "Your sins are

¹ The Pyramid Texts describe his life as a king in detail.

forgiven you," the Creator said to his creatures. "The murder of the guilty does away with the murder of other men." So sacrifices arose.

Then came the reigns of Shu, Geb, Osiris, and Horus, who was followed by the first Pharaohs, Tutankhamen's ancestors. All had gone back into the sky, where they had assumed a place in the Pantheon, but they continued to rule over men and still came down among them, embodied in statues, beasts, rivers, and plants. Since the divine families in heaven had multiplied, everything on earth in Egypt had become divine, the symbol or image of a god. The Bull Bakha, standing for the god Mentu, the Goose or Cat of Theban Amen, the Ram of the Creator Khnum, the Bull Apis of Ptah, the Bull of Ra at Heliopolis, the Goat of Osiris at Mendes, and the whole species of each of these animals were sacred to the people who worshipped the god in question.¹ On the territory of the nome where the Bull of Ptah was worshipped, anyone who killed a bull was put to death. But since Osiris was not worshipped as a goat in that nome, no consideration need be shown to goats there.

As Tutankhamen thought of these religious traditions of his people, he saw fully how his father's ideal must have offended the deepest sentiments of the masses. The worship of Aten, high in the sky, leaving little men to their fate far below on earth, left a disheartening impression of spiritual emptiness on Egyptians who were used to living surrounded by gods who for thousands of years, under the sceptre of

¹ Their bodies were mummified, and another bull or ram was sought, "recognized," consecrated, and made to "go up into the sanctuary." For example, from Mariette's excavations of the necropolis of Apis Bulls (the Serapeum at Memphis), we know that there was a kind of line of these divine animals, 24 Apises succeeding one another in the temple of Ptah (Moret).

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Amen-Ra,¹ had shown compassion for all human weaknesses.

The reign of the gods, like those of mere mortals, was brief. Gradually their memory had faded from the memory of men until they were no more than various human manifestations of the King of the Gods. Amen, a subsidiary deity in the Temple of Mentu at Thebes, had suddenly revealed himself as the supreme lord of heaven and earth and had taken on the form of a statue of a man. By the voice of his priests and theologians, he had inspired the victorious endeavours of the Pharaohs who fought in his name for the unity and stability of the Empire. Thus he had reduced all the other gods to the condition of vassals. Just as the Nomarchs had continued to govern their districts, but under the sovereign overlordship of the Theban Pharaoh, so the gods still reigned in their special temples, but they had yielded the chief place to Amen, and had come together under the rule of the conquering god in his great temple at Karnak, where he held his court amid Ra and Nut and Ptah and Osiris.

The banks of the Nile slid by monotonously before the eyes of Tutankhamen. On his right was the Libyan range, steep and desolate, on his left, the Arabian, gentler and more distant. Between the river and the stern mountain rim, one vast plain followed another, varying in fertility, varying in crops, a gorgeous palette of blending colours—staring green of maize and tender green of oats, blazing gold of ripe wheat

¹ Juvenal's contempt for this Egyptian mysticism is famous. "Who does not know what monsters are adored by demented Egypt? One part worships the crocodile, another goes in awe of the ibis gorged with snakes. . . . Cats here, there fish of the river, and elsewhere dogs are venerated by whole cities; Diana by none. It is sacrilege to violate the leek and the onion, and to chew them in your jaws—how sainted are they whose gardens grow these divinities!" (*Sat.* xv).

and dull gold of rye. The Nile wound interminably through them like a great moving road between banks which themselves bore moving throngs—the magnificent highway of the Empire.

The royal flotilla made its way through countless craft of all kinds. At dawn and sunset, there were undecked fishing-boats everywhere, on which slaves busily handled huge nets and ducked under the master's whip. In the cool hours, handsome pleasure-boats appeared, *menethu*, like the royal dahabeeyah, bright with gilding and blue, red, and yellow paint, which cast vivid reflections on the muddy water; these were the Nile passenger-boats. Some, more richly decorated than the others, belonged to rich noblemen,¹ many of whom liked to show off their wealth in this manner.

According to the hour of the day, imposing lines of big barges went slowly up or down stream. They were round-bottomed, broad-hulled vessels, narrower at the two ends, low in front and very high aft, and decked all over, with a long covered cabin amidships. They were steered by one or two massive oars,² resting on a forked upright and each controlled by a steersman. They had a huge mast, 26 feet high, made in one piece or, sometimes, formed of two smaller masts a little way apart, tightly bound together at the top and strengthened by cross-pieces below, which made it look like a ladder. There was a single sail,³ on one yard or to two, throwing its pink, shifting shadow on the fifty men and on the pilot as he took soundings from the bow.

¹ Papyrus Anastasi IV, 8, translated by Chabas.

² Tomb of Api at Saqqara, now in the Giza Museum.

³ Pyramid of Unas I, 569-85; transport of troops by Uni under Pepi I Meriri (inscription of Uni); Maspero, *De quelques navigations des Égyptiens*.

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Of these boats, all much alike, some were carrying reinforcements for the army in Syria; others were taking food, arms, or building-materials down to the Delta, where they would be transhipped on to other vessels, not unlike them but better suited for the sea, which would take them to Tyre or Byblos; yet others were going the same way as the royal flotilla, with slaves for Pharaoh's harem or workshops, chariots, jars full of Kharu wines, Singar liqueurs, and Garu beer, cedars from Lebanon, and firs from Cilicia and Syria, which would be given out to the carpenters for making furniture or sarcophagi. Some of these heavy barges, sunk in the water down to the gunwale, were loaded with ingots of bronze, lead, and iron.¹ Others were perfect Noah's Arks, full of lowings and bleatings and cluckings; these came from Syria, and carried menageries of astonishing variety—oxen from Alashiya, Isabella-coloured bears from Lebanon, elephants, green monkeys, gaudy birds, horses from Singar, smaller horses from Syria, and Hittite bulls or stallions.

So Tutankhamen began to learn all the resources of his kingdom.

From the Nile, which was its great artery, he could see the vestiges which still remained of the ancient organization of the country, based on the patch-work of nomes which had been like little kingdoms until Thebes established her dominion by conquest. The pattern of that feudal system remained, but it had been harmoniously merged in the larger design of the Imperial administration. Men who were now loyal officials of Pharaoh were descended from the families of unruly Nomarchs who had been in perpetual revolt against the central authority, and had, in 2360, completed the ruin of the autocratic Memphite Kingdom

¹ Dümichen, *Resultate*, vol. i.

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by a revolution, the democratic tendencies of which had been exploited by Thebes to ensure her own fortunes and those of her god Amen.

The magic of the setting sun was clothing the banks of the river in its opulence, when Tutankhamen espied, far ahead, the Nome of Panopolis, stately and impassive, allowing the glory of the light to adorn it. The mountains, in their mantle of dark purple, were now a distant land. The landscape was simplified under the too direct glare, its lines took on a languorous beauty, and there was the Nome of the Sycamore. The boat slowed down and the Nile shivered under the evening breeze as they came to a port crowded with goods and humming with life—Siut, the ancient capital of the nome. At the sight of the royal vessel, the men on the banks kneeled in the dust and nosed the ground.

Tutankhamen looked curiously at these little ancient kingdoms which were now under his authority. His Viziers lived by the side of the local princes, the "Governors of Castles" descended from the Nomarchs, in fine royal palaces whose noble proportions were full of equilibrium and strength. And by them stood the majestic temples of the local gods, a refuge of beliefs older than history with their magic and primitive ritual. He could not avoid a feeling of interest and respect, in the presence of the hard-dying traditions which, not without grandeur, had withstood conquest and even revolution. Before the remnants of that past which his father had tried to destroy, he, the modern man, felt what lost treasures were there, of peace, of strength, and of wisdom. In his heart the sentiment was no longer a vague nostalgia, but a political argument. It would grow yet stronger, when the Viziers came to Thebes, once a year, to bring His Majesty the taxes in kind—cattle, corn, ivory, giraffes, and

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rings of gold, silver, and bronze—to enrich the royal treasury.¹ These little fallen kingdoms still seemed so well organized, each with its army contingent and its special life, quite different from that of the next nome, that Tutankhamen also perceived what a danger these fallen princes, strongly rooted in the soil and powerful in war, might be to the power of Pharaoh if it was eclipsed for a moment or broke loose from ancient customs.

The plains stretching away, without other adornment than that of the light or other charms than those of silence, spoke more eloquently than the splendours of Thebes or Akhetaten of the deep, universal soul of eternal Egypt. Tutankhamen listened to the true voice of the countryside, while nothing could be seen of the busy port of Siut but the Temple of the Jackal, now a small pink blur against the sky. Now his dreams were fed by the hypogea of dead and gone Nomarchs, stretching endlessly along the bank, fringing the river with memories of the past and lessons for the future. He fell asleep under the canopy of the starry night, lulled by the slow beat of the oars. Nature, like his soul, was now all submission, effacement, and silence.

The sun was already high over the sky-line, and a dull murmuring noise came over the water towards the royal flotilla. Pharaoh woke up. The sounds became more definite, and there before him, rising like a mirage, was a city, lounging carelessly under the caress of the sun. It was the greatest city of the Empire after Thebes, holy Abydos. Little by little, in its hedge of giant palms, the city took shape in all the glory of its mellow beauty. A huge temple dominated the massed

¹ Each corresponding to about £1,000.

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whiteness of monuments and palaces. In it lay the body of Osiris.¹

Tutankhamen's soul was drawn by the divine legend; he was glad to fix his piety on the Man-god instead of losing himself in abstractions. With fervent adoration he wept over the death of the husband of Isis at the hands of Set, Osiris whose members, scattered in seventy pieces, had been carefully gathered together by Isis and Anubis the Jackal, to be preserved for ever, the imperishable body of an imperishable soul. As God of the Dead, equal to Amen, was not Osiris the only one of the old gods whom his father Amenophis IV had revered? All Egyptians for centuries had come "to live for eternity" by the side of "Him."

He looked beyond the city to the cemeteries, crowded together in the shadow of the god, and in that city of the dead he saw a whole people of living men engaged in the upkeep of the tombs. He knew that it was there, on the hills in which the sarcophagi were buried, in the huge temple, and in every temple of Osiris in the kingdom, that the Divine Mysteries were enacted, the scenes of the human life of the god, his passion, his resurrection, his mummification. The *menoi* had told of the magnificence of these ceremonies ever since the great Thothmes III had embellished the Temple of Osiris at Abydos. Isis herself had instituted the Mysteries. She wished that the battles and misfortunes through which she had been before her husband took on eternal life should not fall into silence and oblivion, and that these very holy mysteries "should serve as a lesson in piety and consolation to women who went through the same ordeals."²

¹ The whole story of Osiris is engraved in the Pyramids. There are also valuable, though much later, accounts by Plutarch and Diodoros.

² Plutarch.

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The boat went on its way, further and further south. There was something immense and simple in the monotony of the landscape.

Suddenly the river made a great bend. The wind brought a confused echo of joyful noise; it became clearer, the dinning cacophony of mystical, voluptuous intoxication. A long line of boats came into sight. "Men sail together with women, and there is a great mass of each in every boat. Some of the women have castanets, which they play, and the men blow flutes all the way, and the rest of the men and women sing and clap their hands."¹ They were boats of merry pilgrims, come to Dendera for the Feast of Hathor.

The city appeared, pink brick terraces dominated by a temple. This was Dendera, the capital of the VIth Nome, and the temple was that of Hathor, the goddess with the cow's horns. Men were not allowed within the precinct, where only beautiful priestesses and daughters of Pharaoh might go to pay the goddess the incense of love and joy.

Tutankhamen saw a whole people possessed by a mad intoxication, crowned with flowers; it stood massed on the bank as the boats touched ground. Then a terrific din of cymbals and tambourines arose. Priestesses, swaying to the noise of the instruments, showed the sacred statues to the crowd. The dancing-women of the goddess, carried away by the frantic rhythm, waved their arms and kicked up their legs at a pace bordering on frenzy. In front of them, the Danga dwarfs with huge straw Pharaoh's crowns on their heads turned somersaults, tore their clothes, ducked, sprang up, and jerked like marionettes. A procession of masked priests came by, chanting. Everything was mixed, burning religion and wild sensuality. On the boats,

¹ Herodotos, ii, 60.

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the women were infected by the holy, voluptuous delirium. "Some go on singing and playing castanets, some shout insults at the women in the town, some dance, and some stand and lift up their skirts."¹ The sacred orgy became sheer madness, and was augmented every moment by new worshippers.

Tutankhamen knew that several times a year his subjects loved thus to collect in crowds of one or two hundred thousand, to go on pious pilgrimages, drinking, dancing, and singing for five or six days on end.

For a long way his dahabeeyah was followed by the sounds of revelry and howling, the ritual exuberance of the life of Egypt which delighted in feasts and orgies.

On and on went the royal flotilla, on its way to Thebes. Now boats going up stream and boats coming down crowded thick, travelling gunwale to gunwale in a solid mass of colour, and the reciprocities of abusive boatmen became deafening. The water of the river could no longer be seen, and for miles the Nile was like a huge building-yard. The stifling air reeked of frankincense, myrrh, and cinnamon. Coptos grilled in the sun. This was the nearest town to the Red Sea, the great market of trade with Arabia, the countries of the South, and Somaliland. Here the commerce of the whole Empire came pouring in. Boatmen unloaded bales, to be distributed among caravans of donkeys, which would take the goods in four or five days over the desert to Kosseir on the Red Sea; there Egyptian ships would take them on and convey them to the shores of Asia, while the caravans returned to Coptos, laden with wares from Punt or the Divine Lands, gums, aromatic bark, cinnamon, gold, ivory, ebony, green monkeys, and little giraffes. Tutankhamen amused himself watching the dockmen

¹ *Ibid.*

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loading boats at the quayside, while other boats got under way, some going down to Memphis and others going up to Thebes and Aswan.

Yet the prosperity of Coptos was on the wane, for trade with the Red Sea had been more difficult since the religious revolution. The ravaging Beduins had very soon profited by the relaxing of the energy of the Egyptian police to rob caravans, and the desert routes were less safe, if not altogether impracticable. Even the shores of the Indian Ocean, stirred by the wind of rebellion which was blowing over the Empire, had become inhospitable to Egyptian mariners.

The present governor of Coptos, Rahetep, a devout worshipper of Min, whose great temple could be seen in the distance, came to nose the ground before his young master. He told him of the distress of the city, and, to gratify him, informed him that the famous studios of the town, which had supplied reliefs to all the sanctuaries of the kingdom for centuries, were finishing the effigies of Amenophis III for the temple at Karnak and were just putting those of Tutankhamen himself in the stocks.¹

Night had come, and the valley of Thebes was near, but the moonlight was not strong enough to show things at their full importance. Tutankhamen, full of anxiety, stared at the pale, dim horizons till he was weary. But, though details could not be seen, he could better appreciate, in the impalpable light, the grand foresight which had led the Pharaohs, his ancestors of the XIIth Dynasty, to choose this vast, fertile valley in which to establish the seat of their Empire. Protected on the west by the Libyan Mountain, with its ravines and corries, it was an ideal centre and strong

¹ Petrie, *Koptos*, London, 1896. They were the best workshops in the kingdom for reliefs.

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point, from which Egypt might send forth her armies, south or north to repel the invader and east to penetrate into the heart of Asia. Not only did it control the roads by which the gold of the mountains travelled between the Nile and the Red Sea, but it was the terminus of the caravan-routes from the Sudan, rich in gold-dust.

Once they had brought the war of liberation to a successful conclusion, driving the invaders from the Delta, the Pharaohs had had no difficulty in guiding the wealth of the conquered into their Theban warehouses. There lay the heart of trading and conquering Egypt. It was a natural market between land and sea, between Africa and Asia, a fortified camp from which the armies had gone forth to subdue the peoples beneath the menace of Pharaoh, from the mountains of Abyssinia to those of Cilicia.

There a god had been worshipped in the most distant days, who had protected the amazing fortune of Egypt ever since the Pharaohs had chosen Thebes as their capital and had given a share of their material success to Amen, the Good God.

The rising sun of the following day shone on a dazzling assemblage of colonnades and buildings of white limestone, hewn out of the Libyan Mountain, piled a hundred and thirty feet above the left bank—Der el-Bahari.¹

From the water, a gentle incline led through an avenue of rams to a terrace, the columns of which were framed in fig-trees and persea; other slopes gave access to other terraces, with courts full of plants, in the midst of which water leapt and chattered in faience

¹ Mariette, *Deir el-Bahari*; Naville, *Deir el-Bahari*.

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basins: Then, overwhelming all with its immense bulk, a low temple lay spread along the crest. This was the funerary temple of Hatshepsut, the great Queen, the daughter of Thothmes I, her who loved power and was resolved to rule, at a time when the throne of Egypt had never been occupied by a woman. Tutankhamen could not forget that it was she who, by her ambition, first made the power of the priesthood of Amen, when she asked it to consecrate her as Daughter of Amen¹ by a divine pedigree and new rites. Had she not, by so doing, given her successors into the hands of the powerful priesthood of the Theban god, and completed the surrender of the power of her dynasty? Since then, who could be a king, and who could be a god, unless the priests so decided? The royal dahabeeyah went on, leaving behind it that vision of a past which awoke tragic anguish in Tutankhamen's mind.

Gradually, the two mountain ranges fell apart, the desert widened its golden girdle, giving place to beautiful cultivated land, and the Nile, which had been peaceful since Dendera, rolled along at a majestic pace, dallying in the sands, where it lazily spread itself out into a broad sheet of water. Palms, acacias, fig-trees, and sycamores gathered in a green symphony, and covered the east bank with an increasing shadiness. On the other bank, the skyline was bounded by a mass of barren, steep ridges; there lay the mysterious hidden valley, the Land of the Dead, towards which Tutankhamen turned his eyes. In the folds of the rocky

¹ See Chap. VII for an account of this celestial childbed. As sole Queen of Egypt, Hatshepsut wore the ritual false beard and dressed like a man. She was a daughter of Thothmes I and married her brother Thothmes III, but for a time she kept the power to herself. Her famous coronation by the priests at Karnak is depicted on the reliefs of the temple at Der el-Bahari.

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spurs he could see the Valley of the Queens and the Valley of the Kings, "the Road where the Sun Goes Down," as the common people called it. Over there he would dig a tomb for his father Amenophis IV, whose mummy he would bring here, and one for himself, later.

Still the flotilla went on. Two granite giants arose, dominating the plain—the colossal seated statues of his grandfather Amenophis III, which seemed to watch him as he passed.¹

At last, before him, on his left, there was a jungle of pylons, obelisks, and other gigantic monuments—Karnak, Amen's city, and Luxor, with its shining white buildings standing yet more delicately against the sky. Beyond them, there were five or six small towns. And all this varied collection was Thebes, the centre of the world.

Tutankhamen was fifteen years old, and he was of a very frail constitution; everything that we know of him tells us that he was a weak youth. It is probable that at the sight of the overwhelming splendours of Thebes he was invaded by a deep fear, which may even have overcome his reason.

The priests of Amen who had gone to Akhetaten had very rapidly instructed him in the many daily duties, some trifling and others important, which would fall on him now that he was going to be consecrated Son of Amen, of Amen who would say to him, as he had said to his grandfather Amenophis III, "O my son, born of my loins, my well-beloved, my living image, I have raised you up to be the sole lord of the peoples."

He was afraid. All his life as Pharaoh and as a

¹ The colossi of Memnon described in the following chapter.

man henceforward belonged to the god. Decisions, laws, expeditions, journeys, for everything Pharaoh's will was bound for ever to that of the high-priest, who would every morning convey the god's commands to him. What apprehensions tormented him at the thought of finding himself in the midst of the priests, the people which his father had persecuted for fifteen years, and which hated him, the son of the iconoclast ! In the temple, the priests were already waiting to crown him¹ according to the unchangeable rites, and dread entered his heart at the thought of that interview with his divine father, to whom he must devoutly pay the first homage, denying his past and his human father.

After the dahabeeyah had gone past some miles of bank covered with huge buildings, whose massive effect was only relieved by the points of obelisks, Tutankhamen saw a radiant avenue of regular white columns, shaped like papyrus-flowers. They rose from the river towards wide porticoes, at once graceful and severe. The luminous mass of the great Temple of Amen dominated them, an impressive block with a side of 160 feet, weighing down on Luxor with all the authority of buildings which defy time like the beliefs which have inspired them. This temple, which was built there by the wish of Amenophis III, seemed to Tutankhamen in its glorious majesty to have taken possession of the place, once and for all. Inside those

¹ For the coronation of kings by the gods, see Moret, *Du caractère religieux de la royauté pharaonique*. The gods (that is, their priests) indeed made the whole life of a Pharaoh, first intervening in his very origins by bringing him "into the day," as we have seen with Hatshepsut (all this indispensable preliminary Tutankhamen had missed), and then by introducing him to the kingship (this was about to begin for Tutankhamen).

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open doors, in the mysterious darkness which awaited him and already filled him with dread, behind the forest of columns, under the stone roof supported by thirty-two massive pillars, reliefs had already been carved, bearing witness to his divine descent from Amen in carnal union with the wives of the Kings.

The royal flotilla approached the landing-place,¹ and Tutankhamen could hear a deep murmuring noise, swelling like a sea before a storm. It was the sixty thousand inhabitants of the plain of Thebes, not allowed into the city by the police, who were running along the avenues of giant rams and sphinxes to meet the Pharaoh who had come back to them.²

He was standing on the sacred soil. In the great avenue, guarded along all its length by rams, rose a solid cloud of dust. Trumpets blared. The army, which, with the priesthood, was responsible for his return, had come to seek its King and enter the temple with him according to old custom. With a deafening jingling of metal the tiny chariots, bristling with spears and javelins, dashed up at a furious pace, drawn by little Syrian horses and driven by Princes of the Empire, dagger in belt. It was the famous chariotry of Egypt,³

¹ Tutankhamen must have landed at Luxor, which had the best arranged quays. That, as we shall see, was where vassals landed and re-embarked when they brought tribute, e.g. the Prince of Kush.

² From the many reliefs at Luxor and Karnak, the accounts of Horemheb's entry into Thebes eight years later, and the reliefs of his triumph at Gebel Silsila, we can picture Tutankhamen's arrival in the capital of his ancestors and house of his god.

³ The horse was unknown in Egypt before the invasion of the Hyksos, who introduced it from Syria. It first appears in the tomb of Pakeri, shortly after that time. It was, indeed, to their chariots that the Hyksos owed their rapid conquest of Egypt. After that the Pharaohs kept studs in the chief cities. In the army the officer in charge of horses was a great man.

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the terror of the ancient world.¹ Behind them marched a body of men in wigs of narrow plaits, surmounted by huge ostrich-feathers; these were the higher officers. They bore no arms; as they passed before Pharaoh they lowered the great fly-flappers which were their emblems of rank. Suddenly Pharaoh's nostrils were assailed by a powerful stench of sweat; the dust grew thicker, rolling along the ground in a dark cloud, from which the pikes of the spearmen emerged; then came the fifes, followed by the heavy mass of the Negro infantry in white waist-cloths,² flanked on right and left by a file of graceful archers, bearing bow, quiver, arrows, and boomerang.

All these troops were animated by the determination of Horemheb, fighting on the Syrian borders. It was he who had insisted on this demonstration, that the priests might not have the whole glory and profit, at his expense, of the return of the young King to the ways of his fathers.

Tutankhamen sat on a great gold throne which twelve officers lifted on to their shoulders, with squads of infantry on all sides.³ The band struck up; short bugles, long drums beaten with the fist, and rattling sistrums sent up a fanfare of triumph on the air. In front of the throne shaven-headed priests clad in panther-skins walked backwards, raising their golden censers towards the face of the little sovereign, who was now impassive as granite. So Tutankhamen went up,

¹ Chariots had been imported from Syria, but the Egyptians proceeded to make them for themselves. They were extremely light, and every man had to be able to carry his on his shoulders. There is a perfect specimen in the Florence Museum.

² The Negro infantry was recruited chiefly among the Mazaiu of Kush, south of the Second Cataract.

³ Triumph of Horemheb, at Gebel Silsila. Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii, p. 351.

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like all his forbears and successors, into the capital of his fathers, while the Theban mob, breaking through the cordon of troops, shouted its welcome in one great uproar.

Sitting in hieratic, nervous immobility on his throne, which swayed to the slow pace of its bearers, Tutankhamen was carried into a wide avenue, while the gentle beat of the fans sent the light fumes from the censers coiling about him.¹ Between the palms were sphinxes in a long line, one impenetrable face after another repeating their riddle like an obsession. On his right a long circuit wall ran as far as he could see, and above it rose the temple built by Amenophis III to Mut, the wife of Amen, shining in the light; it was almost surrounded by the slumbering waters of a sacred lake. There was a long succession of courts, in which hundreds of statues of black granite were arrayed as if in battle,² effigies of the lion-headed goddess Sekhmet, who devoured the first men. There was something frightening in the very number of them.

Again the sphinxes gave place to rams, in an avenue which ran due east. The people, in a thick living hedge, yelled the usual acclamations. Now Tutankhamen was below two gigantic pylons. They soared giddily towards the sky on either side of the door which gave entrance to the precinct of the god,³ a vast area of sixty acres, covered with temples, colonnades, and

¹ I have supposed that, coming from Luxor, Tutankhamen must have gone to the secret parts of the temple as follows: along the avenue of sphinxes, leaving the Temple of Mut on the right, along the eastern avenue of rams, past what is now the tenth pylon (of Horemheb) before the temple of Amenophis II, the eighth pylon (of Hatshepsut), and the sixth (of Thothmes IV), and so into the central court of the temple (plan in Baedeker).

² Mariette, *Karnak*, text, pp. 4, 14-15.

³ At present the pylon of Horemheb.

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pylons, a forest of granite. It was the city of the "eternal goods" of Amen, established eternally in its massive splendour, the gigantic kingdom where the ancestral god lived surrounded by his court of the gods whom Egypt had worshipped in the past.

The procession carried Tutankhamen round the temple of Amenophis II, between the two pylons of Thothmes I, flanked by colossal statues of the other kings of that name, and past yet more pylons and obelisks, till they came to the central court, where there was a whole world swarming under colonnades, in front of porticoes and temples, and round fountains of plashing water. These were the people of Amen, his Prophets, his Supervisors, his Divine Fathers, his Priests before Amen, his Priests in Charge of the Secrets of the Domain, his lictors of various classes, his masters of ceremonies, his brazier-bearers, a divine aristocracy, mingling with the crowd of stewards of all the god's estates, and officials of every class, and scribes of every rank, besides the draughtsmen, sculptors, goldsmiths, boat-builders, and chief weavers of the god. Amen was indeed the lord of the Empire which, in this temple, appointed the chosen of its nobility and subjects to serve him.

The officers gently set down Pharaoh's throne in the middle of the central court. A white figure appeared against the blackness of the sanctuary and advanced through the pylons, alone in the glaring light, towards Tutankhamen; it was the high-priest of Amen, taking his revenge.¹ Oblivious of the past, scornful of the

¹ The inscriptions of the funerary statue of Bakenkhonsu now in the Glyptothek at Munich, translated by Devéria, tell us of the organization of the higher priesthood in the Temple of Amen at Thebes, the seat of a school of theology and philosophy. To become high-priest was the goal of a whole lifetime. At sixteen one became

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consecration at Akhetaten, he came to take the frail child, whom he dominated by his stature, that he might receive from the hands of his father Amen¹ the crown of Egypt which alone would lawfully consecrate his power over men.²

Then, to reach the secret doors of the temple, they set out upon a dreadful journey in a world of huge size and icy darkness. Shivering, Tutankhamen went through porticoes and pylons, temples and hypostyle halls, until they came to the mysterious sanctuary, inaccessible to men, the Great Room. There the Pharaohs had been crowned since Amen had ruled the world.

Before the black granite doorway, priests aspersed the bowed head of Pharaoh with lustral water, saying, "I purify you with this water, which gives life, health, and strength." Then they dressed him in the gorgeous traditional vestments of the priest-Pharaohs, made of such fine, light material that it seemed to envelop the

a Purifier for four years ; at twenty, a Divine Father for twelve years ; at thirty-two, a Third Prophet for fifteen years ; at forty-seven, a Second Prophet for twelve years ; lastly, at fifty-nine, First Prophet of Amen, or high-priest, for twenty-seven years.

¹ Behind the funerary statues of the high-priests the following was written : "O Prophets, Divine Fathers, Purifiers of the Dwelling of Amen, give flowers to my image and libations to my body ! I am he who utters truth, expounds the teaching of his God, and brings him near in his turn, who gives sweetness to the heart, who stretches out his hand to the unfortunate. The child or married man who enjoys life to-day as yesterday and to-morrow, let him stand behind me, for I am happy. From my youth until old age comes, I am in the sanctuary, in the dwelling of Amen, in the service of my God."

² These traditional ceremonies, which are described in minute detail in the reliefs in the temples at Der el-Bahari and Abydos and are discussed at length by Moret in his *Rituel*, astound one by the infinite mysticism which they reveal and by the complicated detail of the rites.

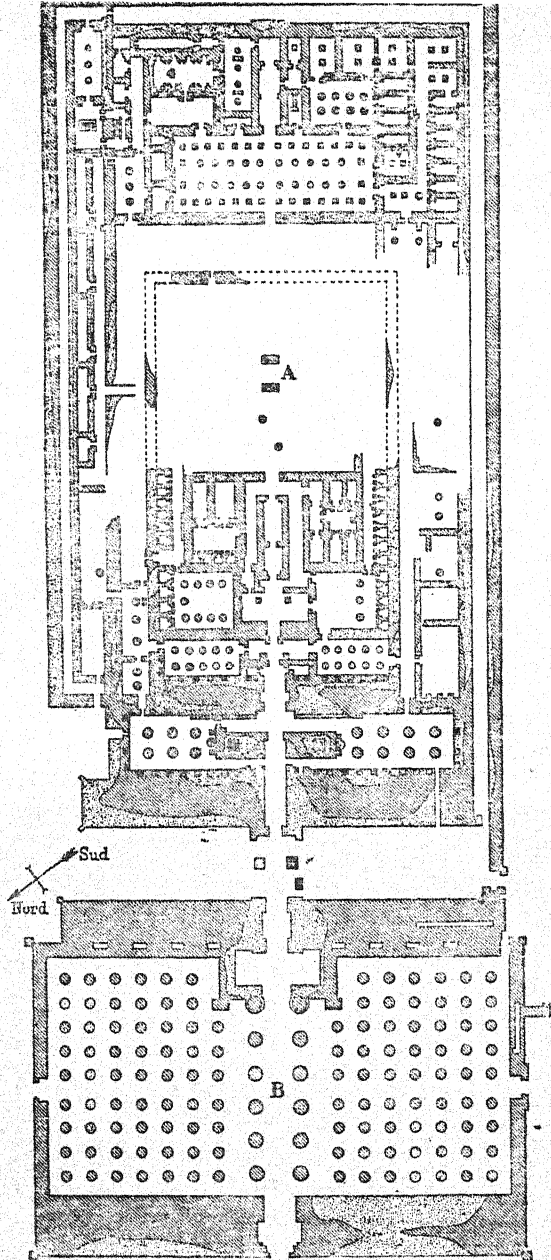


FIG. 5.—PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK UNDER THE RAMESSIDS.
Under Tutankhamen none of B existed.

From Maspero.

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naked body in a transparent mist—short kilt, loose mantle over the shoulders, and a jackal's tail hanging from the belt to the bottom of the loins. They gave him the divine instruments which symbolized sovereignty, the crook, the whip, and the sceptre, which he had only received from Aten by a sacrilegious heresy. To his chin they attached, for the rest of his life, a little false beard of gold with an upturned end, a special honour reserved for kings and gods.¹

Thus adorned, he entered the vast Hall of the Feast of the Royal Diadem, where the coronation ceremony would be held.² Priests wearing huge masks of hawks and greyhounds, personifying Horus, the god of Lower Egypt, and Set, the god of Upper Egypt, placed upon the pale brow of the young Pharaoh first the White Crown of Upper Egypt and then the Red Crown of Lower Egypt. Together these two formed the *pschent*, the headdress which the Pharaohs had worn ever since Menes had first united the two kingdoms of Horus and Set under his rule.³ On the front of the band was the cobra head of the golden Uræus, the symbol of the god's mysterious thoughts, the instrument of his wrath and secret purposes. At critical moments it spat flames, and in battle it killed Pharaoh's enemies;

¹ Other Egyptians had to be content with a square one.

² The band which held the crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt on the King's brow. Their two feathers were the essential part of the royal emblem. The Feast of the Diadem renewed the coronation of the King.

³ Tradition relates that at the beginning of time Egypt was a single kingdom, over which four gods, Ra, Shu, Geb, and Osiris, reigned in succession. Osiris was treacherously killed by his brother Set, his son Horus rose against the murderer, and war raged until Geb divided the country amicably between the rivals. Set got the Valley and Horus the Delta, and each part henceforward had its own king and emblems. The protecting deity of the Delta was a snake, Wazet; that of the South a vulture, Nekhebt.

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through it, the crowns of the South and North had supernatural virtues, which no mortal could withstand.

"I establish thy dignity for thee as King of the North," Horus proclaimed, and was echoed by Set, "I establish thy dignity for thee as King of the South." Tutankhamen might reign over the Two Kingdoms



FIG. 6.—CORONATION OF SETI I. ABYDOS.

From Moret.

without fear; at last he held the crowns of his empire from their lawful and eternal owners. To assert his power by natural symbols, the priests arranged under his throne the papyrus and the lotus, the plants of the North and of the South respectively. In accordance with the rites of the Sam-taui, the voice of Horus was heard again: "I bind the Two Lands beneath thee at

thy feet, that the Anu of Nubia¹ and the Southerners of Ethiopia may come to thee, and that thy Majesty may be stable." Set added: "O my son, Lord of the Crowns, Tutankhamen, I bind the Lotus and the Papyrus for thee, to bring the Two Lands to thee, who hast the creative voice, and all the countries of the plains and the mountains under the feet of thy Majesty for ever."²

In all the glory of his divine and human majesty, Tutankhamen left the Great Room for the Royal Rising and the divine embrace.³ The solemn procession, preceded by priests holding up the divine ensigns which were the living incarnations of the gods, wound in silence through the festival hall of Thothmes III to the Holy of Holies of pink granite, whose four monumental papyrus-shaped columns supported a roof lost in shadows.

Here there was no room for the inexpressible desires of human passion; here nothing could be expressed but submission to the god. Tutankhamen had to surrender, conquered by weariness or emotion.⁴ Prostrate before the stone shrine in which the god dwelt, he broke the two clay seals of the heavy door with a trembling hand.⁵ There was nothing inside but a small statue of gilded wood, incrusting with gems. The god was sitting on a throne, and wore an enormous

¹ A barbarous people of that region.

² *Bas-reliefs d'Abydos*, i, pl. xxxi a.

³ The many examples of the solemn crowning with the *Sma Tau* crowns dating from the Græco-Roman period show that the religious ceremonies of the coronation were maintained by the Ptolemies and Cæsars.

⁴ The inscription and relief at Der el-Bahari give a detailed account of this ritual ceremony in the case of his successor Horemheb, eight years later.

⁵ *Deir el-Bahari*, iii, pl. lix.

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headdress surmounted by two ostrich-feathers. In the darkness, his enamel eyes shone fixedly like those of a stupid or horrible mask.

Tutankhamen backed instinctively as the statue, pushed by the high-priest, advanced to the door of its shrine, took him in its jointed arms, and pressed him to its heart, to transmit the vital fluid to him.¹ In that solemn moment, he heard his own heart beating fast in the silence. The embrace was an agony to him,

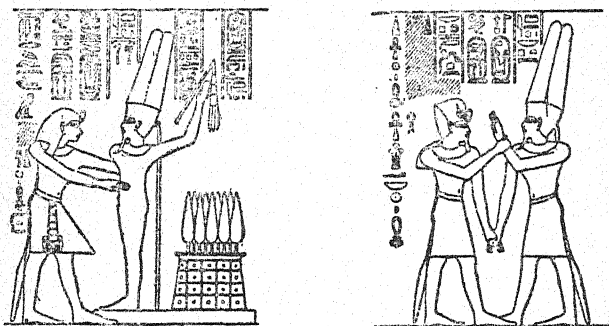


FIG. 7.—THE KING WORSHIPPING AMEN. DER EL-BAHARI.

From Moret.

as if death were seizing him already, to take him far from the world of the living. The crown suddenly weighed more heavily, as the divine automaton jerkily pressed it on to his head, and above the drumming of his blood came the high-priest's voice, so close and yet so far away:² "I have established thy crown with my own hands, I have embraced thy flesh, giving it life and strength, the fluid of life behind thee, peace and health. I have given thee all the lands, all the

¹ Moret, *Du caractère religieux de la royauté pharaonique*.

² Coronation of Rameses II.

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mountains, that is all encircled by the course of the sun in the sky; that is all under the empire of thy countenance."

Tutankhamen knew that he must answer. His voice stuck in his throat; his pale lips uttered an indistinct murmur: "Thou hast set me on thy throne, thou hast given me thy kingship by decree . . . thou hast transmitted to me what thou didst create . . . I shall renew all that is pleasing to thy heart."¹ Apart from the conquests which contributed masses of beauty to the magnificence of his cult and spread his spiritual authority among the barbarous peoples, making their crude deities obey him, what was above all pleasing to Amen was the daily worship paid to his glory by Pharaoh, subjecting his human authority to the wishes of the god—and his priests. Innumerable rites, under whose complexity lay a realistic symbolism, made up the ceremony by which Pharaoh every day returned to Amen the divine fluid which he had received from him, by providing maintenance for the soul and body of the god in the shape of earthly gifts.

In the dark sanctuary, only lit from the doorway with the ebony doors, Tutankhamen set about dressing the little idol. With lifted hands he offered the lotuses, the frankincense, the water, and the fire. Rising, he took the god in his arms that their two souls might be as one. "I am come to embrace thee, I press thy mouth," murmured the obedient son of Amen. Then he closed the shrine, inside which the idol resumed its profound meditations, and stepped backwards out

¹ The form of the reply of Pharaohs to the gods given in a decree of Ptah, which must have been simply an imitation of many previous such replies. Naville, *Le Décret de Phtah Totunen en faveur de Ramsès II et de Ramsès III*, in *Trans. Soc. Biblical Archaeology*, vii, p. 126.

of the sanctuary.¹ Had Amen forgotten and forgiven his previous misfortunes? The young Pharaoh had not dared to look into the fixed, queerly gleaming eyes.

Trembling, he returned to the dark hall and performed the same rites a second time.² As King of Upper and of Lower Egypt he officiated doubly, for his two kingdoms. But the daily ritual was not yet ended.³ With a slow deference, dissembling his fears, he lightly touched the eyes and mouth of the god with a magic wand, to release the eternal soul from its material covering, and then painted and anointed the latter with sweet oil and perfumes. Behind the shrine priests appeared, with jewels taken from the treasures stored in the property-room, and with these Tutankhamen decked out the lifeless statue before replacing it on its throne. He prostrated himself a last time, and, as an exhortation to his own troubled soul rather than to the impassive deity, he stammered "Be at peace!"

Before withdrawing, he gave the Offering, according to the ancient tradition of the Pharaohs. That the return of the prodigal might be marked by unusual pomp, he had ordered that the first meal which he offered to his father Amen should be full of every delight.⁴ In solemn procession, the priests carried the god, in another shrine, on the divine boat, to the Hall of Offerings. Drinks and eatables were presented to the god one after another, to be subsequently consumed by the priests. "Come, thou, to

¹ Papyrus in Berlin and texts from the temple of Seti I at Abydos.

² Schiaparelli, *Abydos*, i, p. 52.

³ Moret, *Caractère*, and *Rituel*, for the texts of Abydos, Luxor, etc., in which these ceremonies are described in detail.

⁴ Every morning, in every temple in the Empire, Pharaoh offered his meal to the god, and the priesthood lived on these divine offerings.

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this bread which is thine; thou shalt never hunger more," Tutankhamen promised, and the priests thought of the hungry days of Amenophis IV.¹ A crimson pool spread on the pavement, as bulls, rams, and geese were sacrificed. The sacred "dining-room"² filled with priests. "I give thee thousands of loaves, thousands of liquids," the King repeated emphatically, before the greedy throng.³ On the threshold of the little stone house, Amen seemed

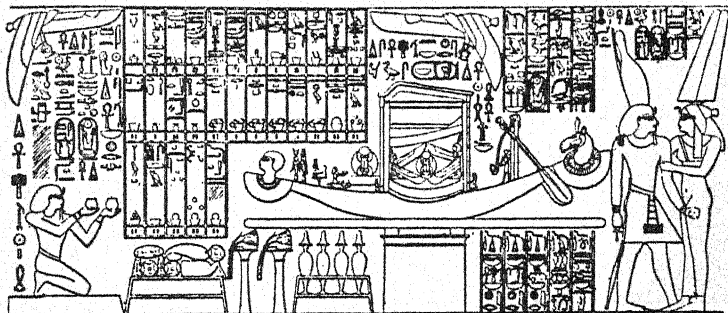


FIG. 8.—SETI I GIVING THE OFFERING. ABYDOS.

From Moret.

gratified by the sight of all the offerings, and the dreadful mask of his motionless face grew softer in the smoke of altars and censers.

Tutankhamen recovered some of his assurance, and with a steadier voice he intoned his first hymn to the glory of his god.⁴

¹ Naville, *Festival Hall of Osorkon II at Bubastis* (London, 1892), ii, pl. iv.

² *Abydos*, i, pll. xxxvi and xlii; illustration in Moret, p. 171.

³ Schiaparelli, *Abydos*, pl. xlv.

⁴ Hymn preserved at Leyden.

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"All the lands are under thy fear. Thy name is high, mighty, and strong.

Euphrates and Ocean fear thee, and thy power rules the regions in the Isles in the midst of the seas.

The people of Punt come to thee, and if the Eastland, where the spice-trees grow, is green, it is from love of thee.

They bring their perfumes to make the air sweet in thy temples on feast-days.

The ships sail on the seas and they travel for thee."

The rites were done. Placing the clay seal on the shrine,¹ Tutankhamen went out through the divine door, beyond which mortal men awaited him. To rejoin the escort which was to conduct him across the Nile to the palace of his grandfather Amenophis III, where his father had been born and he himself would reside, he again went through a chaos of monuments heaped up in Amen's city, the Temple of Karnak. Monuments, stelæ, pylons, obelisks, crowded, jostled, invaded every space with their luxuriant magnificence. Falling night clothed everything in a dark veil which, however, seemed transparent, so limpid was the sky. The hard stone fronts grew softer, and their lines less distinct, under the scintillating canopy. The effect of gigantic size, which dominated all things, was accentuated by the diffused light of the moon, which duplicated every massive building and pylon with a solid shadow.

Unutterable fear again took possession of Tutankhamen,² who felt minute amid all that immensity. He

¹ Inscription of Piankhi, in E. de Rougé, 125, pp. 21-2.

² Let us remember Champollion's remarks on Karnak: "At last I went to the palace of Karnak. There I saw all the magnificence of the Pharaohs, all the greatest conception and achievement of men. All that I had seen at Thebes, all that I had admired with enthusiasm on the left bank, seemed miserable in comparison with the gigantic conceptions which surrounded me. I should not attempt to describe

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hastened on his eerie way through the darkness of sanctuaries which kept the pious memory of past centuries and of the fabulous deeds of his forbears. It was all the more formidable to him because his father had brought him up in ignorance and contempt of this world where the mind knew no limits or frontiers, and tried to satisfy its spiritual impulses and human passions here in an uncanny atmosphere of divinity and magic. Here gods and men, living and dead, had collaborated

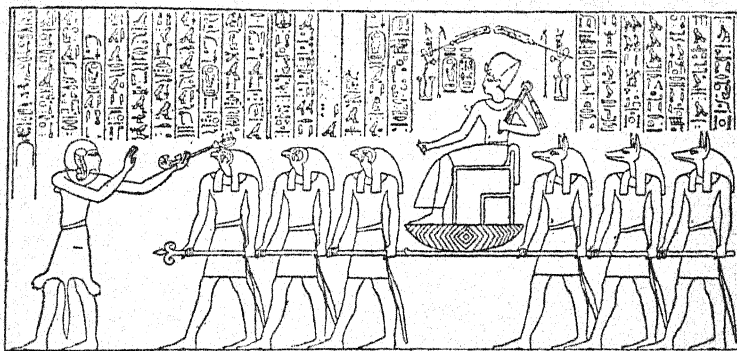


FIG. 9.—THE KING BORNE BY THE PRIESTS AFTER HIS CORONATION.
ABYDOS.

From Moret.

in a persistent communion which sought to build the future on the vestiges, preserved and consecrated, of a past of thousands of years.

it, for either my expressions would not be worth more than a thousandth part of what should be said of such things, or I should be taken for an enthusiast, perhaps a madman. It is enough to add that no people, ancient or modern, has conceived the art of architecture on so lofty, broad, and grand a scale as the old Egyptians. They had the conceptions of men a hundred feet high; the imagination, which soars far above our European porticoes, stops and falls powerless at the feet of the columns of Karnak."

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He could have run through the festival hall of Thothmes III,¹ which stretched before him as far as he could see, with its rows and rows of pillars whose tops vanished into dimness. This hall was a reproduction, petrified in granite, of the war-tent which the great conqueror had set up opposite every frontier of the continent of Asia. Here and there stood colossal statues of his ancestor, with the face of Osiris. Right and left, the darkness lay thick in a labyrinth of rooms, at times seeming to stir to allow a glimpse of other stone colossi, appearing for a moment like ghosts.

The procession went still faster, flying wildly through a world of sorcery. At last there was an opening to the free air. Before Tutankhamen was a sacred lake, holding the flawless mirror of its calm water to the moon, and also reflecting, in the quiet of the night, like the symbol of memory and happiness, the mingled shadows of the temple erected by Amenophis III and of a huge granite beetle, fifty feet high.

The view was once more blocked by the high walls of the temple dedicated by Thothmes III to the great servants of the kingdom, a Pantheon of the glories of Egypt, gloomy and cold as a tomb. Tutankhamen durst not even raise his eyes to the colossi of sandstone, limestone, or granite which kept impassive guard over his passing—ministers, architects, viziers, generals, stewards, admirals, and the rest. With a shiver, he

¹ I have supposed that the ceremonies must have taken place in the innermost Holy of Holies in the temple, almost in front of the funerary temple of Thothmes III. So Tutankhamen had to go right through the temple from east to west to get back to the central court and, by the pylon of Amenophis III (the present third pylon) to the river, over the ground afterwards covered by the Hypostyle Hall of Rameses II, the great court of Taharqa, and the temple of Seti II, down to the first (Ptolemaic) pylon and the terrace of sphinxes on the Nile.

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caught the varied cries of the sacred beasts, geese, rams, and bulls, roaming about free. Now and again, a shaft of pale light from some narrow opening fell on the reliefs on the walls, mysterious boats, endless processions, taking the mummies of Pharaohs to imaginary paradises where a bizarre world of gods with queer animal features welcomed them and put them through all kinds of ordeals. Opposite, there was Amen, tenderly embracing the Queens, Tutankhamen's ancestresses; from those embraces the great Pharaohs of Egypt had been born,¹ whom Tutankhamen could not tell one from another, for all were like their father Amen.

There was a heavy door cut in the black granite, opening on to a long, narrow hall, whose walls were covered with a lacework of precious inscriptions. These were the Annals of Thothmes III,² a long and glorious litany relating the liberalities of that King to Amen, who had inspired his victories. At the end was another door in the black granite, beside which Queen Hatshepsut seemed to wait, in a relief adorned with dazzling colours.

Tutankhamen's heart seemed to have shaken off its feeling of oppression. He entered a sanctuary of pink

¹ Maspero, after relating the divine birth of Amenophis III (of Amen and Queen Mutemuia), of Hatshepsut (of Amen and Queen Ahmasi), and, later, in the Ptolemaic period, of Ptolemy Cæsarion, advances the following theory: "When the royal line of pure Solar blood threatened to fail, the priests conceived the idea of making the god intervene in person, and taught that the child, son or daughter, to whom the sceptre next fell was directly begotten by Amen." But Professor Moret considers that the theogamy was a traditional rite for every Pharaoh. Hence the creation of the *mammisis* or birth-chambers in the temples, and the innumerable reliefs of the birth of the royal child and his suckling by the gods.

² The Second Hall of Annals of Thothmes III. See Baedeker.

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granite. On the altars, the sacred flotilla of Amen was set out in order, light boats of gold, inlaid with electrum and lapis-lazuli, delighting the eye with glinting colour and graceful form, a treasure without its like, which can only have been acquired at the cost of countless Asiatic campaigns bringing back much booty, successful forays in Ethiopia, and expeditions on the distant seas of the south. They lay in the silent darkness, waiting for the great procession which was held only once in a reign, when the lord of the world came among men. It went along the Nile as far as Luxor, and then returned, by the avenues of sphinxes and rams, to the Holy of Holies at Karnak. Tutankhamen's soul was full of gentle delight in this oasis, still pink in the twilight. The golden boats called him to some voyage to the enchanted Beyond, far from the imposing, austere majesty of the temples. Here he would raise his statue in the form of the god Amen.

But here was another colonnade, a line of pear-shaped shafts, leading him far from the rosy islands of his dreams. Two gigantic statues of Amen stood there, pillars of the world among the pillars of the hall. Beneath their eyes the tale of the victories which the god had allowed Thothmes III to win for Egypt lay for ever written along the walls. Tutankhamen could not read the hieroglyphics, but his ears still rang with the stories of war engraved on the stone, which he had heard from the *menoi*.¹ He remembered them well. The texts which were fading into the night had been inscribed here from the King's Journals, written by the scribes whom his ancestor had taken to the wars with him.²

¹ First Hall of Annals.

² The text of the first journal of a great campaign preserved by the ages.

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"The Egyptian army started from Tjaru on the 19th April, 1479, marched from there 147 miles over the desert in nine days to Gaza, and from there 106 miles in ten days to the country of Shephelah. Behold, the wretched defeated one of Kadesh entrenched himself in the fortress of Megiddo." "I shall not allow my victorious soldiers to march before me in this place," said the King, who took the head of his columns, bearing the image of his father Amen, who opened the way before him. Three days later, the whole army arrived at Taanach, before Megiddo. "Make ready, sharpen your weapons, for we are about to meet to fight that wretched defeated one."

In the King's tent was the "life-guard," the post of command. "Quarters are in good condition, Northern and Southern troops alike," said the generals repeatedly. The next day, the 14th May, the King rose at dawn. His Majesty dashed forth "on his electrum chariot, arrayed with all the ornaments of war, like Mentu, like Horus. His Majesty, with Amen, fortified men's hearts, and behold, His Majesty was mighty at the head of his soldiers. When the enemy saw His Majesty in his might, they fled towards Megiddo, jostling one another, with faces of terror, and they abandoned their horses and their chariots of gold and silver. The fear of His Majesty had entered their flesh and their arms were beaten down, for the Uræus of His Majesty had been mighty among them.

"The victorious soldiers of His Majesty began to count their captures. They took also the tent of the wretched defeated one of Kadesh, which was embroidered with silver. All the soldiers began to utter acclamations and did worship to Amen for the victories which he had given to his son that day, and they made prayers for His Majesty also. They counted the booty

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which they had taken, the hands cut off, the private parts cut off, the living prisoners, the horses, and the chariots of gold and silver adorned with paintings."

Slowly the whole glorious story unrolled in the mind of Tutankhamen as he prowled along the endless walls, crouching and afraid, in a darkness which every moment grew deeper and more burdensome to his terrified soul.

"His Majesty said to his troops, 'All the princes of the countries of the North who have rebelled are in the city; to take Megiddo is to take a thousand cities! So take it, stoutly!'" The Egyptians built works round the city until, driven by famine, it at last surrendered. Those works can hardly have defied the human imagination more than the piles of the monstrous city in which the frightened little Pharaoh was wandering.

"Behold, the princes of those countries came creeping on their bellies to nose the ground before His Majesty and to beg the breath of life for their nostrils, defeated by the strength of his sword and by the greatness and might of Amen over all foreign countries. All the defeated princes went by, laden with their tribute, and they were sent to the south." Tutankhamen repeated the list of booty from memory. "Three hundred and forty living prisoners, 2,041 horses and chariots mounted with gold, 940 fine breastplates, 502 bows, 1,929 cattle, 2,000 little goats, 20,000 sheep. . . ."¹ But he had come to the last conquests on the walls, those of 1460, the 42nd year of the reign of Thothmes III.

At last he was in the open air; in his eyes, everything was now vague in the light of the crescent moon which was rising in the sky of the city of worship, the world

¹ From Moret; translated by Sethe and Breasted.

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in which his people, which refused to change, had again found its eternal, impassible soul.

The escort silently led the child to the foot of a huge stele; then, very reverently, all moved away. He was left alone; and all the life of his people seemed to pass before him. Almost fainting, he read the hymn of supreme pride engraved by Thothmes III, to which the rays of the moon gave a fantastic relief on the cold stone.¹ In those divine, vehement utterances, he heard the voices, near and distant, of all the Egyptians who had toiled and fought to make the Empire which Amen had just entrusted to him, echoes coming down from over a thousand years,² outbursts of enthusiasm, confident affirmations of faith and love.

"I have come," the god says to Pharaoh. "I have granted that thou shouldst crush the Princes of Tjahi.

I cast them under thy feet among their mountains.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like a lord of radiant splendour,

When thou shinest in their faces in my shape.

"I have come. I have granted that thou shouldst crush those who are in the land of Asia (Setit),

And break the heads of the Amu of Lotanu.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty clad in thy adornment (of war)

When thou takest thy arms on thy chariot.

¹ The Egyptian poets never wrote a grander lyric. When Seti I ordered one after his glorious campaigns, the poets of his time were content to reproduce this one on the walls of the new temple, merely changing the names of the Pharaoh and his victories.

² This stele was discovered by Mariette, who published it in *Karnak*, and has been translated by Birch, de Rougé, Maspero, Brugsch, and Wiedemann. The above translation is from Maspero's.

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"I have come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush the East-land,
And invade them who are in the regions of the Land of the Gods (Punt, Abyssinia).

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like the Comet,
Which rains down the heat of its flame and sheds its dew.

"I have come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush the West-land,

Crete (Keftiu), and Cilicia (Asi), which are in thy fear.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like a young bull,
Strong of heart, with sharp horns, whom none can withstand.

"I have come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush them who are in their lands of Mitanni,

Who tremble under thy terror.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like a crocodile,
The lord of terrors, in the midst of the water, whom none can approach.

"I am come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush them who are in the Isles (Creto-Ægeans),

The peoples in the midst of the Very Green (Mediterranean),
who are assailed by thy roarings.

I grant that they should see Thy Majesty like the Avenger
Who rises above the back of his victim.¹

"I am come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush the Libyans (Tehenu)

And the islands of the Utenau² which are in the power of thy souls.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like a glaring lion
And that thou shouldest make of them corpses about their valleys.

¹ An allusion to the Hawk Horus sticking his talons in the backs of gazelles, beasts of Set.

² Hall, in *The Oldest Civilisation of Greece* (London, 1901), p. 163, compares this name with Yatnana, the Assyrian name for Cyprus. We should note that the Libyans (Tehenu) are here associated with the peoples of the Isles, as they were later in the time of Rameses III.

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"I am come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush the furthest lands,

The Great Circle (of the Ocean) which is held in thy grasp.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like the hawk,

Lord of the wing, who takes what pleases him at a glance of the eye.

"I am come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush them who are opposite the land¹

And take the Heriusha alive.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like the jackal of the south,

Lord of quickness, the runner who runs over the Two Lands.

"I am come. I have granted that thou shouldest crush the Iuntiu, the Nubians,

To the boundaries of the countries which are in thy hand.

I have granted that they should see Thy Majesty like the Two Brothers (Horus and Set),

Whose arms I united to give thee victory."

Stepping back, Tutankhamen saw, on a pylon 195 feet high, the twelve-foot effigy of the great Thothmes III. In all his radiant beauty, in no way diminished by his superhuman size, he stood with the stars for a crown and the moon for his silver shield. Seizing countless minute enemies by the hair in handfuls, he immolated them to Amen, whose figure, opposite his, was exactly like it. Another pylon opposite was hardly large enough for the list of the conquests before which the brain still reels—seventeen campaigns in eighteen years, a hundred and nineteen peoples conquered in the north, two hundred and sixty-nine in the south, and four hundred cities burned.

¹ Sinai and Asia, which are "opposite to" Egypt, in contrast to the Mediterranean peoples, which are "behind" Egypt, the Haunebu (the Egyptians regarded themselves as looking south).

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"Egypt sets her frontiers where she will," the hieroglyphics repeat without ceasing.¹

Tutankhamen was suddenly seized by the panic which comes to weak souls from loneliness, darkness, and silence. He went back to the priests—and other memories.

Two obelisks soared skyward like the prayers of the righteous. The gold and electrum points of the granite shafts would have been lost in the night, if the moon had not caused them to gleam like stars fallen from the vault above and fixed to the earth by two enormous nails. "To the men who are to come, this lightens the world and nothing like it has ever been done since the earth existed." They were offerings of his ancestress Hatshepsut to Am^{en}, her father and heavenly bridegroom, to whom her victorious ships, braving the storms of the Red Sea, had brought the incense-tree, for the amorous delight of the Beloved, her lord and her god.

Again, there were huge motionless forms crowded together in the night, a whole landscape of divine bodies, Tutankhamen's ancestors. So colossal was their stature that all that he could see was their enormous feet, the toes of which were larger than he. They gave a terrifying impression of eternal greatness, the homage of matter to the supernatural, of mankind to the godhead towards which it strove with all dimensions infinitely increased.

Tutankhamen, an exiguous shadow, was sinking under weariness, emotion, and fear. At last he passed through the moonlit colonnade and into the central court, where the escort was waiting for him. The river was not far off, a long bright ribbon in the dark-

¹ This is the pylon which we call the seventh, which then served as the south entrance to the temple of Amenophis I.

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ness. Tutankhamen sailed, without the strength even to dream, towards the palace of Amenophis III on the other bank, the shore of the dead. Already!

The Thebans went to sleep happy. Their peace would not be disturbed for a long time. Now that Pharaoh had returned to his god and his city, Egypt would live in the ancient traditions of bygone ages, as the "elect of Amen" live eternally.

In its magical beauty, recalling the perishable glories of men and the eternal majesty of the gods, Karnak had become a shadow, barely distinguishable.

In the palace of his ancestors, where he lay for the first time, the young Pharaoh, over-tired, cannot have found sleep. He wanted to take in all the reality of this unknown world of which he had become master, a prodigious world in its confusion of gods, living men, and dead men, a world which dreamed of the past, thought of the future, but did not solve the present.

That his dreams might not take him away from the mysterious capital, the priests had caused the "lamp of the return to Thebes" to be set beside his bedhead, an alabaster bowl shaped like a lotus-flower, which was made in the workshops of the god and has been yielded up to us by his tomb. The night-light which burned in it shed a milky luminosity, which showed up the black hieroglyphics painted round the sides. "May thy Ka, thy soul, live millions of years, thou lover of Thebes, and may thy eyes bring felicity there!"

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT OFFICE

OUR pictures of Tutankhamen performing his "great office," as the Egyptians of his time called the business of kingship, come from the decorations of the tomb of Hui, the viceroy of Nubia, the most important person in his empire, and from the huge religious constructions of Karnak and Luxor. Numbers of objects found in his own tomb show his amusements, hunting, and every-day life. In addition, the historians and the papyri tell us what exactly the exercise of kingship was in his time, with its pomps and its daily splendours and trivialities. Affairs public and private, great and small, the daily life of the great capital, live again in the tombs of the high officials of the epoch, and particularly of those employed by Tutankhamen himself.

First, politics. Politics were fundamentally democratic. Education was open to all, and every scribe might by his own deserts or qualifications rise to high rank as an administrator, or even governor of Thebes. Democratic, too, was the manner in which interests were represented. In every district, the Saru, or capable men, were gathered in a little council called a *Qenbet*; these bodies freely criticized Pharaoh's actions, and sent to the central authority delegates who formed a larger parliament, the Great *Qenbet*, whose opinion the King requested and considered seriously when taking a decision. Economic and social policy was liberal and

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far-seeing. The craftsmen, who had once been serfs in the royal workshops, had been given the status of free men, and the trades and crafts were organized legally in independent guilds. Lastly, by a bold agrarian policy, the land was distributed among the peasants.¹

Careful of traditions, but attentive to the development of minds and manners, the administration of the Pharaohs adapted itself to the rising fortunes of the Empire, providing for the present and preparing for the future, and its magnificent organization survived the ages, to be the admiration of the Romans when they conquered the country. For centuries it succeeded in organizing the ancient world peacefully, by law, and in maintaining order in it by a prudent, intelligent opportunism, and continuity of policy was preserved though successive dynasties rose and fell.

By the side of the civil service, religion gave Pharaoh the stable support of its age-old authority. Its manifestations were skilfully adapted to the changing necessities of progress, but its principles remained unchanged through the centuries. Those principles were personified by Pharaoh, son of a god, god himself, priest, and king, but they were in practice exploited by an ambitious and strongly organized priesthood which may fairly be said to have formed a state within the State.

In short, at the moment when Tutankhamen assumed the burdens of power, there had not been autocratic rule by the King alone for a long time. Almost the whole population took part in running the Empire, each according to his work, merits, and position.

In appearance, however, divine and human authority

¹ Moret, Maspero, Breasted.

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rested on the head of Tutankhamen alone. Every decision, of whatever kind it might be, was in principle submitted to his sovereign approval, and it was he who appointed viziers, viceroys, governors of districts, and other officials.

Since the time of Amenophis I, Pharaoh had delegated his political powers to three viziers. The Vizier of Lower Egypt had his seat at Memphis; the Royal Prince of Kush ruled in Nubia as viceroy; and the third, the Vizier properly so called, presided over the destinies of Upper Egypt and its capital Thebes. By the side of this last was the Director of the Seal, the chief treasurer of the Empire. These two were the great officials, the Vizier (*tati*) who combined the functions of minister of the interior, war, justice, and trade, and the Director of the Seal (*imra szat*), a minister of finance, who practically held the reins of government under Tutankhamen.¹

Tutankhamen's Director of the Seal was Prince Ai, who would one day ascend the throne. He had the keeping of the treasury, controlled the expenses of the Palace, collected the contributions in kind of which the taxes consisted, and made payments by handing out these contributions again. In this capacity, he had the entire management and control of the royal store-houses, of whose curious, heterogeneous contents we shall see something later, with the aid of the Kahun papyri.

History has not preserved the name of Tutankhamen's chief Vizier. There was no limit to this official's duties. He controlled all the administrative services, and their documents bore his seal, which in particular sanctioned deeds required for the distribution of land, the exercise of trades, and the appoint-

¹ Moret, Maspero, Breasted.

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ment of officials. Even the army and temples were under him. From the four quarters of the vast Empire, reports came to him regularly, being required at fixed dates from the great nobles, the Princes and Regents of Castles, who had taken the place of the old nobles when the feudal power of the latter had been finally destroyed by the Revolution of 2360. He concerned himself with the debates of the local Qenbets, which could refer certain of the affairs of their districts to him. Lastly, he had to preside over the sittings of the Great Qenbet.

In addition to these important duties, the Vizier was taken up with petty details, which were not the least part of his activity. A text of the *Occupations of the Vizier*, found in the tomb of a family of Theban viziers, shows us one of them carrying his zeal so far as to "cut down the trees of His Majesty's palace, and inspect the reservoirs of drinking-water every ten days and the stores of solid food-stuffs likewise."¹

To perform such complex duties worthily, a man had to have an authority and knowledge to which hereditary succession lent weight. Accordingly, when a Pharaoh appointed a Vizier, he usually merely confirmed a hereditary right to the office, and so we find great families of Viziers.

The autocratic power of the Pharaohs, exercised without control or restriction over eight million subjects, which had contributed to the building of the Old Kingdom, had gone for ever in the great Revolution of 2300-2000. During that Revolution, certain nobles, who exercised an almost sovereign authority over the great territorial districts known as nomes, among them being Kheti, the Nomarch of Siut, had only been able

¹ Sethe's translation; commentary by Maspero, in *Journal des Savants*, 1900.

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to maintain their power over their little kingdoms by adapting it to a new conception of government. The Theban princes, the Pharaohs of the XIIth Dynasty, taking their inspiration from the *Teachings* addressed by King Merikara to his son, had inaugurated this new policy, which was severe on nobles who abused their authority. "If you find the lord of a city who has broken the law, kill him," said the new gospel; "but if the great men act well, great is a great king who has great counsellors." To consolidate its authority over the feudal barons, the Theban monarchy had become socialistic. Its democratic policy had extended even to religion by the admission of the common people, no less than the great ones of the earth, to immortality, after a Judgement which was the same for all.

Egypt, like all great countries, had had first-rate ministers. They slept in the Theban Mountain, where we can still decipher their names. There were the famous Ahmes, Amenemhat, User, and Rekhmara, the great Vizier of Thothmes III, the minister who loved to rise before dawn and roam about the city, receiving the petitions of the poor and listening to all requests, "making no distinction between small and great."

But the typical minister, for a subject of Tutankhamen, was the great Vizier of Pharaoh Amenophis III, Amenhetep, son of Hapu,¹ who, after his death, took his place among the gods and was commemorated by a temple at Der el-Medina. He was a real statesman, who concentrated all the power in his hands and applied his genius to reorganizing all the machinery of government, justice, army, and finance. He was a friend of artists, an intelligent Mæcenas, and built many temples. On the famous colossi of Memnon,

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*, "Comment un ministre devint dieu."

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which were set up on his initiative, he engraved, "I, Amenhetep, have reached the age of ninety years in the King's favour, and I shall last to a hundred and ten years." In his life, his work was celebrated by a statue and a temple, and for centuries afterwards he was worshipped by an Egypt unanimous and constant in its gratitude.

All these ministers served an ideal in which tyranny and arbitrary action had no place. Tutankhamen's fellow-workers, like their forerunners, might have said, anticipating the Caliph Omar, "No man will ever be more powerful in my eyes than the weakest among you who has justice on his side, and no man will ever appear weaker than the most powerful who is unjust."

When a Vizier died, he handed down to his children his "Teachings" of love for their King and country, as did Sehetepibra, the minister of Amenemhat III. "I say aloud, I make you hear, I make you know the eternal rule, the new rule of life, the means of passing to a life of bliss. Worship the King in your breast! Be brotherly with His Majesty in your heart! Fight for his name, defend his life! There is no tomb for him who rebels against His Majesty. Do as I have told you, and it will profit you for ever."¹

Proof of the high conception which the ministers had of their duties is also furnished by the celebrated *Teachings* which the great Thothmes gave to his Vizier Rekhmara.² "Never depart from Justice, whose laws you know," and again: "To be Vizier is not to be mild. It is to be firm; it is to be a wall of bronze about the gold in the house of his lord. The King sets the timid man above the presumptuous. Be just; do not send away any complainant before hearing his words.

¹ Cairo Stele, translated by Moret.

² Engraved in the tomb of Rekhmara.

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When a complainant is there, who comes to complain to you, do not reject what he says with one word; but, if you must refuse him, you should let him know why you refuse him. Look you, they say 'The complainant likes his tale of grievances to be heard kindly even more than to see them put right.' " The *Teachings* also give a piece of advice which holds good in all ages: "Take heed of what was said of the Vizier Kheti: 'He took sides with men of his own kin, against other men who were not near to him.' That is not justice. What God hates, is the favouring of one side more than the other."

These excellent royal counsels tell us of the dangers of arbitrary action presented in Egypt by the exercise of a power which was not counterbalanced by any code or written law.¹ Pharaoh dictated the law to men as a sovereign, and that law varied according to his wish and good temper. The people had no safeguard but his sense of justice, and the voice of his subjects went up to the King, full of gratitude.

"How the gods rejoice, for thou hast increased their offerings;
And thy children, for thou hast made their boundaries;
And thy Egyptians, for thou hast protected their ancient rights!"

The famous litanies of love composed in honour of Pharaoh Senusert III may be official literature, written to order, but they none the less eloquently express the submission of a whole people to its King, its gratitude and confidence.

"How great is the Lord for his city!
Alone, he is millions; other men, they are small.
He is shade in spring, a cold bath in summer.
He is the refuge which saves the fearful man from his enemies.

¹ The earliest laws engraved on granite probably date from Hor-emheb, Tutankhamen's second successor.

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He has come to us ; he has given life to Egypt and done away with her sufferings.

He has given life to men and made the throats of the dead to breathe. He has allowed us to rear up our children and to bury our old men."¹

Although different historians have supposed that Tutankhamen lived in Thebes itself, in one of the palaces of the various Thothmes, it seems more likely that he chose for his residence the only palace which recalled his childhood, that of Amenophis III on the left bank of the Nile, south of Medinet Habu.² It had been built by the Magnificent for Queen Tii, his beloved wife. There Amenophis IV, Tutankhamen's father, had been born of their love, by the grace and complicity of Amen. At Akhetaten Amenophis IV had reproduced its chief lines in his royal dwelling. The severity of Egyptian architecture, unrelenting in the palaces of the Thothmes, was here tempered by Oriental luxury and grace. Here Tutankhamen found familiar images of his heedless childhood.

It was a rectangular building, set among deep masses of greenery, through which the cool waters of the Nile spread in a thousand ribbons of light. On its fronts of wood and brick covered with painted mud, the chief ornament was provided by the sun—the fairy play of light, frank, dazzling, or mellow. Beyond the foliage, a battlemented brick wall seemed intended to enclose the happiness and sunlight within the place, shutting the royal dwelling off from the burning town. The plain wall and the gardens made a setting of royal

¹ Griffith, *Hieratic Papyri from Kahun*, 1898 ; Maspero's translation.

² First explored in the winter of 1888-9 by M. Grébaut, and then in 1900 by Mr. Newberry at the expense of Mr. Tytus, an American. Peyser Tytus, *A Preliminary Report on the Re-excavation of the Palace of Amenophis III* (New York).

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grandeur and deliberate aloofness to the great building of mud and straw which spread over about five acres.¹ Sandstone, limestone, granite, and alabaster were reserved for the eternal dwellings of the gods; the Pharaohs modestly made their great houses of less lasting material. Hardly had they risen, white against the sky, when they were condemned, being made of wretched materials which, with the aid of sun and rain, very soon disintegrated.

The son did not live in the palace of his father. Was it in the hope of escaping any evil influence which might have been left by the dead King's Ka?² Or was it not rather that he simply wanted the quick delight which only ephemeral things can give? Their abodes in the Valley of the Kings would be more substantial than their palaces of hastily whitewashed mud. If Tutankhamen had lived, he would without doubt have built himself a new palace. He must have dreamed with morbid anxiety of leaving the place where the mind of Amenophis III had first thought of the liberation which his father had attempted with such disastrous results—thoughts and desires as shortlived as the walls. The melancholy, disillusioning Song of the Harpist was like an echo of the water which sometimes dripped into luxurious halls through gorgeous ceilings:

“The walls of the ancient Pharaohs are destroyed,
Their places are no longer,
All is as if they had never been.”³

Labyrinths of narrow courts and poor, bare corridors suddenly gave access to vast halls flooded with light, adorned with high carved columns of precious wood

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*, “Le Palais d'un Pharaon.”

² Maspero, *Histoire*.

³ *Song of Antef*.

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painted in gay colours. Doors plated with gold and silver were set in doorways flashing with malachite and lapis lazuli. The walls were coated with light plaster and covered with a lace-work of paintings of naked women walking in procession under the kindly eyes of the gods, spread like a fine tapestry along the wooden architraves resting on the columns. Slender beams of wood coated with beaten earth and a light wash reflected the mosaics of the floor like a mirror. On the floor of stamped clay, hard and smooth as stone, these mosaics were like gay miniatures, with vultures spreading their golden wings and gaudy birds flying over fields of lotuses and water-lilies.¹

Beyond the state apartments were charming rooms and little gardens, alternating in a chess-board of light and shade. In the gardens, the silence was discreetly broken by the murmur of fountains. In the rooms, painted arabesques and conventional flowers laughed from the walls, and from the roof-beams of palm and acacia-wood heavy coloured mats hung over beds set on daises of pink brick. Pharaoh's private apartments, among which we even find bathrooms with light-coloured floors,² communicated with those of the Queen and the harem of second-class wives.

From the terraces, Pharaoh could see, beyond the gardens which surrounded the Palace, the city of Thebes spread along the other bank of the Nile, huge and murmuring, over a length of twenty-five miles. Above the tiers of dwellings of faded red brick, contrasting with the graceful diversity of the temples, rose a score of very large buildings, dazzling white, with battlemented walls and little round domes. These were Pharaoh's ministries and storehouses. They

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*; *Histoire*.

² The water-conduits have been found.

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were divided into four blocks by two avenues planted with sycamores and perseas and bordered with tamarisks, making a great pink and green cross among the whitewashed walls.

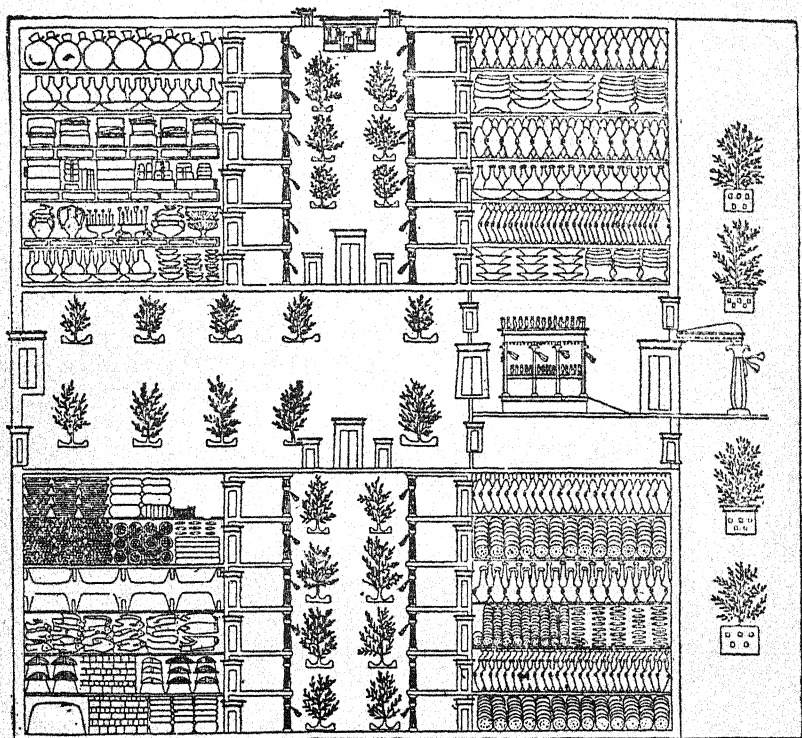


FIG. 10.—A "MINISTRY": PROVISIONS OFFICE AT AKHETATEN.

From Maspero.

In a closed court behind the great arched entrance, the high official in charge of the place sat in a pavilion all day long, supervising the reception of provisions sent as tribute or taxes and controlling their dis-

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tribution.¹ Under the porticoes which lined the two avenues were rooms and stores. Every ministry dealt with special requirements, or collected supplies and stores of the same kind.

One, the most important, was cumbered with chests of linen and clothing, jars of wine and beer, meat, fish, and loaves. It contained all that was required for Pharaoh, his court, and his innumerable retinue, to live for several days and to give the people suitable largesses; it was the King's "civil list."² The other ministries looked after the very unexpected goods which constituted the wealth of the Empire, the essential and constantly renewed bases of its budget of revenues and expenditure. Deficiencies in the returns of taxes, contributions in kind, tribute, and revenues from royal estates were made good by raids in the plains of the South. There was the Per Hazu, for stuffs, jewels, and wines; the Per Nubu, or House of Gold; the Per Ashdu, for preserved fruits; the Per Eheu, or House of Oxen; the Per Habu, the corn ministry; the Per Arpu, for liqueurs; and, bigger than all the rest, the Per Ahuu, or arsenal, where arrows, spears, javelins, and shields were kept, to be issued every month, under Tutankhamen's personal supervision, to the troops sent to Syria as reinforcements.

Every day convoys arrived at the gates of the ministries or started from them. Along the Nile and the tracks of the Empire they brought all kinds of wealth, animal, vegetable, and mineral, to feed the royal treasury and to provide for the needs of the civil and military services.³

¹ At Tell el-Amarna (Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, iii, p. 96).

² Mariette, *Mastabas*; Maspero, *Histoire*; *Études égyptiennes*, vol. ii.

³ Champollion, *Monuments*, pl. cxli.

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It must have been a very great responsibility, to control and protect this public property, the greater part of which, if not affected by variations in the rate of barter, was at least perishable. So the directors of the ministries were chosen among the noblest Egyptians of Pharaoh's retinue.¹ If Amen had consummated the wishes of Tutankhamen by "embracing" the Queen and giving her sons, the King would no doubt have called the eldest to share the power with himself, and would have appointed some of the younger ones Director of the House of Granaries or Director of the Arsenal, as to posts quite fitting their rank. They would have been better qualified than the usual chiefs to enforce justice among the army of officials which swarmed in the ministries, and to compel obedience to the orders of Pharaoh, who desired that anyone who, intentionally or otherwise, made a mistake in the accounts of goods entering or leaving the storehouses should be punished with flogging.

The *sashai*, or ordinary scribes, toiled assiduously over the very complicated book-keeping. Their education was reinforced by family tradition. In the humblest employment, for centuries, son succeeded father when the latter, worn out by work, sickness, or age, left the service, sure of a good pension if he had served his master faithfully. Very few rose above mediocrity, to climb the official ladder until, "pushed" by their chiefs, they were called to the dignified functions of Pharaoh's minister.²

Round the ministries, along the muddy, foam-fringed waters of holy Nile, the City consisted of a great accumulation of several towns, which, under the invisible network traced by the birds flying overhead,

¹ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. ii; Mariette, *Mastabas*.

² Mariette, *Catalogue général des monuments d'Abydos*.

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repeated white blocks, terraces, and gardens on one side of the river and the other, with their belt of tombs beyond.¹ It was a harmonious total of poverty and luxury, of life and death—huge heaps of temples with massive pylons and slender obelisks, wretched dwelling-houses with staring whitewashed fronts, dilapidated palaces, with something poetic in their decay, princely abodes of the lords of the moment, new and strong and elegant, an inextricable network of streets and avenues, where, for all their greenery, thirst and dust prevailed, and rubbish and poverty were everywhere.²

Away on the western horizon was the Theban Mountain, the land of the dead, over which the two figures of Amenophis III sat in hieratic pose, hands laid flat on thighs, knees and feet together, head crowned with *klaft* and *pshent*, and brow protected by the Uræus. Those colossal granite statues, sixty-five feet high, personified the whole race, proud and masterful, which, like the walls and gardens and temples of the city, was born of that soil, communicated with the gods, and ruled over beasts and other men and the forces of land, water, and sky. They seemed to be a testimony of a past of human and divine traditions, defying the future; yet the stone was already splitting.³ The plaint of the colossi, which enchanted ancient Greece as it still moves us by its majesty, was not heard by Tutankhamen. Barbarous hands, widening the fissure, had not yet finally mutilated the work of the past; the statue would not become eloquent until the day

¹ Maspero, *op. cit.*, vol. ii.

² Mten, a scribe of King Snefru (IVth Dynasty) gives an example of the brilliant career of a man of the people. He became governor of Libya, and his estates covered Egypt. Maspero, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 226; Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, ii, 3.

³ See Lagier, *Égypte pittoresque et monumentale*; Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii.

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when it was broken. Soaked by the dew, the crack would grow larger, and in the first rays of the rising sun the melancholy song of the dead past would go up, suggesting to men's minds Memnon entreating his divine mother Aurora. Had Tutankhamen heard the yearning melody of the stricken granite, he might himself have composed the inscription which Asclepiodotos, the Imperial Procurator of Rome, wrote upon it many centuries later: "Know, Thetis, who dwellest in the sea, that Memnon lives still, and, at the warmth of his mother's torch, raises a sonorous voice at the foot of the Libyan Mountains of Egypt, there where the Nile in his course divides Thebes of the Hundred Gates, when all other glories have passed."¹

In his immense palace, a city within the city, Tutankhamen was surrounded by an innumerable retinue, serving him and intriguing. By the side of the nobles, there was a host of servants who succeeded to their office from father to son. In their eyes, which had seen so many unchangeable, immovable things change in the last thirty or forty years, Tutankhamen could read a devout, stubborn obstinacy which was indifferent to transitory revolutions. Fiercely attached to Thebes and its glorious, venerable traditions, they had for the most part refused to sacrifice to the deceptive delights and wealth and justice of Akhetaten. Far better was the life which they led here, under the wing of Amen, with all its despotism and injustices, for it was very ancient, and it had made the Empire.

The very titles which they bore called up unchangeable, sacred traditions. Just like the gods, Tutankhamen was surrounded by Shenetiu, or People

¹ Stele, in Cairo, translated by Moret.

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of the Circle, and Qenbetiu, or People of the Corner.¹ Then there were the Sole Friends, or advisers, the Lords of the Secret of the Royal House, who knew where the treasures were kept and how to come at them, the Lords of the Secret of All the Royal Sayings,² who granted or refused mortals access to the great court where Pharaoh spoke to his subjects from his veranda, the Lords of Pharaoh's Amusements, the officials who protected his person, and, most important of all, the Khri-Habi, the Men of the Roll,³ the Lords of the Secrets of Heaven. These last were priests, diviners, and sorcerers, who saw what there was to see in the sky, on earth, and everywhere. They knew the recipes of the magicians, they could call up spirits, they knew what charms to recite and what perfumes to burn according to the month, day, and hour, and they interpreted dreams.

Tutankhamen knew that behind their ecstatic faces there lay a mixture of hypnosis and charlatanism, but he never wearied, in his anxiety, of asking them to reveal the destiny of which they were the ministers. He trembled at their incantations and sorceries.⁴ It certainly was surprising to see them cut off the head of a goose, throw the head to the right and the body to the left, and then, by their spells, to bring together kicking body and squawking head and present him with a whole, live bird. And they did the same with bulls. He may have been tempted to say to them, like his ancestor, "Bring them one of the prisoners, and let him be killed and brought to life again."

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i, p. 277.

² Mariette, *Mastabas*.

³ Tomb of Tenti, *ibid.*, p. 149.

⁴ See Maspero, *Contes* (the stories of Satni-Khaemuas and Cheops).

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All this household of Pharaoh was governed by an etiquette, the thousand complications of which are to be found in the Hood Papyrus. Some kept on their sandals in the Palace, while others had to take them off; some were entitled to embrace, not the feet, but the august knees of the master; some were obliged to wear a panther-skin on their shoulder.¹

For his personal service, Pharaoh had an elaborately graded personnel, the lists of which take up whole sheets of papyrus. Every morning a score of technical branches busied themselves over his toilet, from the Directors of Manufacturers of the King's Hair and the Manufacturer-in-chief of False Hair for the King's Wigs to the Valets of the Hands² and their immediate superiors, the Directors of His Majesty's Nail-doers, with the Chiefs of the Scented Oils and Pastes for Rubbing His Majesty's Body somewhere in between. A whole regiment was taken up with his wardrobe—shoemakers, belt-makers, and tailors. Directors of the King's Dress-materials and Chiefs of All the King's Garments looked after his body-linen, and others saw to the short transparent kilts. Those in charge of the jewellery had a considerable task, everlastingly setting new gems and repairing and improving collars, pendants, bangles, finger-rings, earrings, historic sceptres, and symbolical crowns. The laundrymen, more numerous than the stars in the sky,³ went about their work with the zeal and gravity suited to functions which were ennobled by a divine significance, for religious impurity came from physical dirt. With the

¹ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. ii.

² Mariette, *Mastabas*. In this work we find many men, Meht-neferu, Ptahneferitu, with the titles mentioned here.

³ There is a lot about the royal washermen in the *Tale of the Two Brothers* (Maspero, *Contes*).

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same gravity, long processions of royal washermen went down to the river to rinse the clothes.

The Queen required the same complicated service, for which a whole people of serving-women and slaves barely sufficed. The three or four hundred ladies of the harem, too, had to be considered, with their children and musicians and dancing-women and clowns and dwarfs.

The personnel of the Mouth by itself was a kingdom.

"Sitting on his arm-chair, with a canopy over him, a skin under his stern, a skin under his feet, a white garment on him, a sceptre in his hand, and forty rolls of papyrus open before him," Tutankhamen's Vizier closes his audience. He goes through the city to the Double Great House, the Palace; he must waken his sovereign. He crosses the Nile in a boat. Fishing-craft and pleasure-boats are putting out in the rising sun. On all sides the town is waking up. The streets of Thebes are so narrow and the houses so high that the sky can hardly be seen. The house-fronts are like secretive faces, with few windows, set high and irregularly. Low doors open on reviving life, admitting a pale ray of daylight which falls along a passage to die at the foot of a stair lost in shadow. Women of the people in white smocks stand screaming on their thresholds, surrounded by swarms of naked children above whom clouds of flies whirl buzzing. Among them there are young folk who exchange tender glances, but many of them are marked with disease, acquired or congenital. There are hunchbacks and dwarfs.¹

¹ Sir A. Tuffer, who has caused the tissues of mummies to swell by means of injections, traces a number of cases of scoliosis and Pott's disease. Besides, the Egyptians were one of the few peoples which have deified humpbacks, dwarfs, and victims of dropsy.

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A dense crowd goes up the slanting street to the market-place.

A body of clean and very talkative men arrogantly pushes aside the humbler people, without stopping their conversation; these are scribes, going to their masters' places. They discuss their employers' affairs without reserve, knowing everything about all of them. "The Chief fined me, because he had told me to deliver twelve geese for breeding, and I did not do it," says one. "Well, *my* chief told me that they were giving the team in my stable to my sister, who has been a widow for a year. I prefer to take it to the courts." On they go, ignoring the pack of pie-dogs, the pest of the city, which yap at their heels.

After a long walk through the sunlight and shadow of the noisy streets, the Vizier comes out on the small square where the market is held.¹ The sun makes a gold embroidery about a seething mass of men and beasts. In a cloud of dust, sheep, geese, pigeons, goats, horses and cattle leap, flutter, low, or sleep, waiting for buyers. Tradesmen and peasants squat in rows along the low houses, behind big esparto-grass baskets of jewels, perfumes, and precious articles, or quantities of milk, vegetables, flowers, and fruit.

The Vizier goes closer, to see that trade is conducted honestly, moving here and there among chatterers and shoppers. Money is unknown. Everyone carries in his hand a number of articles made by himself, a trinket, a new tool, a mat, a pair of shoes, or a little box full of copper, silver, or gold rings weighing a *deben* (3.21 oz.), which he proposes to give in exchange for the articles which he wants. Two women stop

¹ These bazaar scenes are taken from a tomb at Saqqara (Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, ii), published by Mariette in *La Galerie de l'Égypte* of the Trocadero (*Gazette Archéologique*, 1880).

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simultaneously in front of a fellah who is selling onions, in little piles which glint rosily like copper, and wheat in a basket. The first has, in the way of money, two necklaces of beads; the second, a fan. "There's a nice necklace which you will like," says the first. "There's a nice fan," says the second. "Let me see them, to tell the price," replies the fellah. A heated argument ensues, to the delight of the crowd, until the equivalent of the necklace or fan in number of onions or weight of wheat has been decided. Someone else wants to barter a pair of sandals or a string of beads against a scent. "There's a pair of good strong shoes for you!" says the buyer, but the seller does not happen to need shoes at the moment, and proposes to give a small pot of perfumed essence for the beads. "Just a drop or two, and it's delicious," he explains, and they argue and argue and argue. A violent altercation goes up from one corner. The peasant Ahmesra wants to exchange a fine white bull for a mat, five measures of honey, eleven of oil, and seven different articles. What a business! Everything is weighed. The mat comes to 25 *debenu* of copper, the honey to 4, the oil to 10, and the other articles to 70. Is that really the value of the bull? After endless discussion and bargaining they agree that it is—and then it all begins again. "I am not sure of the ingots of copper," cries Ahmesra; "is there no other metal mixed in them?"¹

The Vizier moves away from this daily spectacle; the Mazaiu will restore order if it comes to fists and sticks. Before leaving the market, he stops a moment before a great building with plain, windowless walls,

¹ See the end of this volume for a long note from M. Chabas's excellent work on Egyptian weights and measures, according to which money already existed to some small extent in the time of Tutankhamen.

which seem to enclose a quiet retreat. A crowd of boys with bare chests and short white waist-cloths press round the door,¹ chattering excitedly. It is the scribes' school, the studious life next to the domestic life. For a century there has been a great enthusiasm for education in Egypt. By going through the course of the scribes' school, the young scholar may hope after years of study to be admitted to the mysteries of laws, regulations, government papers, and official phrases and titles. Then he will take a place among the notables or Saru who supply all the officials of the Empire. Just as in our own time, the plebeian scribe can by his energy win a place for himself, if Thoth, the God of Intelligence and Science, will help him. "Thoth, give me a future!" the schoolboys cry, and when they have become scribes they still entreat him, "O Thoth, sweet cistern for the thirsty traveller! Let me dwell beneath thy wings, where thou wilt give me an income of bread and beer!"²

The Vizier pursues his way through the busiest streets of the town, past booths laden with wares in a harmonious jumble of contrasting colours. There is a countless variety of tradesmen, manufacturers rather than merchants, arranged in some kind of order. Over there is the corner of the confectioners, mashing their sweets, and the food-sellers, handing out legs of goose, all hot. Here are the shoemakers, those for the nobles and those for the people. Barbers shave customers in every corner, and even in the middle of the road. The barber was almost as necessary to the Egyptians as the scribe, for all men shaved and wore wigs, and the priests had to shave themselves ritually all over twice a day. The stalls of the oil-dealers are

¹ Chabas, *Mélanges égyptologiques*, 1st series.

² Maspero, *Du genre épistolaire chez les Égyptiens*.

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marked by huge glistening jars of sandstone, and the cloth-merchants have a hundred shops.

The Vizier turns sharply into a dark alley, and slips into a disreputable-looking establishment; this is the beerhouse, where the lads of the city, boatmen, and soldiers come to get drunk. There, too, the temple workers meet to arrange strikes. The Vizier enters the limewashed room, furnished with mats and stools on which the regular patrons sit side by side. Early as it is, they are already hard at it, "making a happy day." "Drink till you are drunk, don't stop enjoying yourselves," the barmaids say over and over again, as they pour out wine of Buto, wine of the Star of Horus, Lord of the Sky, wine of Ethiopia, and above all beer—"iron beer," sparkling beer, spiced beer.¹ Most of the customers are already drunk. One or two, at the bright, talkative stage, have been indulging freely in wine of Buto.

"Let me drink till I am drunk,
And the mat I sit on is a good bed for sleeping it off,"

they sing. Others, nearly paralytic, have tried all the beers. "The hippopotamus take you, you are full to the neck!" two boatmen yell simultaneously, lurching against one another.

In a corner are two young scribes in pleated white garments, very unlike their low neighbours. Each has in his hand a little roll of papyrus with a clay seal. One breaks his seal and reads out the message of the master-scribe whom he has recently left: "Scribe, no laziness, or you will get a good thrashing. I shall make a man of you, you young rascal, you may be sure of it." His friend, breaking the seal of his roll, reads

¹ Papyrus Anastasi III, translated by Chabas ; Papyrus Sallier

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in his turn: "From Amenemhat, chief of the records-clerks, to Pentaur, scribe. A man who understands the virtues of letters and practises himself in them surpasses the greatest in the world." The careers are overcrowded, study is long, and promotion is slow; so many scribes lose heart and console themselves with drink.

In another corner a woman is on her knees, calmly disburdening herself of a too-generous potation. By her, two muddy workmen are yelling, "We are thirsty, for we have no clothes, no oil, no fish, no vegetables. Pharaoh must give us something to live on!" The Vizier frowns. These are symptoms of social unrest. He wisely decides to close the beerhouse for a few days; his chief of police will put up a little notice on it: "Beer tears the soul to pieces. A man who gives himself up to drink is a chapel without gods, a house without bread, with the wall in holes and tottering and the door falling."

Leaving the tavern, the Vizier returns to the smart streets leading to the royal Palace, where he sees some of Pharaoh's dwarfs leading their master's splendid dogs on the leash—bassets, slughis, and jackal-dogs, with collars of gold and emeralds.

At last he enters the Double Great House, and hurries, for it is late, through corridors, halls, gardens, and passages to the room where Pharaoh still lies asleep. He wakes Tutankhamen. "Turn your face to me, rising Sun who lighten the worlds with your goodness, shining Disk among men, who drive the darkness from Egypt!"¹ Having inquired after the health of his

¹ Papyrus Anastasi IV, a hymn to the King, addressed to Seti I by his son Rameses II; but there is every reason for supposing, from the ritual of this greeting, that it only dates from Rameses II, and that this was its origin.

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august lord, he goes down to the north colonnade, where the Director of the Seal comes to meet him, with the words, "All the heads of services have reported to me. The King's House is safe and sound." The Vizier acquiesces, "All the affairs of my Lord are safe and sound." Then he orders the Palace doors to be opened for the audiences.

In the oblong hall on the ground-floor, with its two parallel lines of pillars,¹ the crowd of courtiers gathers and arranges itself according to the rites of rank. Foreign ambassadors bringing messages or offerings for Tutankhamen, generals returning from expeditions, Envoys of Pharaoh, and plain notables of Thebes present themselves for the audience. Ai, as Master of Ceremonies, admits them one by one to an apartment at the end of the hall, mere mortals granted the signal honour of seeing the divine monarch.²

Pharaoh is there, under a canopy, between two painted wooden pillars. In the semi-darkness, his charming face, composed into a mask of impassive sovereignty, seems like that of a god, with fixed eyes and diadem on brow; his hands hold the sceptre and crook, glittering with gold and enamel. At the threshold of this private apartment, each falls on his stomach, "nosing the ground," until Pharaoh shall authorize him to rise by a gesture. Only then do mortals speak to Tutankhamen, in rhythms consecrated by an immemorial ritual like those of a priest chanting the Mass, as if to the king of the gods. And Tutankhamen, without a flicker of expression to betray pleasure or boredom, listens to interminable,

¹ We know to-day that this was one of the two great rooms at the bottom of the Palace.

² The *Story of Sinuhet* gives a faithful account of what a royal audience was like under Tutankhamen (Maspero, *Contes*).

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florid compliments on his beauty, his wealth, and the greatness of his empire.

Fortunately, the couriers from Syria sometimes bring unexpected news. Ai brings in a man, panting and pouring with sweat. "You, who are you?" Tutankhamen asks. "I am the Prince of Megiddo's man, and I come from him with a message for Your Majesty." He holds out a thick clay tablet with writing on both sides. The interpreter for Syrian languages takes the despatch from his hands, and translates: "To the King, my Lord, my Sun, your servant addresses himself thus. Ahitisu, the defeated chief of the vile Khiti, has broken the peace. He has assembled his generals, his footmen, and his war-chariots. He has marched against the kings whom you established in the country to pay you tribute. He has advanced against them, killed their warriors, seized their flocks and herds, and carried off their women and children. May my Lord the King, my Sun, send his bowmen and his war-chariots as quickly as possible, for if he delays I am done." Tutankhamen listens without answering, without giving a sign; presently Amen will dictate his decision.

An envoy answering to the name of Riki follows the man from Megiddo. Shame-faced and with hanging head he reports on the mission with which Pharaoh had entrusted him. "My agents met a violent death in Palestine," he mutters, trembling with fear, not daring to lift his eyes. "The bandits of Shumardata cut off my men's feet and tore off their fingers. They egged each other on to trample on their heads. After that, they robbed me of all the ingots of gold which you gave me to bear to the King of Babylon, your good brother. Make enquiries—it is not we who have stolen them!" Pharaoh remains silent and motionless.

He will obey the orders of the god. As he has done every morning, he will go to receive them at the temple at Karnak, where the real counsels of the Pharaohs' ministers have been held for centuries.

Tutankhamen conforms to the habits of his predecessors, for whom the consultation of the gods was part of their ordinary daily business.¹ Besides, the very humblest of his slaves does nothing without first going to the temple to consult the gods and obtain a decision from them through the priests. Pharaoh himself converses with Amen without intermediaries. The greatest decisions taken by his forefathers were always dictated by the King of the Gods. For instance, Thothmes IV was commanded in a dream to clear the sand from the Great Sphinx of Giza.² "The sand of death overwhelms me. Take it away, and so pay me for my benefits to thee." The great Thothmes III was not the heir to the crown; it was in the temple that he was designated by Amen to succeed Thothmes II. It was by a "command given in the sanctuary by the God's own mouth" that Hatshepsut resolved upon the wild expedition to the land of Punt.

The great double doors of the Palace swing open. Tutankhamen appears under the lapis-lazuli portal, alone on his chariot, wearing a dress of pleated gauze with a jackal's tail behind and a sort of apron of gold and enamel in front, and on his head the white mitre of Upper Egypt with its ribbons of gems flying in the wind.³ "He is like the sun when it rises in the morn-

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*.

² Naville, *Deir el-Bahari*, pl. lxxxiv.

³ The ritual costume of his father, his ancestors, and all his successors. See Seti I on his chariot, on a pylon at Karnak, reproduced by Faucher-Gudin in Maspero, and Amenophis IV going to the temple (Fig. 3, p. 37).

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ing on the eastern horizon, to flood the world with its rays." He proceeds to the temple, through the streets of the capital. Runners, going at full speed, drive back passers-by with voice and gesture. Behind them march squads of about thirty soldiers in all, under their officers, bearing standards and fly-flappers. The Queen goes with her husband, alone on a chariot of her own, surrounded by fan-bearers and followed by an escort of seven men and about ten chariots.

Suddenly a dull uproar is heard, which grows louder as the cortège goes past the battlemented walls of the palace of the governor of Thebes. A violent affray is going on at the end of a side-street; the Mazaiu, the police, are beaten back by fifty half-naked workmen, smeared with mud from head to foot, who yell, "We come driven by hunger, and it is still eighteen days to next month. Let them give us corn!"¹ They drive a few scared scribes and priests before them. The stone-masons working on the Temple of Khonsu are on strike, and they will take their grievances to the governor of Thebes, the Chief Director of the King's Works.

Tutankhamen sees the unruly mob with indifference; strikes are quite common in Thebes. The workmen are paid in wheat, durra, and oil on the first of the month. Usually it is all eaten in a few days, and the unfortunates have nothing left to stay their hunger and support them at their work but a few scones swallowed at noon.² A little while ago he had received

¹ Turin hieratic papyrus; Chabas, Lieblein, translated by PleYTE and Rossi, pl. xliii.

² Certain governments tried to prevent a repetition of these scenes by changing the method and date of payments, which they made weekly. It was no use; these revolts are found in every epoch (Maspero). Turin papyrus, pl. xliii, translated by PleYTE and Rossi.

the police-officer and scribe who conveyed the demands of the strikers to him, and had ordered that priests should be appointed to settle the dispute. The workers said to the priests, "We have no more oil, or fish, or vegetables. Send word to Pharaoh, our Lord, that we may be given enough to live on." Tutankhamen had caused fifty bags of corn to be distributed among them. These provisions had only lasted for a time; the month is not yet ended, and this morning the men have refused to continue work. Pharaoh knows quite well that, from his Director of Works to the scribe who pays each man his wage, everybody steals a little as his perquisite. No wonder that there is trouble. "By Amen, by the King whose anger kills, we will work no more!" the strikers shout, as they rush to take the governor's palace by storm. The gates give,¹ and Pharaoh sees the rioters flow over the courts, ready to plunder the food-stores; but he maintains a serenity tinged with irony. It is right, fair and salutary, that the governor should have to disgorge to these starving men the food which he has unlawfully kept back from their rations. After that the strikers will at once return to work, and it is not a bad thing, either, that the Mazaiu should arrest a few hotheads and flog them or send them to jail.

Tutankhamen has reached the temple. At the door he is received by two shaven-headed, bare-footed priests. "Is the First Prophet of Amen in the temple?" he asks. Through the open doors he sees the deep interior of the sanctuary, its massive pillars, its austere shadow. As soon as he crosses the threshold, a warm atmosphere of worship and incense

¹ Turin papyrus, Pleyte and Rossi; Chabas, *Mélanges*, iii, p. 216.

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surrounds him; all the prayers of his subjects, more laden with human greed and passion than with divine spirituality, hang under the dark roofs in the fumes of blood-sacrifices and the odour of spices.

In the most secret part of the sanctuary, the high-priest, at Pharaoh's side, opens the doors of the golden shrine, flashing with gems. It stands on a boat, the two ends of which are adorned with rams' heads surmounted by the sun-disk,¹ while a gold human-headed sphinx guards the prow and a tiny golden figure stands on the poop, working the little oars. Behind a veil, the prophetic statue of Amen appears. It is of gilded wood, and is jointed; its hair and beard are painted black, and its enamel eyes gleam in the darkness. The high-priest burns a few grains of incense, and takes two sealed rolls of papyrus, which he places within reach of the outstretched hands of Amen.² One roll asks, "Amen, King of the Gods, my good Lord, they say that inquiries should be made regarding the governor of Thebes." On the other is written, "O Amen, King of the Gods, my good Lord, they say that there is no reason for making inquiries regarding the governor of Thebes." The high-priest calls to the god in a loud voice, several times, "O my good Lord, thou shalt judge." The god takes the roll which asks for inquiries with one of his jointed arms, and pushes away the other, which falls on the flags, the noise echoing down endless colonnades. The priesthood want a new governor for the capital of the Empire.

Tutankhamen again questions the god. Like his ancestress Hatshepsut before him, he wants to send his mariners to the land of Punt to look for new

¹ See appendix, below. Naville, *Deir el-Bahari*, pl. lxxxiv, 1, 4-5.

² See Moret, *Rituel*; Capart, *Thèbes*; Maspero, *Causeries*; etc.

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treasures. "Amen, my father, should I send soldiers of Egypt to Punt?" And Amen, through the voice of the priest hidden in the darkness, answers "Yes." For, of course, if any treasures are found, a great part of them will come to the temple as a tribute of gratitude to Amen and an unexpected bonus for the priests.

For the people, this wooden, jointed Amen is indeed his double on this earth. Its human mimicry answers to old religious instincts which cannot be satisfied by an abstract prayer before a bare, empty shrine. It is essential that Amen should speak to these primitive souls in a loud, understandable voice, and nod his head, and move his arms. Everyone knows that in this temple a priest, and for the common people a whole class of priests, pull the strings and make the god work. Behind the crude illusion, a profound reality remains; it is normal that the divine consultation should take place through that purely human intermediary and through the mouth of the priest. Everyone in Egypt was brought up from childhood to believe that the souls of the gods animated their statues and that they communicated with the priests, whose mission it was to approach them.

When the council of ministers is over, thanksgiving has to be done to the god. Servants bring to Tutankhamen the Bull of the South. The beast advances with a halting gait, his right horn being tied to his off hind-leg. While the high-priest holds him by the tail, Tutankhamen casts the noose round his horns. The bull stops, bewildered; the priests fall upon him, throw him over, and tie up his four legs. Then Tutankhamen lays his stick over the panting body, and the sacred butcher slits the throat from ear to ear. The high-priest cuts up the carcase with innumerable rites, and the meat is offered as a meal to the god,

amid the smoke of incense, a symbol of love and gratitude which the priests will presently enjoy.¹

At this distance of time, we feel a certain interest and even philosophic respect when we consider these divine conversations, ancient episodes in the eternal conflict of the civil and religious powers. We hardly believe in the innocent simplicity of the reports which gravely mention Pharaoh's questions and the god's answers. We know enough of the Oriental subtlety of which the kings and priests of old Egypt were capable, to be certain that this apparently simple mechanism allowed of every imaginable combination and shade of meaning. At that moment of history, the whole art of politics lay in shifting difficult responsibilities on to the gods. This could only be done with the complicity of the priests, who demanded a high price for it. When Amenophis IV tried to rule as a human being, without the help of the priests, he failed. Godhead, the symbol of ancient human traditions and future hopes, was what governed the life of the Egyptian people and decided the policy of its Kings.² The trinity of god, king, and priest imposed itself as the greatest mystic power of all times. It was also a fair political system, establishing a happy balance between the power of

¹ Moret, *Rituel*.

² *Ibid.* In periods when the son of the god reigned, state affairs were examined in intimate conversations of the King and the god, and decided by the King alone.

In the time of Seti I, Tutankhamen's third successor, the final decision was reserved, always and entirely, as we have seen, for the statue of Amen alone, a jointed doll whose head approved or disapproved of the papers submitted to it. It was for the statue to say "Yes" or "No." Innumerable texts show that this must already have been the usual practice in Tutankhamen's time, as in the cases, previously mentioned, depicted on the walls of temples at Karnak, Der el-Bahari, and Luxor.

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the King, the sovereign master, and that of the priests, representing public opinion.

The history of Egypt depended on the working of that balance which was in danger of being upset when the priests exercised unchecked sway over certain weak or incompetent Pharaohs and aspired to making the law by themselves, for their own sole advantage. Amenophis III perceived the danger. Amenophis IV tried to ward it off by crushing the rival power for ever and combining both powers, spiritual and temporal, in his own person. He went too far; the people did not understand him. Tutankhamen restored the beam of the balance to its old position, and tried to fix it there, but the weights had been falsified and the people no longer believed in their unchangeable, sacred value. He threw into one scale the weight of his scepticism, his principles; the barbarian peoples would throw in their sword. Rameses II was the last to maintain the equilibrium by force; his successors could do no more than allow the decline of the Empire to consummate itself.

Tutankhamen cannot leave the temple yet; he has to go to a small esplanade outside the Sanctuary of the Sacred Boats. There a court is sitting, waiting for the sentence. Pharaoh sees an immense circle of poverty and wretchedness, such as you may see now, on a cold winter's day, in the waiting-room of a magistrate's court—miserable, dirty rags, half-naked figures, with here and there a strange ornament glinting. The circle is gathered respectfully round an open space, in which are the president, judges, scribes, and prisoners.

These open-air courts were always busy. Cases of violation of tombs were the most frequent.¹ The

¹ Maspero, *Une Enquête judiciaire à Thebes*.

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tombs lay only a few feet underground, and contained treasures which were a great temptation to the immense population which dwelt in the city of the dead. That city of the necropoles was now enormous, the supreme refuge of still unfulfilled dreams, hopes conquered by death, a whole embalmed past of history, science, and ancient tradition. At the beginning of the great days of Thebes, it had only reached as far as Der el-Bahari, where Thothmes I, II, and III and Hatshepsut had desired to lie, no longer finding a suitable resting-place among the tombs of their subjects. Little by little, the dead had invaded the slopes of the hill, the Asasif, which held the common sepulchre of the humbler people.¹ Then they had covered the hill of Shekh Abd el-Qurna, the quarter of Qurnet-Murrai. A capital of the dead encircling the capital of the living, this "brow of Thebes," as the texts call it, every year extended its sinister belt, a grim assemblage of mastabas, chapels, and gaudy funerary temples, confronting one another with their external stelæ and painted pillars.

In the midst of the temples stood huge buildings, shouldering one another, which together formed the ministry of the dead, the "August Khiru of Millions of Years." Among all the dead, it housed a seething life, entirely occupied in their service. In the embalmers' shops the bodies were passed on from one class of workers to another for different operations. If, out of the 40,000 inhabitants of the capital, twenty died every day, we must imagine that every corpse kept half-a-dozen men busy for eighty days, and that between 1,500 and 2,000 embalmings must have been going on at the same time.² A whole people lived and worked there—colleges of priests charged with the

¹ Rhind, *Thebes : Its Tombs and their Tenants*, pp. 124-39.

² Maspero, *Histoire*.

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upkeep of the tombs, sculptors, scribes, painters, metal-founders, metal-engravers, stone-engravers, and dealers in tomb-furniture. The largest contingent was supplied by the guild of masons and stone-cutters, but there were fishermen, water-carriers, gardeners, and woodmen, whose presence in that place astonishes one.

Mourning-women, songstresses, and dancing-girls also lived within the bounds of the necropolis, which was a hotbed of the lowest prostitution and of all kinds of crime.¹ The Mazaiu who policed this "Babylon" of the dead had their hands full. Respectable women were careful not to venture there when evening fell, for there were many rapes in the shadow of the tombs. One Panihi boasts on a stele that, having met the wife of a friend near a lonely tomb, he violated her in spite of her screams.²

The dwellings of the dead were not secure against criminal attempts. Priests and keepers, craftsmen and labourers, used to go at night, with the connivance of the scribes, and rob them of their treasures. The fact was so common that in the case of ordinary tombs the matter was not referred to Pharaoh; a court of notables distributed sentences broadcast — castration, impalement, hanging.³ Tutankhamen had to take cognizance of only the thefts committed in the rich quarter of the necropolis, the Ist Maat, "the True Place." There the great ones of this world slept their last sleep in the keeping of very reputable colleges of priests, countless congregations, Prophets of Amen, and a herd of

¹ See Maspero's article on Tui, in *La Nature*, 23rd year, vol. ii, p. 213.

² Papyrus Sallier, no. 124, pl. i; Chabas, *Mélanges*.

³ Spiegelberg, *Arbeiter und Arbeiterbewegung im Pharaonenreich*, p. 11.

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Servants of the True Place.¹ The riches accumulated in these tombs made it worth while to pay for the complicity of all these priests, prophets, officers, and servants. Hardly a night went by, but a splendid mummy was torn from its chest of precious wood, thrown down in the dust, and stripped of its jewels and familiar objects. It was useless for the culprits to replace the wrappings carefully and put the mummies back in their sarcophagi; envy and jealousy denounced them. Under flogging and torture they soon confessed their crime and revealed all the active and passive complicity in high places by which they had benefited.²

The trial was conducted with the greatest care by a commission of Pharaoh's officers under the presidency of the high-priest, and since the case came under both civil and religious law, legal forms were treated with the greatest respect and applied with a very high sense of justice. Pursuers and defenders set forth their case in writing. There were no advocates. "Words trouble minds and lead them astray."³ The judges deliberated long, and the president, appointed by Pharaoh, pronounced the sentence. In Thebes, the statues of judges were without hands, and those of presidents had closed eyes, to show men that justice could not be won over with gifts or with prayers, nor by the arts of a predecessor of Phryne.⁴ The royal ritual required that Pharaoh, after officiating in the temple, should come now and again and consecrate the solemnity of the debates by his august and divine presence.

Passing through the crowd, which falls prostrate, Tutankhamen goes to the side of the presiding high-

¹ Maspero, *Rapport sur une mission en Italie (Recueil de travaux)*.

² Jomard, *Description des hypogées de la ville de Thèbes*.

³ Petrie.

⁴ Plutarch.

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priest, and addresses the ritual formula to judges and accused: "I charge the criminals.¹ The words which men have said, I do not know, but I see their deeds. Now, then, I say, Have a heart; take heed that you do not punish the innocent. I am with the kings of justice. But whatever has been done, let them who have done it see it fall upon their own head. I protect . . . and I am with the kings of justice who are before Amen, King of the Gods."² Then he hears the just sentences—prison for most, impalement or hanging for the priest convicted of theft, suicide offered to officers or noble scribes, and flogging or mutilation for lesser folk.

The royal cortège forms up to return to the Double Great House. Under a burning sun, Thebes settles down to an idle siesta; the same glaring whiteness covers poor houses and the palaces of princes. As Tutankhamen drives past the long, windowless walls, he thinks of the different lives behind their unvarying whiteness. He knows that the peacefulness of the blinding fronts is only apparent, a mask over unknown curiosities and passions. Still the monotonous white walls turn this way and that before him, mysterious as ever. In the narrow darkness of the baking streets, he lets himself be borne along by the calm serenity of things, and he feels no disturbance when he suddenly hears voices a little way off.

Is the riot created by the strike of the temple-workers not over?³ As he thought, the governor, whose conscience may not have been very easy, had said to his

¹ Turin papyrus, translated by Chabas.

² Abbott Papyrus, pll. iii-iv; Chabas, *Mélanges*.

³ Pleyte and Rossi, *Papyrus de Turin*; Chabas, *Mélanges*, 3rd series.

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steward, "See what wheat you have in the granaries, and give some to these people," and to those who had already made their way into the court he said, "You, run to the granary, take what he gives you." Yes, it is a procession of these poor devils coming towards him. Tutankhamen goes on. One of the wildest of the strikers breaks away from the rest, and throws himself down before Pharaoh. "You are our father and we are your sons. You are the staff of the old man, the foster-father of the child! You are the bread of the afflicted!" The benediction is taken up in a joyful litany by the crowd of workmen, who go by, their arms laden with wheat, seed, and jars of oil.

To-day, Tutankhamen has to confer the great office of viceroy of Kush (Nubia and Ethiopia)¹ on the royal official Hui, who will thus become Royal Son of Kush, the first man in the Empire after Pharaoh.² When he

¹ The following scenes are based on the wall-paintings and texts in the tomb of Hui. This tomb was discovered by Wilkinson at Qurnet-Murrai, near Thebes, and before the discovery of that of Tutankhamen its wall-paintings were our chief source of evidence regarding that Pharaoh, save for certain statues, reliefs, and decrees. It is particularly interesting from an artistic point of view, for it marks the transition from the charmingly graceful art of Tutankhamen to that of the Ramessids.

Hui's predecessors as viceroys of Nubia, Merimes (under Amenophis III) and Tutmes (under Amenophis IV), were buried not far off. He was the most fortunate of them all in the lifetime of Tutankhamen, who deified him and caused a temple to be built to him at Faras in Nubia, which Mr. Griffith is now clearing; but Ai, Tutankhamen's successor, deposed him and put Pa-ur in his place (Gardiner, on the tomb of Hui).

² Nubia had been partly conquered by Amenemhat I, who had made all Southern Egypt into a viceroyalty. The viceroy was given the dignity of Royal Son of Kush, as if he had the blood of the gods in his veins. He had great power, commanding armies and con-

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has received his investiture as viceroy, Hui will present his master with the tribute which the princes of those distant vassal peoples have brought for His Majesty, and that of the petty king of Retenu in Syria.

We have every reason for believing that Tutankhamen entertained Hui, his retinue, the Princes of Kush, Wawat, Miam, and Amamiu, and the envoy of the kinglet of Retenu with one of the elegant banquets which were at the time one of the most astonishing manifestations of Egyptian civilization.¹

Ever since morning, the countless denizens of the Double Great House had been hard at work. When we realize² that Pharaoh had to supply food to his regular servants, even after their death, in the form of funerary offerings, and also to every official whom any business took to the Palace, even to plead a law-case (so the Berlin Papyrus tells us),³ we can imagine the immense size of the royal kitchens, where, according to the Hood Papyrus, every man had his place in a scale of rank as complicated as that of the priesthood of Amen. The cake-maker went before the soufflé-maker, who was never preceded by the jam-maker, and all were a long way behind the three noble meat-carvers.⁴

tinuing temples, and he kept it until the King relieved him. Champollion, *Lettres*, 2nd ed., p. 160. De Rougé observes that the post was very often given to the heir to the Egyptian throne, as a kind of apprenticeship (*Revue Archéologique*, 1st ser., vol. xi, 1852).

¹ Illustrations in Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*, ch. vii, from many Theban tombs of the period, e.g., those of Rekhmara and Nekht (Maspero).

² Dümichen, *Resultate*, vol. i, pl. vii; Mariette, *Masabas*, pp. 273, 414.

³ To these Pharaoh gave a loaf of bread, a pot of beer, and a goose-leg a day.

⁴ Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*.

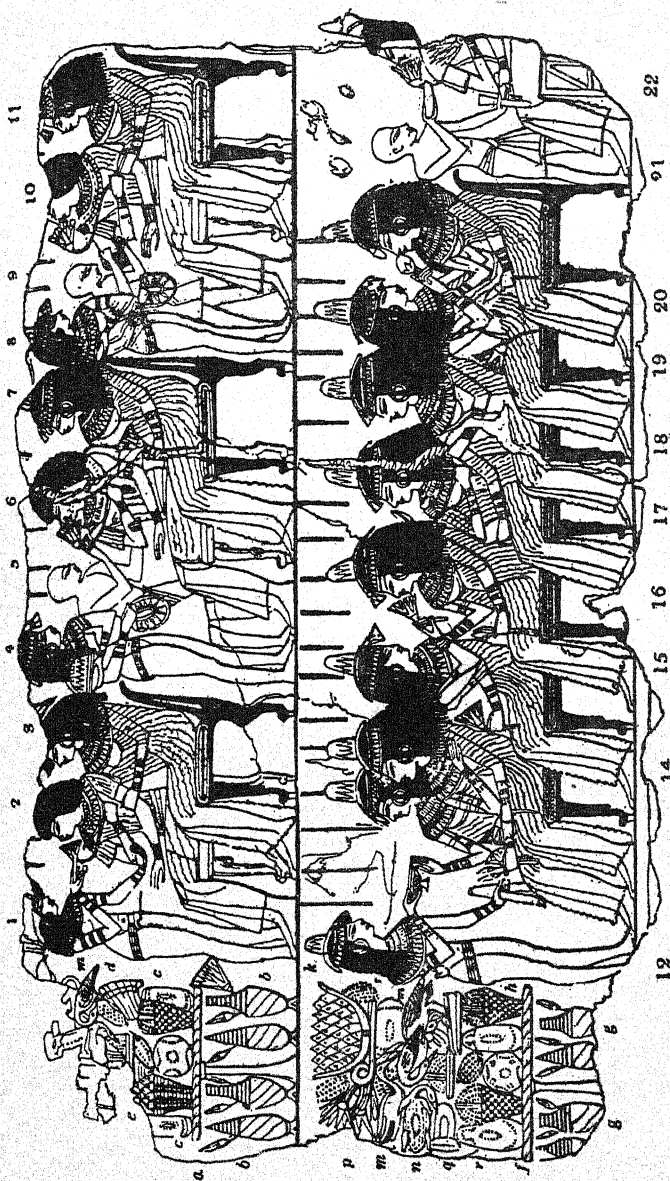


FIG. II.—A BANQUET IN THEBES UNDER THE XVIIIth DYNASTY.
British Museum papyrus. From Wilkinson.

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On the ground-floor of the Palace it was cool and shady in the great hall with the red and yellow lotus pillars and the pavement of many colours. This apartment ran parallel to that in which ambassadors and subjects had crowded in the morning, waiting for the royal audience. In the middle, along a square basin in which water murmured night and day, stood a very long and very narrow table of white stone between two lines of stools.¹ On the other side of the basin stood a straight row of little one-legged tables, each with a tiny stool beside it. Tutankhamen followed the Pharaonic etiquette which ordered that at banquets the Queen and her attendant women and female guests should sit apart from His Majesty.²

Hui came first, a splendid figure of a man with big black eyes and a very full wig of glossy hair with dark gleams in it; as in the wall-paintings of his tomb, he was extraordinarily naked-looking in his gold collar and the thin white pleated gauze which covered him all over without concealing him.³ His retinue consisted of his brother, who was like him, the deputy from Kush, the Mayor of Khaemmaat, the high-priest, and other important officials.

¹ See *ibid.*, reproductions from tombs.

² Maspero (*Histoire*, vol. i, p. 276) writes: "In the great halls of the Palace, 'like those of Atum in heaven,' the King dealt with affairs in council, delivered justice, and presided at solemn banquets." Without that precious testimony, I should probably not have dared to bring Tutankhamen into this scene, for we have no representation at all of Pharaoh at a banquet, except those of Amenophis IV at the court of Akhetaten, where a peculiar heretical etiquette probably reigned.

³ Tomb of Hui. Hui before Tutankhamen (east painting), investiture of the viceroy, offering of tribute. See Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, ii, iii, pl. cxv; Breasted, *Ancient Records*, p. 43.

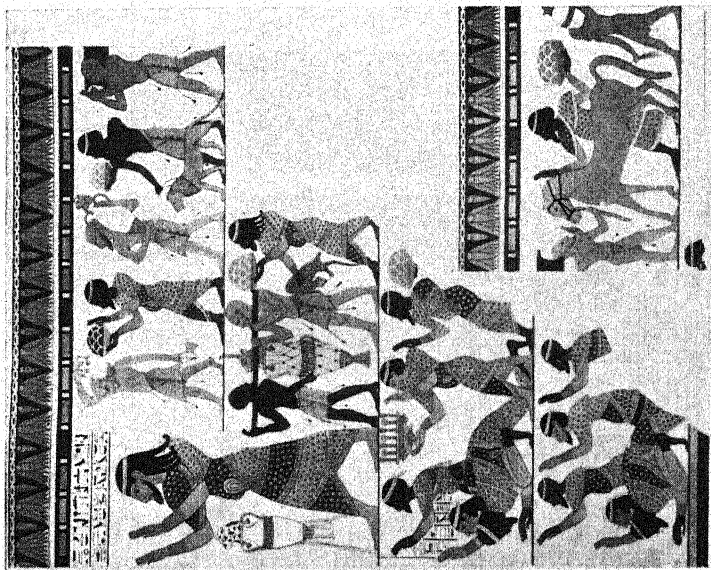
The envoy of the Syrian kinglet of Retenu rather disgusted the fine young men of Egypt, semi-naked in their white gauze and splendid jewels. He was an old man, entirely rolled up in a long robe, badly cut of a thick, greasy cloth with heavy red and blue embroideries up to his neck and down to his hands, which emphasized his lean figure. He had a little bald head with a few hairs standing up oddly, a long beak of a nose, and deep-set eyes, and his beard hung round his face in a fringe. The men who followed him were dressed in the same way, but wore their hair in long tufts, black and greasy.

The most astonishing apparition was the Negro guests. The vassal Prince of Kush was dressed in the Egyptian manner in white pleated stuff, a great novelty at that time, and wore an absurd little green wig, with a gold crown of an odd shape perched on top. He was a mulatto, a bit of a dandy, and he walked, with a very embarrassed air, in front of the black Princes of Wawat, thick-lipped fellows with big earrings and gigantic feathers stuck in the side of their green and gilt wigs.

Tutankhamen, who had had four baths since the morning, sat motionless, a glittering figure, his chest hidden under cascades of gold necklaces and his slender legs showing through the immaculate whiteness of pleated gauze. His slight, boyish figure seemed crushed by all that magnificence.

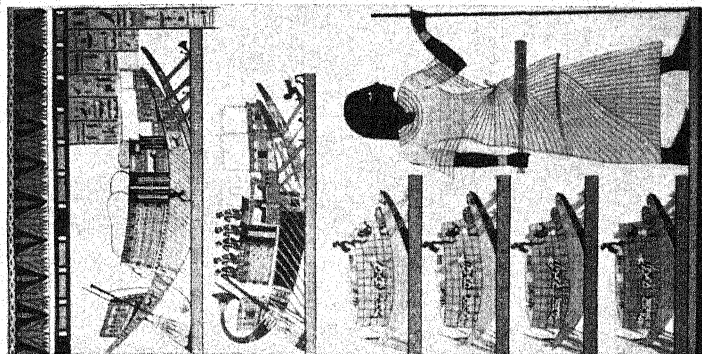
On the stone table was an epergne of gold filigree, a marvel of the negro art of Nubia, representing giraffes under palm-trees.¹ Gold cups, gold plates, gold eating-

¹ This celebrated piece of negro workmanship has been published by Maspero, and appears in the paintings of the tomb of Hui among the articles offered to Tutankhamen as tribute. One should note in passing that negro art did not degenerate till later.



PRESENTATION OF SYRIAN TRIBUTE FROM RETENU (left)
RETURN OF THE PRINCES OF KUSH TO ETHIOPIA (right)

Paintings from the tomb of Hui



(Lepsius, Denkmäler)



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spikes, could scarcely be seen under a profusion of yellow flags and water-lilies. These were Pharaoh's favourite flowers; they had strewn his room in little bouquets on the night of his marriage, and they were found, withered but recognizable, in his tomb thirty-two centuries later. They recalled too, the water-lilies and flags which Amenophis IV used to offer to the Sun-god in the happy days of his childhood at Akhetaten.

All round, in the shade of the cool room, in the passages, in the offices, slaves swarmed, marvellously decorative to behold. Retenu watched the door with round eyes. An imposing procession of negroes in white waist-cloths came forward, bearing red cabbage, sesame-seed, aniseed, and cummin, hors-d'œuvres intended to raise a great thirst, to be quenched by Hittite wines, beer, oil, "the delight of the throat," and brandy, "which makes a man go out of his soul." The Prince of Kush, uncertain how to hold his spoon, upset his lentil-soup when he saw the long train of meat appear—roast geese and legs of small calves and gazelles adorned with ham-frills, heaped on gold ashets resting on lotuses, and more and more dishes behind them, entrées, stews, salmis. Tutankhamen, like his ancestors, was fond of meat roasted on wood, or *à la Rouennaise*. The Egyptian recipes for blood-gravies were famous in antiquity.

Pharaoh looked lovingly at the pretty little Queen, sitting at the first of the long line of smaller tables. On the stool behind her sat the fat and grotesque Wehebezia, Queen of Kush, a thick-lipped negress with large rings in her ears, feeling very much cramped in the pleated Egyptian dress which she was wearing for the first time. Then came Egyptian ladies, Hui's mother Wanho, his wife, and others, all talking volubly

about their wigs and sandals.¹ Round about them, busy slave-women, black and white, in long smocks, served wine and food.

Here were the music-women, whose business it was "to gladden the heart of their master with delightful songs." They wore ample garments, and squatted in a row, some playing the double flute and triangle, and others clapping their hands while two of them sang songs of recreation. Meanwhile the Prince of Kush and the envoy of Retenu stuffed themselves with pickled onions and Nile melons.

Another line of slaves entered in Indian file, bearing giant fruits, but again Pharaonic etiquette must be observed. A slave presented to each guest a little wooden mummy in a minute coffin, and in a tone of desolation the servant's voice went up: "Look at this, then drink and make merry, for you will be like this after death."²

Kush and Retenu profited by the advice, and drank as much as they could, munching spiced pastries of a thousand kinds. Tutankhamen remained silent and grave all through, perhaps thinking of the jolly family meals at his father's court. He did not even see the naked singing-girls who had come to entertain the guests. Some were now playing on five-stringed lyres

¹ Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs*, for many representations of women at meals (from all the tombs of the period) and their conversation.

² Maspero remarks, with Herodotos, that this custom lasted through the centuries. Petronius, in the *Satyricon*, shows it in Rome. "While we were drinking, a slave brought a silver skeleton, whose joints and vertebræ could be moved in every direction. He threw it on the table, where the jointed doll took various poses, whereupon Trimalchio cried, 'Alas! alas! Wretched that we are! All our poor humanity is nothing! We shall all be like that! So let us make the best of life, so long as we are allowed to live!'"



PRESENTATION OF THE TRIBUTE OF KUSH

Painting from the tomb of Hui

(Lepsius, *Denkmäler*)

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and others on catgut guitars, while one lightly veiled woman struck the thirty-two strings of the royal harp, whose stand was carved with Tutankhamen's head.¹

Then came the female acrobats, with nothing on at all and the tips of their breasts painted blue. The dwarfs and clowns played the fool all round them.

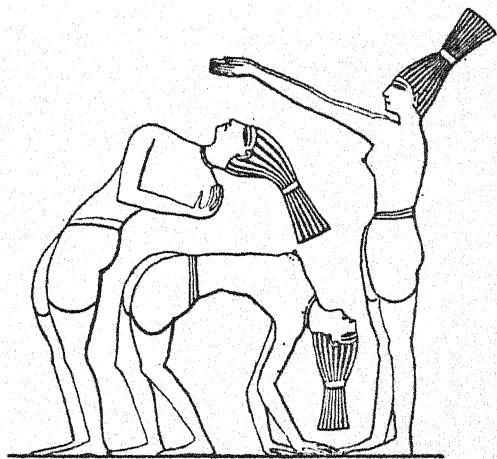


FIG. 12.—DANCING-GIRLS.

From Wilkinson.

Still dish after dish appeared, harps, flutes, and voluptuous human voices continued their amorous concert, and all these tedious variations seemed likely to go on for ever.

At last the banquet was over, and the royal pair, sitting on thrones at the end of the hall, received the compliments of each guest, while the pet monkey,

¹ For the details of these instruments, see Wilkinson, and the lyre of Amenophis I in the Berlin Museum.

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tied by a gold chain to the leg of the King's throne, pulled the tail of the Queen's tame gazelle, and the Danga dwarfs gambolled around.

In the great rectangular hall, parallel to the banqueting-hall, Tutankhamen sat on a dais shaped like a shrine, with a stucco pillar painted blue, green, and yellow on either side and a serried row of gold cobras along the top like a protective, poisonous garland. The little Pharaoh, bare-footed and scantily clad in soft white gauze, looked like a small, colourless doll, lost in a huge setting of over-brilliant colour. On his head was the heavy crown of Upper Egypt, and in his left hand, as if they were toys, he clasped the whip and the crook, the symbols of a power which his weak character would fain have forgotten; his right hand, holding the sign of Life, hung in a pose of weary abandonment. Amid the solemn pomp with which the investiture of Hui as viceroy of Nubia was surrounded, Pharaoh felt all the irony underlying a ceremony by which he delegated a part, and the most important part, of the power which was really so illusory.

But already his officers were opening the doors, and the Grand Master of Ceremonies introduced Hui, who, by a signal favour, kept on his sandals. The candidate prostrated himself with feigned humility, while the voice of the Master of Ceremonies, grave and deep, went up: "Here is the seal of Pharaoh, who gives you the country from Nekhen to Napata," and Hui's men, flat on their faces in the dust, repeated, like an ancient chorus, "Your intelligence, son of Amen, makes you to be chosen by the Greatest to keep his country in order."¹ An officer held out the seal to

¹ Breasted, *Ancient Records*, ii, p. 421.

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Hui, saying, "Take the seal which confers on you the viceroyalty of Kush, from Nekhen to Napata."

Promoted viceroy, Hui stood up to his full, authoritative height, and, holding in his hand the great feather which was the sign of his power, he ordered the tribute of the North to be brought forward.¹ His young brother Amenhetep, whom Tutankhamen had just made sub-viceroy, stood at his side and, in that capacity, announced, "The arrival in peace of the tribute of the Prince of the East." At the door, Retenu appeared, stretching his hand towards Tutankhamen in a gesture of reverence and worship. He was accompanied by his chief officer and followed by a rabble of bald slaves and hairy, bearded Asiatics, with nothing but yellow skirts over their nakedness. The slaves bore on their heads swaying gold trays, laden with copper rings, candle-sticks, and precious metals, others carried in their arms huge blocks of lapis lazuli torn from the quarries of Babylon, and others presented big vases of alabaster set with gold, strung on iron rods. One led a little panther on a rope, and the procession was closed by an Asiatic, controlling the exuberance of a magnificent horse with a long black tail.² During all this march-past, Retenu nosed the

¹ Tomb of Hui (Lepsius, iii, p. 115). Hui, as viceroy of Nubia, had no special quality for presenting the tribute of Syrian Retenu, which should have been done by Pharaoh's representative in that little kingdom. It was probably an additional honour which the King conferred on him on the day of his investiture. See Breasted, *op. cit.*, p. 433. The Empire was by now so much diminished by the reverses of Amenophis IV that things must have been somewhat disorganized. Moreover, Breasted makes the very important remark: "But it should not be forgotten that one of Ikhnaton's successors carried on war in Asia, and this can hardly have been any other than Tutankhamon. He may thus have been able to collect some northern tribute" (*op. cit.*, p. 433).

² See p. 125, n. 3.

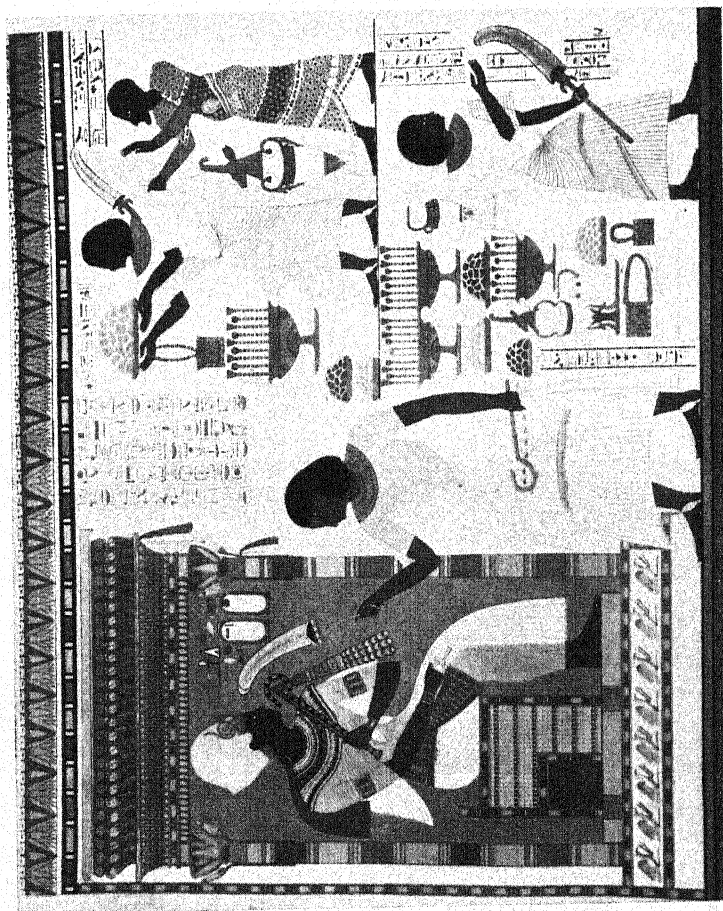
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ground, prostrate in the dust, and chanted, "Give us the breath which you give, Lord. Tell us of your victories. There are no rebels in your time. Every land is at peace." Tutankhamen remained impassive. Amenhetep helped Retenu up, and he disappeared after his gorgeous caravan by the end of the room.

Then Hui announced, "The arrival in peace of the house of the Hereditary Prince of Kush, bringing tribute." These were the viceroy's future subjects. Three negroes entered, their black skins shining like ebony, their thick lips projecting well in front of them, and their big white earrings glittering about their broad, swarthy faces. They were dressed in the Egyptian manner in white pleated garments;¹ panther-skins hung down their backs like carpets from windows; their short green and gold wigs bristled with feathers stuck in quaintly at the side. After them came a mulatto, walking alone, with an evident consciousness of his nobility; this was the vassal Prince of Kush. He, too, was dressed in white pleats, his arms were covered in bangles, and on the top of his golden wig an absurd little crown was propped like a clown's cap. Behind him came the two negro princes of Miam and Wawat, similarly clad and likewise trying hard to look dignified. Like a well-drilled ballet, all suddenly threw themselves flat on the ground at the feet of their new overlord, the viceroy Hui, chanting their deference: "Hail to you, King of Egypt, Sun of the Nine Bows! Grant us the breath which you give, for men live only by your love, you, the Great One in creation!"

A negro, so huge that he rose like a monstrous black flower out of his white waistcloth, came forward with

¹ The Negroes adopted Egyptian costume only in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty.



TUTANKHAMEN INVESTING HUI AS VICEROY OF KUSH

Painting

(Lepsius, *Denkmäler*)



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a tray full of gold rings; behind him, a chariot, clumsily made and gaudily painted, rattled gaily over the pavement of the hall, drawn by two little black and white cows, which a young slave caressed gently on their muzzles. On this the Queen of Kush sat under a parasol shaped like a wheat-ear. Over the coppery spaces of her face a green wig cast a transparent light of spring verdure, and she wore a tiny crown like a many-branched candlestick. In her unaccustomed Egyptian pleated garments she had a painful air of being dressed up in her Sunday best.¹ She was escorted by negroes bearing gold rings and armed with heavy clubs and copious negresses dragging along their pot-bellied pickaninnies.

Then came a number of slaves, presenting a symphony in black of a thousand shades, with jars of wine and oil and colossal elephant-tusks. Cowmen drove in a herd of little black and white cows, with tiny hands on the tips of their gilded horns, after the manner of Egyptian deities. Through the door of the hall, all the fauna of Africa came crowding in, as if from a Noah's Ark, giraffes on their exorbitant, thin, groggy legs, lifting stupid little heads, and panthers, lunging with fear. All this tribute would that same evening be distributed among the store-houses, stables, and warrens of the royal treasury.

Tutankhamen remained impassive, but so many gifts deserved a word of thanks, and Hui spoke it, convinced of the advantages of his new office: "The desire of His Majesty's heart is satisfied." Then the new viceroy went out of the Palace by an obscure door, at which his mother Wanho and his wife Taemmaji were waiting to congratulate him.

¹ Breasted, *Ancient Records*.

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The sun is low on the horizon, sinking as if by its own weight towards the mountain rim. The doors of the Double Great House open. Tutankhamen appears, a huge gold quiver on his shoulder, holding in with an effort of his outstretched arms the two strong horses of his hunting-chariot. The fan-bearers run behind, black in their white waist-cloths. The seven or eight chariots of his favourites follow him through the city, with an escort of eight foot-soldiers armed with shield, lance, and boomerang. Pharaoh goes out hunting, his favourite amusement.¹

The young King is about to cross the river when, near some barracks, he is held up by a gathering of men. Under the open porch are the chief of the soldiers and his lieutenant. Behind them squats an army of scribes, and the shaushis, half-ushers, half-executioners, with stout koorbashes in their hands, roughly push dozens of naked men before them. The recruiting-office of the army in Syria has been working for some days. Tutankhamen nearly softens at the piteous sight of the grief of the families crowding round the barrack gate; women roll howling in the dust, for they know that the army never gives back the men whom it takes to the distant borders of Syria and Ethiopia.² The scene wakes an echo in

¹ See Carter. Many objects found in Tutankhamen's tomb are adorned with representations of the Pharaoh hunting—the great chest, which is so delicately painted that it reminds one of Persian miniatures and the minute art of Benozzo Gozzoli, the cosmetics-jar, and the daggers. There is an ostrich-hunt on the handle of the gold fan, duck-hunting on the facings of the shrine, lion-hunting in a striking picture on one of the lintels of the funerary chamber, in which Pharaoh is shown alone, piercing a furious, gaping lion with his javelin. Moreover, the tomb has given us all his arms—quivers, arrows, bows, daggers.

² Maspero, *Histoire*.

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his mind of the peaceful preachings of his father at Akhetaten.

Did Tutankhamen make war? Although no certain incidents of his campaigns are known to us, there is no doubt that he was compelled to go to war, as is confirmed by Horemheb's words: "I followed my King on that day when he defeated the Asiatics."¹ On a sheet of gold from the tomb in the Valley of the Kings, now in the Cairo Museum, a war-scene, apparently sincere, shows "His Majesty fighting the Asiatics with glory." He is accompanied by the Queen, and Ai is in front of him.² On the daggers, chest, and chariots found in the antechamber of the royal tomb there are many representations of His Majesty on his war-chariot. Under the hooves of his horse, high-stepping victoriously, Asiatics and negroes of Nubia or Ethiopia flee in the dust, while Pharaoh's mastiffs eat them up. We also see Pharaoh himself, as a sphinx with a lion's body, mercilessly rending prisoners with his claws.

It is true that this evidence, carved in stone, engraved on metal, and painted on walls, had an official character, and the part played by imagination may be large in work thus done to order. But there is the beautiful gold and silver trumpet found between two sarcophagi, which is dedicated to the Legions of Amen and Ptah. "We may imagine him surrounded by his generals, state officials, and courtiers, taking the salute whilst the massed legions in military pageant passed by."³ In Nubia, two stones of red granite bear the little Pharaoh's cartouche, as proof that he had passed that way. But did he go to those distant lands as a peaceful traveller anxious to learn about his Empire,

¹ Breasted.

² Found by Davis in 1908 in a tomb of the period.

³ Carter.

or as a conqueror greedy for victories? War was only intermittent in Nubia, though it was always smouldering in Syria.

Whatever Pharaoh's own sentiments may have been, his people was too intelligent and refined to be fond of war. The common man had no liking for a soldier's life. The mysticism of Amenophis IV had failed, but the political principles which had inspired it remained unchanged. The power of the Empire was regarded not as resting solely on military force, but as being assured by continuity of traditions, a wise, indefinable legislation, psychological understanding of the conquered, and a liberal opportunism, served by a higher mysticism and a higher civilization. The pure-blooded Egyptian disliked soldiering, and considered that it was for the mercenaries, who had conquered the great Empire almost alone, to defend it now.

Before the barracks, held by a vague pity, Tutankhamen hears the native recruits singing the stock antimilitaristic songs of the day.¹

"Come and I will tell you of marching in Syria and roaming in distant lands.

You drink foul water and are always on guard."

The King whips up his horses. His chariot is already on the ferry-boat, when the wind brings him a last subversive echo:

"If a soldier comes home to Egypt, he is just a piece of old worm-eaten wood.

Then they stretch him out on the ground and kill him."

On the further bank, the party goes on its way through the streets of Thebes. People fly out of the path, or kneel in the dust with hands stretched towards

¹ Maspero, *La Correspondance chez les anciens Égyptiens*.

the royal chariot, according to their rank. At the end of the pole is a gold hawk with a shining sun-disk on its head, proudly presenting the King's cartouche to the crowd. In the labyrinth of streets, amid the monotonous succession of princely abodes and humble houses against one background of pale, faded colour, there is the seething life of an excitable, busy people.

At a street-crossing, Tutankhamen notes among the chariots which his runners hold up one peculiarly magnificent, surrounded by servants; it is driven by a very old and stout Egyptian, rouged and covered with jewels, the enormously wealthy Harmabi.¹ Another chariot passes in front of Pharaoh's without stopping; it bears Hui, the prince of the blood, whom we have seen presenting the tribute to his sovereign.

They are now going down the main street. It is the fashionable hour, when the cool of the evening allows fine ladies and gentlemen and all the great ones of the earth to come out and mingle with the people of the streets in a many-coloured, chattering throng. Great nobles display their pride in the insolent luxury of their clothes and ornaments. Serious burgesses return from work on foot, long stick in hand, newly shaved and rouged, in curly wigs, pleated mantles, and floating skirts. Bald-headed priests go by, very dignified and aloof in their white drapery. One of these is saluted with special respect. He is the Chief of the True Place, who manages the most important Theban cemetery, and he is a very great man. He has under him the immense people of officials, clerks, and

¹ *Tombe d'Harmabi* (Maspero). His amazing funeral procession (from which I have drawn my picture of the funerals of great men in Egypt) is described with a wealth of detail in his tomb in the necropolis (a dwelling which did not wait long for him, for he died before the King).

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labourers of the necropolis, the horde of craftsmen and the college of priests who officiate in the tombs and maintain them.¹

In front of the goldsmiths' shops, high-born dames gaze at jewels less lovely than their own eyes, large with kohl and desire. They are marvels of elegance in their plaited wigs, with the lines of their bodies and the texture of their brown skins showing through their white dresses, woven of the finest thread. Their fingers are covered with rings, necklaces hang in garlands of gems about their necks, bangles clash on their arms, and their coquetry only ends with the tiny gold sandals on their feet.

Combining the timidity of rejected lovers with the discretion of successful ones, hurried shadows vanish from the sunlight under the arcades of splendid villas; these are husbands, visiting their wives in accordance with the usages of good society.²

In contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the palaces, the three-storied brick houses of the middle classes have a rosy but rather faded air. Under the pale blue sky, their terraces are adorned with young women, playing and chattering, a calm life, in which laughter blends with the whirr of white pigeons, high above the turmoil of the streets. Here, under the changing hues of the sky in a gentle atmosphere tempered by the Nile breeze, the hours go by more lightly than in the state apartments which are found in every house, with their invariable row of wooden pillars, lit only by a square opening in the middle.³ When night falls, it will be time to go downstairs, into the gaily painted bedrooms.⁴

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii.

² See above, chap. iii.

³ Petrie, Wilkinson.

⁴ Drawing in Petrie, *Kahun, Gurob, and Hawara*.

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Tutankhamen and his escort are now proceeding along the circuit-wall of the Temple of Amen, bare and ruddy in the setting sun. Framed in the huge doorway is a chariot bearing an old lady, smothered in jewels. She is the Chief of the Ladies of the Harem of Amen.¹ She has grown old in harness, and meditates giving up the heavy task of looking after the love-affairs of the god's three hundred wives; she is going to meet her wealthy betrothed, who is very proud of a choice which will bring him prestige and favours.

The chariots come to the suburbs of the beautiful capital, piles of grey huts, crowded together without any harmony save that of squalid poverty. A few acacias and sycamores parsimoniously grant a meagre shadow to waste ground, the field of fierce battles waged over muck-heaps by dogs, hawks, and vultures. Men are at work rebuilding frail brick houses which were destroyed last night by a gale followed by a thunderstorm, the first for a hundred years.² They do not even level the ground, but lay the first bricks direct on the ruins. Idlers of the wretched neighbourhood, hardly decent in their gaudy rags, stand round staring with swollen eyes or revealing teeth spoiled by bad flour as they give a cheerless laugh.

Tutankhamen arrives at the outermost quarters of his capital. There are long perspectives of blind wall, topped with trellises of vines turning red with the autumn, and from one garden after another birds fly up, or the noise of running water is heard, or the scent of luxuriant vegetation drifts across the path.

¹ Maspero.

² Maspero: "Rain is rare, but once or twice in a hundred years the sky opens its sluices and water falls in buckets for eight or ten hours on the plain of Thebes."

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A solid mass of green stretches as far as eye can reach, in careless profusion, with trees of every species standing out above the plants which flow over the beds—*dûm*-palm, apple, almond, fig, pomegranate. This is the royal orchard.¹ Over the wall, Pharaoh sees the four oblong basins, bordered with pink stone copings; masses of lotuses sleep on their lazy waters, furrowed by the shining wake of the ducks. In the light foliage of date-palms and cassia-trees, sparrows and turtle-doves make a great din, while peewits hop about with jerky agility. Sun-baked plots present an abundance of onions, cucumbers, aubergines, lupines, fenugreek, bamias, melukhias, and colocasias.

Tutankhamen can hear the unwearying murmur of the water running through these gardens, carrying freshness everywhere and sometimes taking reflections of golden sunlight and blue sky right into the shade. It never ceases its work of keeping the royal orchard alive, obedient to the will of the master. That it may irrigate the estate, slaves work the gebba day and night; beneath their labours, a great beam swings, supported one-third way down its length by two uprights, with a counterweight of mud on the shorter end and a palm-leaf basket hanging from the longer. The slaves fill the basket at the fountain, and it rises towards the sun, then sinks to the level of the channel, and releases the water, which races splashing and sparkling down to refresh some part of the orchard.² They time the slow movement of the beam to a mono-

¹ The Harris Papyrus gives us the crops of the royal orchard of Thothmes III for a year—70 gallons of wine, 550 of grenadine, and 1,240 bags of pomegranates. Jars of wine were always placed in the tombs.

² Legrain, *Louxor sous les Pharaons*. By this method one man could raise 748 gallons in a day.

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tonous chant, the mournful notes of which harmonize with the clear song of the water:

"I tremble like a leaf when I see a gebba.
All my life I must set my sore hands to the gebba."

The horizon widens. Houses are dotted about the country at larger intervals. There are the last villas of high Theban officials, hiding behind tall battlemented walls the insolent magnificence which is only betrayed by the great entrance with the doors of heavy cedar-wood. Pharaoh's passage is greeted by the harsh barking of watch-dogs, indiscriminating but obedient to the commands of the magical papyrus:

"Up, brave dog!
Set your face against wild beasts.
May your mane be like bronze!"¹

A few more kitchen-gardens, crowned by the giant arcades of vines.² The Nile appears again, spreading broad and indolent among the rich, green tapestry of the crops. Great water-wheels (*sagqiya*s) carry the fertilizing waters abroad. They are driven by two yoke of oxen, which a cowman prods with the cry, "Hey, my yoke of oxen! Hurry, hurry, to water the fruitful earth!"³ In places the Nile and the water-channels spread out into sleepy pools among waving reeds, water-lilies, and pink and blue lotuses. By their banks, the peasants go stooping to pick up the seeds of the Egyptian bean.⁴ Others cut papyrus-stalks,

¹ Harris magical papyrus.

² The grape was the fruit of Thebes as the fig and date were those of Memphis. Vines had been trained on arches since the days of Osiris, who was said to have taught men to make wine.

³ Hartmann, *L'Agriculture dans l'Égypte ancienne*.

⁴ Diodoros, Herodotos, Theophrastos, and Strabo speak of it abundantly.

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which they will roast to-night over their fires as a treat instead of the common "lily-bread" (made of lotus seeds and roots) of every day.

As far as eye can see, the channels weave a network of silver over the plain, crossing here and there and forming artificial ponds which send up reflections of the sun-disk on every side. Through this tracery the waters run unwearyingly, bearing freshness and the sap of a luxuriant vegetable life to the mud with which the Nile has covered the land in its peaceful inundations, a fat, gentle soil in which the hoe is enough to cut generous furrows. Richness and life—the Nile makes Egypt! In the presence of that fertile, generous soil, Tutankhamen recites without thinking the *Hymn to the Nile* which every one of his subjects had repeated since the year 3000, a striking summing-up of the prosperity of his country, the *leit-motif* of the glorious history of Egypt, engraved among the Pyramid Texts.¹

"It comes from the rising of the Nile, the water of life which is in the sky.

It comes, the water of life which is in the earth.

The sky burns for thee, the earth trembles for thee.

King, thy feet are nosed by its pure waters.

The King is prosperous.

The Palace stands.

The month is born.

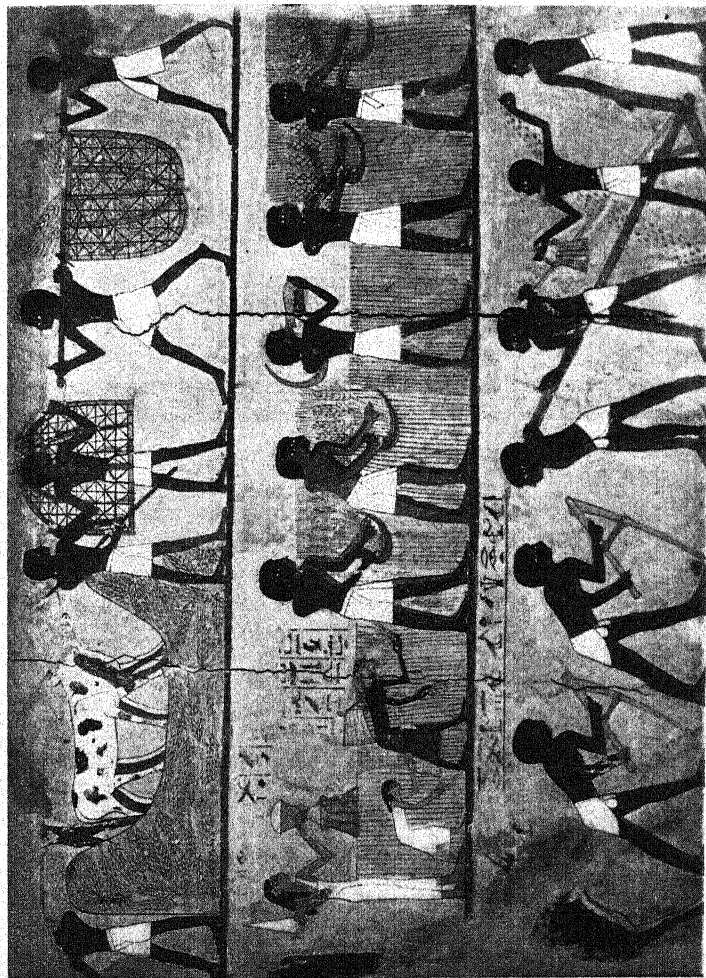
The nome lives.

The lands are measured.

The barley is grown, the wheat is grown, with which this King is gratified here for ever."²

¹ Diodoros Siculus discovered in the hymns to the Nile what the Egyptians had copied and what Osiris had taught them, in respect of irrigation. Menes is said to have built the celebrated dike at Koshesh. Lake Moeris was supposed to have been made by a king of that name.

² Pyramid Texts.



HARVEST SCENE

Painting from a Theban tomb (Louvre)

Archives photographiques d'art et d'histoire

[face p. 2

On the boats on the river, idlers mingle with peasants. It is a good hour for fishing. Herons, ibises, cranes, ducks, a thousand birds and millions of insects bring an explosion of life with their contrasting colours, their mingling cries, and their endless movement. Graceful boats lie motionless, moored to the reeds. Tutankhamen notices a tiny boat, an oblong box of wood, made fast to the bank with papyrus ropes. In the middle, encased in a pile of reeds which hardly conceals his large person, a big villa-owner, armed with a fish-spear, plunges his weapon into the water with surprising agility, and when he withdraws it he holds up to the sun, as if it were an offering, a glistening, flapping perch, pike, or lamprey.¹ On all the ponds, the King sees a multitude of similar boats. Some are so light that they suddenly capsize. Others slowly follow the banks. Ahead, a goose gives piercing screams, to warn the water-birds which are hidden in the reeds, and they flap away heavily. A boomerang, flung by a sure hand, brings down one, which is retrieved by a trained cat.

Tutankhamen is preparing to resume his course when suddenly heart-rending yells go up from a thicket. He sees two slaves with long sticks, belabouring a very small pig, which howls desperately, while two men near them are putting slabs of meat on large hooks. Then he remembers that it is the day, recurring only once in three months,² devoted to the slaughter of crocodiles all over the kingdom. Very soon a formidable crocodile comes out of the pond, attracted by the yells of the pig, and falls greedily on the red meat; hunters and slaves pull with might and main at the line until bait, hook, and crocodile are landed, and the

¹ Tombs of Nekht and Ti. ² Hartmann, op. cit.; Herodotos.

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pig flees through the muddy waters by the shore. A slave throws liquid clay into the eyes of the writhing brute, and the capture is complete; one crocodile less in Egypt!

Further down, a cowman crosses the ford with his beasts, sounding the water with his staff and shouting the charm against crocodiles:

“ Stop, crocodile, son of Set !

Do not swim with your tail, nor move with your legs, any more !

May the water become a wall of fire before you !

Stop, crocodile, son of Set !”¹

Meanwhile the great peaceable kine enjoy the coolness of the water, chewing the cud as they slowly cross the ford.

Tutankhamen goes on; the road turns to the left and plunges inland. The green and yellow chess-board of the fertile fields stretches to the rocky hills of the skyline. There is little variety in the landscape; as in the Fields of the Gods, the Fields of Ialu, barley and wheat alternate in a patchwork of green, rose, and buff. Nothing holds the eye in that vast extent, treeless, barely marked by the paths, fading in the distance into dimmer colouring. In this bare landscape, the Nile reigns as master. It runs from horizon to horizon, and its countless windings, with all the water-channels, seem like the silvery trail left by an enormous slug. On the shining surface, grey and green islands float like dead fish.

Under the blue sky, veiled by a faint pink haze, men work without ceasing, a people of busy ants. Egyptian peasants can be told by their white waist-cloth, while foreign slaves go naked. Both classes work in gangs of half a dozen under men with big

¹ Harris magical papyrus.

sticks. The short sickles of the harvesters swing in time to a chanty.¹

“This fine day appears on earth.
The zephyr has risen.
The sky acts according to our desire.
We work at what binds our hearts.”

Led by a young flute-player who accompanies their singing with shrill pipings, the fellahs and negroes advance in a line, a black furrow through the golden corn. The strident voice of a foreman occasionally breaks in with an exhortation: “Is there one of you that has worked in his time and can say, ‘I tell you and the other mates, you are all do-nothings?’ Who of you can say, ‘A devil for work, that’s what I am?’”

In a corner a steward is administering a flogging. A thirsty fellah has milked a cow and drunk the milk during the siesta. He now lies flat on the ground, held by his friends, with beads of sweat gathering on his back as the koorbash swings. Tutankhamen is not affected; he knows too well that the punishment is largely a pretence. The furious blows fall wide, on the ground, the thief howls from fear more than from pain, and his tender-hearted friends steadily beseech the steward, “Strike on the ground, for pity’s sake!”²

Bowling over the monotonous plain in his swift chariot, Tutankhamen thinks of the lot of the peasants bound to this fertile soil. Under the Old Kingdom, when all the land belonged to Pharaoh, the peasants were bound to the soil and served the master to whom Pharaoh was pleased to give it. They lived a wretched life, working in gangs of five men called “hands,” under a *kherp* who collected the products of their labour for the Nomarch. Subject to taxation and forced

¹ Hartmann, op. cit.

² Tomb of Baket at Beni-Hasan.

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labour without restriction, they toiled in the fields and on the great public roads. There was no escape from their miserable condition. Their only hope was to serve on the "privileged land," the enjoyment of which the Pharaohs used to concede to great lords by a charter which protected the peasants on such estates against arbitrary treatment and guaranteed them a better lot.¹

In the Revolution of 2360, the peasants took a cruel revenge. Driven on by demagogues and hunger, they plundered the property of the King and princes, and murdered land-owners and wealthy tenants. Then, on the top of the ruins, the peasants, now masters of the land, resumed their hard labour to make the inheritance which they had seized by force bear fruit for their own benefit.

The New Empire was compelled to sanction this state of things. "Pharaoh's Fields," as the land was called, were legally divided up by the Vizier and his agents and the portions (*shedu*), all equal and square, were marked off with boundary-stones and distributed among the families of peasants who cultivated them. The names of the fields and their cultivators were entered in a survey-register in the Double House of the Treasury and in Pharaoh's Granary.² The head

¹ *Journal Asiatique*, 1912, vol. ii.

² Maspero says: "Every property was marked off by a line of stones bearing the name of the owner. As soon as an estate was created, it was given a name, which lasted for centuries, unaffected by sales, distributions, revolutions, or changes of dynasty. The survey department entered it on the books at the same time as the proprietor's name, specifying the nature of the ground and its area to within a few cubits. 'Property 200 cubits long, the same breadth, and planted with good wood. This is written here in the royal charter.' The unit of area was the *aroura*, a surface 100 cubits square, a cubit being equal to about 20½ inches. Loret, *Grande Inscription de Mes*."

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of the family or a member, man or woman, who had authority in it ruled it completely. He was promoted to the position of *rudu*, or inspector, and was responsible to Pharaoh for the cultivation of the land and the payment into the Treasury of the annual revenue due. This was no longer subject to arbitrary decisions, but was established by legal tariffs, constantly revised in order to meet, as the essential basis of the budget, the constantly increasing costs of administration at home and expeditions abroad.¹ The *rudu* had full power to make over these estates to their wives, their children, or even third parties by deed of gift, distribution, or exchange, their only obligation being to enter such transfers on the survey-registers and to pay heavy fees to the Treasury.

So the peasant, under Tutankhamen, was definitely established in his rights as a free and hereditary tenant of the ground which he tilled. But, although he had a legal status, his jealousy and rapacity and the exactions of royal officials constantly gave rise to disputes, demands, and complaints. The echo of these reached Pharaoh himself. Not a day went by without Tutankhamen receiving petitions and complaints from his local investigators, his eyes and ears in the country. The offices, overwhelmed by papyri, hastened to file these affairs, the rising tide of which wearied their somewhat jaded zeal. Then the tax-payers, full of indignation, came to Court themselves, as was their right, to defend their case before Pharaoh, the most just.

Tutankhamen remembers that old peasant with the tanned skin, evasive eye, and wrathful, crafty face, who complained to His Majesty at the morning audience only the other day of having been robbed of his asses

¹ Moret, *Le Nil*.

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by his neighbour. "O my Lord, you are the Lord of the Sky, you are the Nile who fattens the fields. So be just like the Sun and the Nile! Put down robbery, protect distress! Take heed that Eternity approaches, and remember the saying, 'To do justice is life.' " And, seeing that His Majesty was not yet shaken, he was not afraid to vent his rage in invective. "Hey, you! I have complained to you, and you have not listened to my complaint; so I shall go and complain of you in the next world!"¹ Tutankhamen is not yet sure whether it was right to restore the asses and their load to such a disrespectful tax-payer, and to give him compensation, to boot, in the shape of six slaves, male and female. But Amen will remember his generosity, and after all the lot of his peasant subjects is not so enviable that he need regret a few liberalities which may encourage them not to desert the land which feeds his treasury.

He cannot forget the famous apostrophe of the scribe who advised the younger generation not to become farmers at any price.² "Never turn your head towards the work of the fields. Do you not remember how it is with the farmer, when the harvest is taxed and he has to pay tax in durra, wheat, and beans? The worms have destroyed half the corn and the hippopotamus has eaten the rest. 'Give up the corn, all the same!' says Pharaoh's messenger, and the farmer is beaten and thrown into a ditch, where he wallows head-downwards."

It is true that, to stop the desertion of the countryside, the *Satire of the Trades* compares the lot of the town craftsman unfavourably with that of the peasant. "I have never seen a smith on an embassy or a metal-

¹ *Story of the Peasant*, in Maspero, *Contes*.

² Papyrus Anastasi V.

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founder on a mission, but what I have seen is a metal-worker at his task, cooking at the mouth of his furnace. The mason builds without clothing, exposed to every wind, while sickness lies in wait for him; he wears out his two arms with work, his food lies mixed up in all the filth, and he eats himself, for he has no bread but his fingers. The barber wears out his arms to fill his belly. The weaver in the houses is worse off than a woman; squatting with his knees to his belly, he does not breathe. The bleacher on the quay is the neighbour of the crocodiles. The dyer stinks like fish-spawn, his two eyes are beaten with weariness, his hand does not stop, and, since he spends his time cutting rags, he hates clothing.”¹

Clearly there are pessimists in all ages. Besides, is not the koorbash the best answer to complaints and frauds and the surest justice? Tutankhamen knows that he is probably the only human being in his kingdom who can write on his epitaph, “He lived all the years of his life without being flogged before a magistrate.” He is none the happier for it; there is a heavy koorbash beating on his brain, the whip of appetites to be satisfied, duties to be done, the everlasting demands of priests and courtiers, the worries of business. . . .

While he dreams thus, his chariot bears him rapidly over the great plain. The crops cease to be continuous, tawny sand encroaches on the fat soil, boulders lie about in numbers, as if scattered by the august hand of a divine sower; and here are the rocks, grey and mauve—the desert. Before him rises an ash-coloured cliff, a first buttress of the Arabian Mountain, whose summit can hardly be told from the darkening sky. In the rocky wall, a gigantic door, hewn by nature,

¹ Papyrus Sallier II.

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leads to a mysterious gully which suddenly widens round a little tarn, its peaceful waters contrasting strangely with the wild rocks heaped all round. Here all the beasts of the desert and the hills come at sunset to drink.

Tutankhamen slows down his chariot. In the shadow of the grey, pink-tinged wall, very small under the great mass of rocks, a group of men awaits him, holding packs of hounds on the leash.¹ Although they



FIG. 13.—HUNTING-PACK.

From Maspero.

all look the same in their light hunting-kit, these men are graded in an elaborate order of rank—Chief of the Chase, Chief of the Whips, lasso-bearers, beaters, knife-men, rope-men, Chief of the Hunters, and Chief of the Hound-leaders. The whole “meet” is waiting for Tutankhamen.

Brief orders are given, and suddenly Pharaoh's faithful Berber greyhounds, Abaiko, Puthes, and Togru, followed by packs of jackal-dogs, hyena-dogs, and wolf-dogs, vanish quick as lightning into the lower

¹ Hartmann, *L'Agriculture dans l'Égypte ancienne*; Wilkinson.

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rocks of the gully.¹ The hunters follow. The scene is one of infinite desolation, and a vague pain clutches at the heart. The awful walls of stone rise in tiers, among which run steep, narrow paths which the hounds climb at a mad pace, sending down pebbles which echo interminably in the silence.

Suddenly the valley is filled by a frightened horde of gazelles, oryxes, mountain sheep, ibexes, hares, jackals, hyenas, antelopes, and even little hedgehogs. Tutankhamen ties the reins behind his loins and bends the great golden bow; the stone-headed arrows hum; wounded beasts totter and slacken their pace, and the hounds seize them by the throat. Mere mortals hunt with the lasso or the bola,² to capture beasts alive, and even use traps against the more dangerous animals, but kings use only the bow, the noble weapon, and kill with the javelin or dagger.

The slaves pick up the dead beasts. One little gazelle is only slightly wounded, so, at Pharaoh's bidding, they tie up its legs and will carry it back with great care. It will live in the Queen's apartments, where it will soon make friends with the little tame lion which the King brought home some months ago from a successful hunt,³ and the playful monkey which is tied to the foot of the throne.

The shadow grows deeper. The light slides up the stone terraces, and little clouds fly off with the last pink rays of light. Over the highest buttresses, a

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*. Pack in the tomb of Ptahhetep.

² The bola consisted of a round stone attached to a strap 16 feet long, which, when properly thrown, wound round the legs of the quarry. Gazelles, wild-goat, and oryxes were captured in this way.

³ Bologna papyrus no. 1086 tells how lions were trained in cages, very much as is done by modern tamers. All the Pharaohs had tame lions (Borchardt, for Sahura).

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purple blood-stain invades the sky, throwing a royal canopy over the scene. Fear sits enthroned on the tiers of rock, now hardly visible in the darkness. Pharaoh's men look at the skyline with troubled faces. In the last play of light and shade which deforms and transfigures the sky, their fancy sees the strange, uncanny beasts which the desert produces—the Sha, a maleficent animal of Set, whose gaze turns men to stone, the Griffin, the serpent-headed Saza, and the Saga, a dreadful thing with a hawk's head and a tail which ends in a lotus. To meet them would be enough to bring evil on everybody.¹

But all that appears is a peaceful body of hunters, wealthy villa-owners from the environs of Thebes. One of them steps out to talk with Pharaoh's Chief of the Chase. The latter then comes, prostrating himself, to tell his master the story. The other party have spent the day and the previous night beneath the Written Rock,² under the protection of Min, god of the desert. By stretching nets round a little tarn called Gazelle Lake, they have managed to bring down a number of ostriches, antelopes, and hyenas, but they have had to depart without their bag at great speed, for they have seen lions and tigers. It has been very rare to see these animals so near Thebes since the organized drives of Amenophis III, which drove them over the Libyan and Arabian Mountains into the desert. Tutankhamen takes as much pride in lion-hunting as his ancestors. He will not go home, late though it is. He asks for a drink. The slaves bring

¹ See the pictures of these creatures in the tombs of Beni-Hasan. Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i, p. 83.

² A celebrated rock in the Valley of Apu, often mentioned in the texts, forming a cave where gazelle-hunters used to tryst. All the above description comes from the tomb of Ptahhetep.

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him water in a gazelle's skin, slung from a long pole by the legs, the head being replaced by a small pipe which is not rough on the lips. The water is poured into a gold cup for the King, while mortals drink straight from the pipe.¹

Frightful roarings suddenly echo among the thousand walls of the ravine,² and a lion appears, his mane bristling with rage and his tail thrashing his lean flanks. The hounds go for him, surrounding him in concentric and discreetly wide circles. Pharaoh sends away his followers; this is King's quarry. He bends his bow, and the metal-tipped arrow flies unerringly, singing. The lion bounds howling, for the arrow has hit its mark, and falls in a heap. Tutankhamen descends from his chariot, and thrusts his javelin into the open mouth of the dying beast.³ A last rattle, a last leap, and the lion lies stretched out at Pharaoh's feet. Tutankhamen is worthy of Thothmes III, who, if his war-minister Amenemheb is telling the truth, used to go on foot after herds of elephants, "the biggest of which charged him." Worthy, too, of his grandfather Amenophis III, who with his own hand killed a hundred and twelve lions in ten years.⁴

His love of hunting allows us to suppose that it was in a fight with a wild beast that he received the injury which his mummy bears on the left cheek, opposite the lobe of the ear. In after years, when he was struck by the illness about which history is silent, but which Maspero describes as phthisis, he would still

¹ Wilkinson, Hartmann.

² Hartmann, p. 213.

³ Drawing on a wall of the funeral chamber.

⁴ Green scarab of the hunting of Amenophis III. Mariette, *Album photographique du musée de Boulaq*, pl. xxxvi.

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hunt wild-duck in the reeds of the Nile, sitting on a stool.¹ The little Queen accompanied him on these outings, in which there was no danger. With her hands she would point out to Pharaoh, who could hardly sit up, the birds which fluttered through the reeds. The little gold shrine in the tomb gives a faithful picture of this last sport of Tutankhamen.

But to-night it is time to go home. The crescent of the moon is already distinct in the pale sky; a star shines. The landscape rolls away in a dim phantasmagoria, and the tilled fields are like great dead spaces, abandoned by their masters.

As they cross the Nile to return to the Palace, boats of lovers, drawn by slaves, glide by, covered with flowers, softly sibilant with kisses. The night will be short for Tutankhamen, who is tired out. Before dawn he will be up, and when the sun rises he must go to the temple at Luxor² to bid farewell to the Viceroy of Nubia, the Prince of Kush, his family, and his escort. Even now six sailing-boats can be seen on the water against the colonnade of Luxor. At their head is a magnificent dahabeeyah covered with decoration, its rising bow and stern with the big black lotuses on the end reflected in the river. On the roof of the central cabin is the whole family of the Prince of Kush. For three weeks they will travel to the beat of the red, blue, and yellow oars before they reach their country, and this is without doubt their last farewell to the capital of the world.

Tutankhamen, anxious for their departure, stifles

¹ *Catalogue* of the Cairo Museum. Maspero says that the successive granite portraits of Tutankhamen carved at the end of his reign show the rapid advance of this disease.

² Painting in the tomb of Hui. See Breasted, *Records of the Past*; Lepsius.

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lengthy yawns—perhaps of weariness, perhaps of boredom.

Since he had all the things which most men can only expect in dreams, he must, like all the Pharaohs before and after him, have been a prey to that Oriental boredom which is compound of resignation to the fate of mankind and amorous longing for the Beyond.

CHAPTER VII

TUTANKHAMEN'S HAREM. THE LADIES OF THEBES

"BEWARE of the woman from outside, who is not known in her city. She is a water deep and boundless. Beware of her. Do not listen to her; it is a great sin."¹ So the *menoi* had said to Tutankhamen when he was a child at Akhetaten.

Pharaoh had taken the lesson to heart. For two years he had been living in the great capital, where love reigned supreme. In a thousand seductive forms, it offered itself to the handsome youth of seventeen that Pharaoh had now become. In the temples it affected to be a holy, eternal thing, promising divine ecstasies. In the harems, there were youthful laughter from carmine lips and the infinite range of delights offered by lovely naked forms from all the vast Empire, from the kingdoms of Asia and from the barbarous peoples. In palaces, in hovels, on the street, figures could be seen through light dresses,² supple and scented like opening flowers asking to be picked. Yet history, eager as it has always been to know the secrets of royal alcoves, does not bring us an echo of any conjugal lapse on the part of Tutankhamen.

Probably, like most Eastern monarchs, the young Pharaoh suffered badly, from his early days, from a profound boredom which could not be dispelled either

¹ *Maxims* of the scribe Ani.

² Strangers amazed at the fineness of this Egyptian linen called it "woven air."

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by the endless petty duties or by the endless pleasures of a life which, by its mere magnificence of every day, satisfied the most fastidious desires. If so, he must have asked the numbers of women who offered themselves to him, not so much for pleasures of the flesh, as for the mental delight of an imagination which rejoiced in the wonderful tales of legend.

Yet the manners of his people might well have incited him to enjoy the pleasures which filled the stuffy Theban nights. Nature had given the Egyptian an ardent temperament; respectability was no virtue on the banks of the Nile. Having as a little girl played stark naked with her equally naked brothers, the Egyptian woman continued, when she grew up, to let men see her naked under the transparent gauzes in which fashion dressed her. Religion and its rites made no bones about presenting the gods in obscene aspects. Even poetry sang of love without veil or prudery. The amorous dreams of the Egyptian girl very seldom wandered into the vague mysteries of an ideal passion; they brought her a very definite image of physical beauty. "The sight of a strong young man aroused irresistible desire in her," Maspero gravely declares, "and an Egyptian woman had only to think of adultery, to try to commit it at once." And so Ptahhetep, the most ancient moralist in the world, who declared that he had tried every human pleasure without reservation and boasted of having taken part in all "the beautiful joys given to the whole earth," flung his anathema at woman, long before Alfred de Vigny: "Bundle of every wickedness, bagful of evil!"¹

Herodotos, too, when he attempted to draw up statistics of Comparative Adultery, gave the palm to

¹ Prisse Papyrus, moral treatise, pl. x, i, 1-4.

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the misfortunes of Egyptian husbands without hesitation. In illustration of his verdict he tells the following story. The gods promised a Pharaoh whom they had condemned to blindness for impiety, that they would restore his sight when he found a woman who was faithful to her husband. Pharaoh immediately summoned the Queen, then the ladies of the court, then those of the towns, those of the country, slaves—and still he was blind as a bat. He had to call in women from abroad before he finally found one who brought the cure.¹ After this it is hard to read without a smile the virtuous admonitions which the Egyptian moralist addressed to his contemporaries: "If you are wise, you will love your wife in her house, you will set up her house, you will fill her stomach with food, and you will give her clothes for her back. So long as you are there, she will be a field profitable to its master."

When Bossuet admired the gravity of ancient Egypt and set it up as an example to his royal pupil, the great Dauphin, he had evidently not made much research into the details of the amorous life in Thebes. It is unlikely that he even knew that it was there that the most beautiful type of woman was to be found at that time, the woman who answered to the Egyptian ideal: "Hair blacker than darkness, teeth more dazzling than chips of flint, a slim waist, and a firm, well-set bosom." He should not have forgotten that Thebes was the home-town of Potiphar's wife, who, when she set out to lead Joseph astray, doubtless sat at the feet of Anupu's wife, whose escapade with Bata, her husband's young brother, was immortalized in the popular tale.² "The seed of the god is in you, and my heart would

¹ Hdt., ii, iii.

² *Tale of the Two Brothers*, a papyrus bought in Italy by E. d'Orbiney and now in the British Museum, deciphered by de Rougé.

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know you as one knows a young man," she said, seizing him. "Come, let us rest together for an hour, and I shall make you two beautiful garments." But Bata made off, and the outraged lady vented her rage by complaining to her husband, whom the story describes as being like a panther of the South in his wrath. In the presence of that wrath, Bata cut off what his too susceptible sister-in-law had vainly desired and threw it to the crocodiles.

Tutankhamen could learn from a thousand such stories that the young women of Thebes were never lacking in temperament. He might remember that of the daughter of Pharaoh Rhampsinitus, her who undertook to receive in her bedroom, through a whole night, all the soldiers of the city, partly for her own pleasure, but also to make them speak before she let them touch her, that she might discover a murderer who was being sought. The callow young King must have had wonderful dreams of easily-won pleasure when he read the account which one of these soldiers had left of the affair. "Speak," the princess had said. "Have I refused, if you seek to caress the inside of my thighs? Have I refused, if you hunger for my belly?" How natural it was, to his seventeen years, that the culprit should have given himself away and been handed over to the executioner!

The emancipation of women has made great progress in our own time, but we are still amazed at the audacity of the Egyptian ladies, who cast their eye on a man and implored him to satisfy their desire without the least reticence. There is no ambiguity about the messages which the servant-women carry. To a handsome young vassal of whom she has caught a glimpse, Pharaoh's daughter sends word by a slave-girl, "Let him come to my pavilion, and we shall rest

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there an hour."¹ Nor does the lovesick Egyptian maiden lose sight of her interests in the ecstasy of her effusions. The most passionate declarations, "Only your kiss makes my heart live," are followed immediately by a more practical appeal, "Sweetheart, what my heart conceives is to possess your goods as the mistress of your house, with your arm laid on my arm."²

Yet in her sorrow the pretty Egyptian would speak the language which has been used by forlorn lovers in all times and countries. "Here is my brother, coming to me. My eyes are fixed on the road; but he sends me a swift-footed messenger to say, 'I am not free.' Say rather that you have found another woman, O you whose face I can watch without wearying. Why break the heart of another, to death?"³ And this is how the cruel or faithless lady is addressed. "My sister comes out of her house. She goes by without troubling about my love, and my heart stands still in me. Everything on earth is now bitter to me as bird-gall, for only the breath of your nostrils gave life to my heart."⁴

The love-letters of the women give proof of discretion and restraint, if we judge from those which have come down to us. The singing-girl of Amen-Ra extols her lover Phra Harmakhu, the Chief Purifier of Fat to King Poi, in nobly lyrical language: "For happiness, for happiness, with the favour of Amen-Ra, King of the Gods, I say to Phra Harmakhu, 'May you be strong, may you live, may you be in the highest

¹ *King Cheops and the Magicians*, in Maspero, *Contes*.

² Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i, fragments of a papyrus preceding the story of the *Flower-garden*.

³ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i; Harris Papyrus, translated by Chabas.

⁴ Love-songs, British Museum papyrus; Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*.

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favour with His Majesty the King, your Lord, continually! I am well-placed, I live, do not be anxious for me. But it is of you that my heart desires news every day.' I add this: 'I am setting forth, to join you in the city of Rameses Miamun.'"¹ And Phra Harmakhu writes back to the little singing-girl: "For happiness, with the favour of Amen-Ra, I say to Set and to all the Gods of the city of Rameses, 'May you be strong, may you live, may you grow younger, may you appear fortified! My bosom is full of you. Your house is in good condition, and your servants. So do not be anxious about them.'"

In these letters, even anger was controlled and disguised under consecrated phrases. Furious with her lover, who has reproached her for dismissing one of his friends, the singing-girl of Thoth writes to him: "For happiness, I say to Ptah and all the Gods and all the Goddesses, 'May you be strong! May you be fortified! My bosom is full of you.' You sent word to me, 'Why have you cast out the man who did me a service? You did not do what he asked.' But am I not a woman? . . . For happiness."²

Procuresses swarmed in the great capital, and Auti, an army general, is quite ready to tell us how they practised their amiable profession. "When she (the procuress) met me, she said, 'Come to my house. Spend a day in the room of a young girl who belongs to me. The garden is at its best, and there are the terrace and the boudoir.'" Then she went off to find the most seductive of her flock. "Noble gentlemen are joyful and enraptured at the sight of you," she said to her. "Let this one come to see you, with his precious jewels! Listen, he is coming with his wealth. He

¹ Bologna papyrus; Chabas, Letter.

² Bologna papyrus; Chabas.

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brings *haq*-fish for all your companions, all kinds of bread for meals, fresh cakes, and all the nicest fruit, gay parties! Come, come, make a day of happiness!"

Faced with the girl, the general succumbed to her charms. "She led me with my hand in hers, and we went into her garden to talk. She made me eat honey, which was excellent. Her reeds were green, and her shrubs were covered with flowers. There were gooseberries and cherries redder than rubies, and her ripe perseas were like bronze. Her shrubbery was cool and airy, and voluptuous repose was easy there. From the first to the third day, she remained seated in the shade, and the cellar and the beer were turned upside-down that she might get drunk at her ease, and I too. The servant-girl was a sister for these meetings. 'My inwards are hidden,' she used to say, 'not to tell what I see. Go on, go on!'"

But, since the girl made some orthodox, discreet protests, the procuress came to give the worthy general some good advice. "Make her a present of a necklace of lapis lazuli with lilies and tulips," she said. "Bring the flowers of joy, liqueurs, perfumes, and make a day of happiness." The bluff soldier obeyed, and there were no further modest reservations. In his rapture, Auti, army general, sings his victory. "She went into her pavilion in the shrubbery. She gave me a beverage to drink which was far from flat, and it was not with water drawn from the river that I then filled my vitals! By my life, O my well-beloved, take me near you, let me finish the sycamore-fig which you have begun to bite. And we made many happy days!"

But the warrior's dream of love ended in the inevitable way. "Such were my pleasures in the pavilion in the shrubbery. I stayed there all the time.

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She was to me as a sister to her brother.¹ Others came. They got drunk on wine and must, they got drunk on palm-wine and the scented liqueur called Kemi. All idea of going away had left me in that garden, and I spent twelve months there. But at the end of that time I saw that I was being deceived. Then I threw away everything which came from her, I, who am a great military leader, and I said to her, 'I am discovered here. I undergo the chastisement of your love.'" And, without ill-feeling, but one year later, Auti rejoined the army in Syria.²

If Tutankhamen, fleeing from the sensuality which everywhere struck him in the face, beautiful in its shamelessness and rich in audacity, sought refuge in the pious shade of the temples of Amen, he would again find, deified, as it were, a burning echo of free, heedless love. In every noble Theban family, the prettiest daughter was dedicated as a Concubine of Amen (the Queen being his lawful human wife).³ The divine harem contained a large college of these women, in addition to singing-girls, dancing-girls, and attendants.⁴

Egyptian wives could quote Amen's generosity as an example to their husbands. Once a girl was dedicated to the god, not only had she the right to give

¹ *I.e.*, as lovers, of course.

² Turin hieratic papyrus, the story of the *Flower-garden*, translated by Chabas; Maspero, *Études égyptologiques*.

³ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii.

⁴ Maspero. They were all obliged to serve the god and to shake the sistrum and the magical whip (*monait*) to drive away misfortune. The humbler of them were beneath morality of any kind. Their bodies were at the disposal of the god, and anyone who approached them in his name could have them. The erotic papyri of the Turin Museum, a drawing from which is reproduced in Fig. 14, describes the life of these slaves of Amen in great detail.

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herself to anyone she chose,¹ but she even acquired honour and profit by her profession. She could always find a rich husband when age compelled her to retire, especially if she had risen to the top of the tree, the rank of Chief of the Ladies of the Harem of Amen, which gave extensive powers over all the wives of the

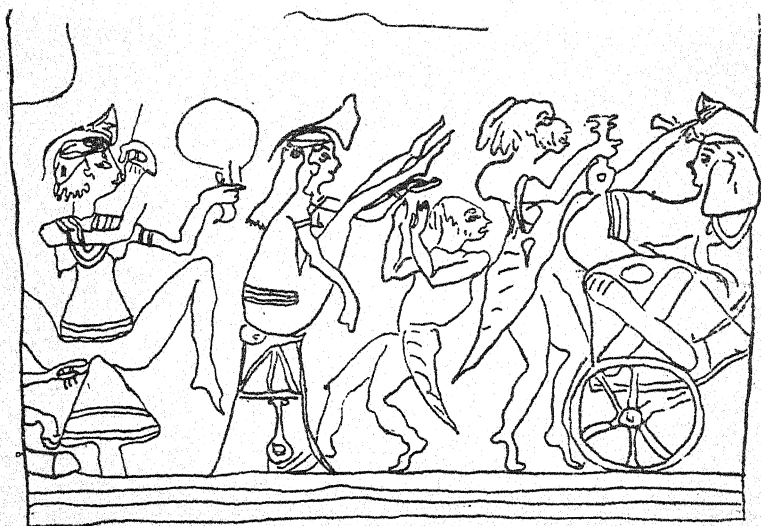


FIG. 14.—SACRED CONCUBINES AT PLAY.

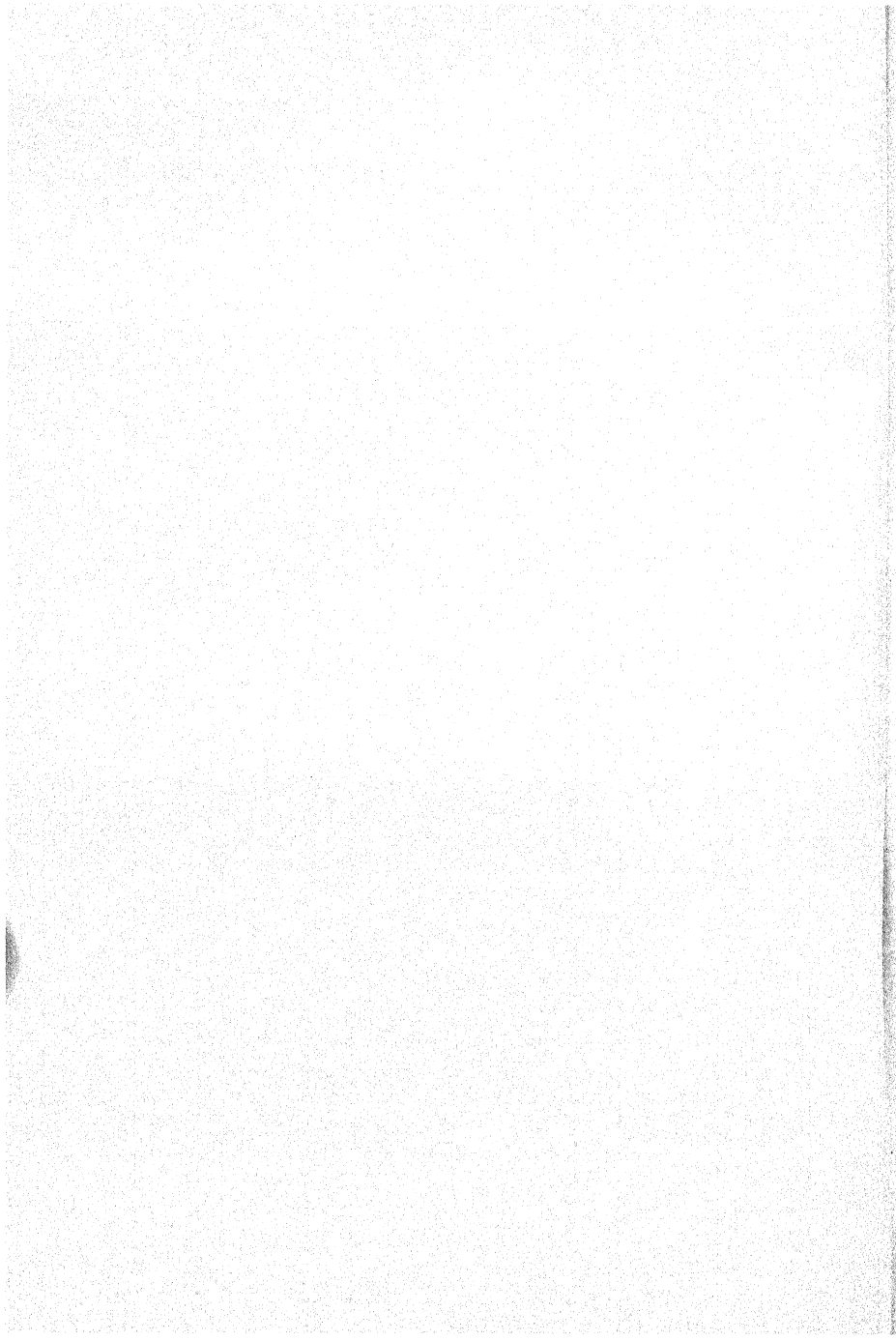
Turin erotic papyrus. From Pleyte.

god, his singing and dancing-girls, and all the "Divine Women." For the god, indulgent to human weakness, desired that, to honour him, the sole duty of his Concubines should be to adorn and embellish love, and that the passion of their bodies should testify to the passion of their souls. So it was their business to introduce the Egyptians by their embraces to endless paradises of pleasure.

¹ Maspero.



MAIA, CONCUBINE OF AMEN
Mutiaux Collection, now owned by Col. Wild



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But this communion with godhead was an expensive matter, as we know from a celebrated story.¹ Satni, the son of Pharaoh Usimares, saw a very beautiful woman on the plain-stones of the temple. He called his page, and said, "Go and tell her that I, Pharaoh's son, shall give her ten pieces of gold (about £600) to spend an hour with me." "I am a Pure One,² I am not a low person," answers the Lady Thubuit. "If you wish to have your pleasure with me, you will come to my house at Bubastis. Everything will be ready there." Satni went to Bubastis by boat. "By my life," said Thubuit, "come upstairs with me." On the upper floor, sanded with dust of lapis lazuli and turquoise, Satni saw several beds covered with royal linen and many gold bowls on a table. "Please take your meal," said Thubuit. "That is not what I have come to do," answered Satni, while the slaves put aromatic wood on the fire and scattered scent about. "Do that for which we have come here," Satni repeated. "First you will make out a deed for my maintenance," Thubuit replied, "and you will establish a dowry for me of all the things and goods which belong to you, in writing." Satni acquiesced, saying, "Bring me the scribe of the school."

When he had done what she asked, Thubuit rose and dressed herself in a robe of fine linen, through which Satni could see all her limbs. His passion increased, but she said, "If it is true that you desire to have your pleasure of me, you will make your

¹ *Adventures of Saini Khaemuas*, in Maspero, *Contes*.

² This word (*uabit*) was a title. We must regard the Pure Ones as temple-slaves dedicated to the service of the gods by their parents or masters and enjoying all the privileges attaching to their condition. A widow would take service under a god or in a temple, and was henceforward a *uabit*, and obliged to prostitute herself as long as her age allowed.

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children subscribe to my deed, that they may not seek a quarrel with my children." Satni sent for his children. "If it is true that you desire to have your pleasure of me, you will cause your children to be killed, that they may not seek a quarrel with my children." Satni consented again: "Let any crime be done to them which your heart desires." "Go into that room," said Thubuit; and while the little corpses were thrown out to the stray dogs and cats, Satni at last lay on a bed of ivory and ebony, that his love might be rewarded, and Thubuit lay down at his side. "Then," the texts modestly say, "magic and the god Amen did much."

The charms of the Divine Women must have been irresistible, if even "the wisest men" were ready to do anything in their desire to abandon themselves, even for a few moments, to their trained embraces.¹

Over all the concubines who dwelt in the harem of Amen for the pleasure of his mortal subjects reigned Pharaoh's wife. As wife of the god, she had to unite with him in the flesh, according to Egyptian notions.² On the walls of the second terrace of the temple at Der el-Bahari a scene is carved which, with the accompanying lyrical commentary, leaves no doubt on the subject. "This is what Amen-Ra, King of the Gods, did, when he had taken the shape of Thothmes I, that masculine King of the South and North. He found the Queen lying in the splendour of her palace. She awoke at the scent of the God, and marvelled when His Divinity

¹ Not all the singing-girls of Amen were as frivolous as this. Some had respectable husbands in Thebes, *e.g.*, the priestess Tui, whose virtue seems above suspicion. Maspero devotes an essay to her in *La Nature*, 23rd year, vol. ii.

² We have mentioned the part played by the theogamy in Egyptian history above.

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marched upon her, at once possessed her, laid his heart upon her, and made her see him in his shape of a god. And at once she was exalted at the sight of his beauties, the love of the God ran through her members, and the scent of the God and his breath were full of the perfume of Punt."

On the bed of state with the lion's head and legs, the god and the Queen sit face to face, legs intercrossing, while the goddesses Neith and Serqet watch over them. "And this is what the King's wife said in the presence of Amen: 'How great are thy souls! It is a noble thing to see thy face when thou dost join thyself to My Majesty in all grace! Thy dew impregnates all my members.' Then, when the God's Majesty had accomplished all his desire with her, Amen said to her, 'She who joins herself to Amen, the first of noblewomen, the succession of words which came from thy mouth, will rule with a beneficent kingship over this Whole Land, for my soul belongs to her, and my heart and my will and my crown belong to her, of a verity that she may govern the Two Lands, that she may guide all the souls of the living.'"

The result of that union was the great Queen Hatshepsut, and another narrative tells how, very soon after, Amen came again, to give Thothmes IV and Queen Mutemuia the son whom they lacked. One night, Queen Mutemuia was lying in her room, the fairest in her palace, when she suddenly awoke and saw her husband at her side. Then, a few moments later, dream or reality, the shining form of Theban Amen appeared to her. She screamed in terror, and the god united with her and predicted the birth of a son who would reign over Thebes. Then the apparition vanished in a cloud of perfume, sweeter and more penetrating than all the perfumes of Arabia. A short

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time afterwards, Mutemuia brought into the world the great Amenophis III, Tutankhamen's grandfather.

The time was near, it is true, when the Pharaohs would abandon Thebes for the Delta, leaving Amen wifeless in his city. But, to earn the favour of the god in their human love-affairs, they wanted the mortal desires of Amen-Ra to be satisfied always, and so they decided to dedicate to that divine expectation the fairest of their own daughters or of those of the high-priest. This lady was the Divine Worshipper,¹ who could not dispose freely of her heart and body like the concubines of the divine harem. Now that the Queen could no longer pretend to the title of Wife of the God, political reasons led Pharaoh to require strict chastity of the Wife of Amen, whose lovers might have won a dangerous influence in turbulent, mystic Thebes, far away from the Court.

The first of the Divine Worshippers whose name has come down to us is Seshepenupet, the daughter of a Bubastite king, Osorkon III, of the XXIInd Dynasty. When her hair was grey under her wig, she adopted as her successor in the favour of Amen-Ra Amenardis, the sister of the Ethiopian King Piankhi, who had become the master of Egypt.² When age compelled

¹ Maspero, *Les Momies royales de Deir el-Bahari*; Blackmann, *On the Position of Women in the Egyptian Hierarchy*, in *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology* (London), vol. vii (1912).

² When Psammetichus conquered Thebes, he compelled Amenardis to adopt his daughter, thus making it possible for him to define his position with regard to Amen on the stele of the adoption. "I am his son, the first in the favour of the Father of the Gods. I have given him my daughter, to be the Wife of the God. Now, I have heard say that a daughter of King Taharqa is here, whom he has given to his sister to be the Worshipper of the God. But I am not one who drives anyone from his place, for I am a King who loves justice. So I have given my daughter Nitocris to Seshepenupet."

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Amenardis in her turn to retire, she sent a deputation of the nobility and priesthood to Memphis, to fetch Nitocris, the daughter of Pharaoh Psammetichus of the XXVIth Dynasty. Her tombstone, discovered by Legrain at Karnak in 1897, tells us the story. Dressed in fine linen and adorned with jewels of malachite, Nitocris left the King's Palace amid a great gathering of men, to take ship at the harbour and go up the Nile to the divine harem awaiting her in Thebes. By stages she came in sixteen days to the city, where a whole people with warm acclamations welcomed the chosen of the human heart of Amen-Ra. "She comes, the daughter of the King of the North and South, into the abode of Amen, that he may take her and be united to her. She comes, the daughter of the King of the North and South, into the temple at Karnak, that the Gods may there sing her praises." Amenardis pressed her to her heart, gave her a dowry, and consecrated her as Divine Worshipper. For years to come, Nitocris would not go outside the temple, the abode of her divine husband, and no man would be admitted to see her, save at a distance, in the great ceremonies in honour of Amen in which she would be seen offering incense to his statue, and singing in the processions which wound about within the sacred precincts.

She in her turn grew old, and left the temple one day of the third month of Shemu to receive Ankhnesneferibra, the new king's daughter who came hasting to her husband Amen, Lord of Karnak. Then Ankhnesneferibra likewise felt the time approaching when she would "go out to the sky," to be "reabsorbed in him who had created her." All the people of Thebes came to see her for the last time, crowned with the Two Feathers and the Cap, proclaimed Regent of

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the Divine Circuit, while for the last time the murmurs of the crowd caressed her ears: "Princess, Very Gracious, Greatly Praised, Lady of Grace, Sweet in Love, Regent of All Women, Divine Wife, Divine Daughter of Psammetichus, Divine Worshipper!" "And when all formalities had been observed according to all the rites, there came to her the Prophets, the Divine Fathers, and the Astrologers of the Temple, every time that she went to the House of Amen, at all festivals of his solemn Rising."

She was the last of the Divine Worshippers. A chapel at Medinet Habu keeps her gentle memory alive and still welcomes us to meditation.

But Tutankhamen, like his fathers and his immediate successors, never knew the Divine Worshippers, whose austere virtue might perhaps in his eyes have corrected the licentiousness of all the concubines in the harem of Amen.

It was a free and easy variety of love, too, which he might find in the harem which took up the southern part of his palace (of which some traces survive), where there had once been the finest harem in the history of Egypt, that of his grandfather, Amenophis III the Magnificent.

Gérard de Nerval, who once walked among these ruins at sunset, has confided to us the visions which haunted him. In the little rooms, painted with birds fluttering over lotuses, gazelles leaping among reeds, or fish swimming in blue water, his poetic imagination brought to life all the pretty creatures who had been gathered there to satisfy the voluptuous caprices of the young Pharaoh. He caught the distant echo of harps and lyres; he saw loosed tresses, in which gold shone against ebony; graceful forms drifted by, dancing; the

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tanks held marvels of nudity, like superb fruit of various colours; and a warm, scented breeze still quivered with the classic song of dead and gone lovers:

"Why am I not her black bondwoman who stays by her?
I should see all the forms of her body!"

Original documents from the Pharaonic records¹ explain the organization of the royal harems, consecrated by tradition and etiquette. They contained three or four hundred women, and often more than a hundred and fifty royal children² played about freely, their happy shouts awakening yearnings in the heart of Tutankhamen, who never knew the joys of fatherhood. The women were most of them foreigners; the marriages of alliance had brought great numbers of attendants in the train of the Asiatic princesses who came to marry Pharaoh. The victories of the general Horemheb in Syria had produced more aspirants to the royal couch than his armies had taken cities or conquered petty kings. These lovely Infantas, with skins browned by the suns of Asia, all stayed by Pharaoh to answer for the loyalty of their far-away families. What became of them? They were very seldom made Queens, sometimes Secondary Wives, and usually plain concubines, and their respective positions were strictly graded.³

Jealous of his pleasures, Tutankhamen caused the approaches to the harem to be guarded even more strictly than was usual.⁴ No man, however great,

¹ Lee Rollin Papyrus, translated by Chabas; Turin judicial papyrus.

² Rameses II had 119 sons and 59 daughters.

³ Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, ii, p. 143, inscription of Kheti (XIIth Dynasty).

⁴ Lee Rollin Papyrus.

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could enter. All these women, who could never go out but might be visited by their families, were in the charge of various officials. First, there was the Chief Decorated with the Bee, Sole Favourite, Supervisor of Men and Women, and Purveyor of the Nuptial Bed, proudly described on funerary inscriptions as having "led millions of women to love." Then there was the Denu, a very important person, general under-steward of the harem and master of the singers. His suspicious figure was always turning up, in his long wig and his full, pleated tunic. Under his orders were a number of Ubu, who were allowed near the women, being eunuchs; the Bible calls them Pharaoh's "officers" (*Sari*).¹ Lastly, there was the innumerable staff of the under-stewards, who looked after the material requirements of the House of Love.²

In the heat of the day, Tutankhamen would come to enjoy the coolness of the big halls with the water-basins among the brightly coloured pillars, and then all the little rooms of the fair recluses woke up as if by magic. It was the Master's hour. Round about His Majesty the concubines fluttered, slim and naked, bodies carefully shaved, lips painted, eyes lined with kohl, and finger-nails and toe-nails coloured carmine. Some brought him lotuses to gratify his nostrils or sweet iced melons to quench his thirst. Others placed the Mena game-board on a table and, with bursts of childish laughter, set out the enamelled terracotta pieces with the dogs' and jackals' heads.

Pharaoh settles himself comfortably in a wide arm-chair. Behind him, two little concubines wave great fly-flappers in cadence. With his right hand he throws up two knuckle-bones, the fall of which determines the movements of the green jackals and blue dogs,

¹ Gen. xxxix 1.

² *Ibid.*, Chabas's translation.

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while his left caresses the slim bare waist of a girl who stands by his side, making him smell the opiate scent of a huge water-lily. Opposite him stands a fourth, very small concubine, also naked, who moves the pieces about, and Pharaoh gazes indulgently at the happy animation of her baby face.¹

Gradually evening falls. Pharaoh goes up to the second floor, that of the little painted rooms. At the end of each, an alcove yawns mysteriously under the

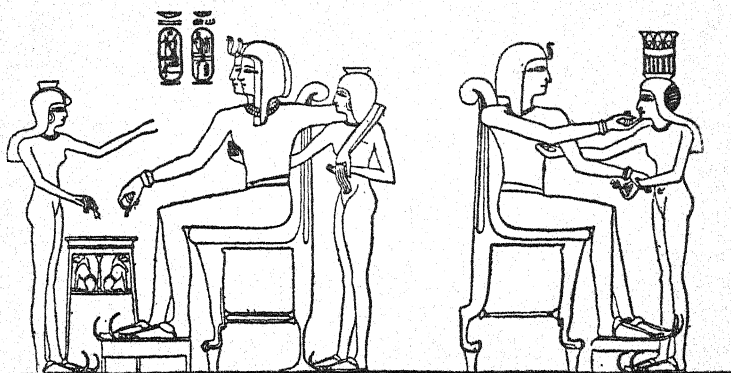


FIG. 15.—RAMESES III IN HIS HAREM.

From Wilkinson.

flashing gold of a royal vulture with wings spread, revealing a divan with feather cushions of many colours. In front of the rooms, water splashes quietly in little basins of blue faience. Pharaoh stops; here is the stone slab on which muscular negroes rub down the Royal Wives,² still marked with the damp outline of the Great Favourite.

Tutankhamen hesitates, but etiquette must be observed, even when the heart does not speak. The

¹ Lee Rollin Papyrus, translated by Chabas.

² *Ibid.*

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young, tired Pharaoh has to honour a *princesse lointaine* with his attentions. Unfortunately, while he never seems to have feared that he would forget the young Queen in the performance of his extra-conjugal duties, it was attended with other dangers. The physical decline of the Pharaohs certainly seems to have coincided with the coming of these foreign women, and Tutankhamen used precautions which we in our conceit used to regard as recent inventions. He must have been very much afraid, and the Queen must have kept close watch over his health, for care was taken to place in his tomb that which would enable him in the next world to enjoy the charms of doubtful concubines with safety until his inconsolable widow should rejoin him.¹

The caricaturists, who abounded even in those days, found an inexhaustible theme in the King in his harem, and they made the most of it. They drew the King as a lion, his wives as a herd of gazelles, his children as a flock of geese,² and the eunuchs and the children's tutors as dogs and cats driving those herds and flocks. The game of draughts was a subject which they worked especially hard, and over the lion approaching the gilded alcove of the gazelle they fairly let themselves go.

When night came, Tutankhamen, although his mystical dreamings can hardly have encouraged him, must, like his predecessors, have withdrawn with his dancing-girls and singing-girls to the inevitable pavilion. It stood in the middle of a lake, on lotus

¹ In the Cairo Museum (not exhibited).

² The Egyptian word for "goose" also means "son" or "daughter." Lepsius, *Auswahl*, pl. xxiii, C, D. Champfleury, *La Caricature dans l'antiquité*, for the famous caricature of Rameses III in his harem from which our Fig. 16 is taken.

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columns of yellow, green, and red. But Pharaoh, lost in his thoughts, did not even think of saying, like his ancestors: "Bring me brandy of Egypt and beer!"¹ The night had to be spent in drinking and gorging oneself on olive-oil, while the groans of the women, unequal to such excesses, were drowned by voluptuous songs:

"When I am in the arms of my beloved, I am drunk without beer."

Dawn has barely broken when Pharaoh is saying, "Seek something to lighten my heart." The Vizier answers, "I have caused a barge to be manned by the fairest girls of your harem."² And, indeed, there is a galley gliding over the lake, rowed by twenty naked women in gold hair-nets. Pharaoh takes his seat in the midst of the crew, and his heart

¹ Maspero, *Contes*.

² *Ibid.*, *King Cheops and the Magicians*.



FIG. 16.—CARICATURE OF PHARAOH IN HIS HAREM.
From *Champfleury. Gazette des Beaux-arts*.

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is lightened to see the jewelled oars dipping in the water, already warmed by the first rays of the sun.

But, in spite of the apparent submissiveness of the women who peopled the royal harem, under a veil of light-hearted carelessness, dramas were played out in the cool, mysterious shade, inspired by jealousy, ambition, coquetry, or envy. Every Egyptian concubine of every rank, foreign princess or conquered noblewoman, ardently longed for one thing—a son¹ who might perhaps be the heir to the throne. While all boys born in the harem could equally claim the title of Royal Son in virtue of the divine blood which all had from Pharaoh, their relative rank as claimants, failing actual choice by Pharaoh, was elaborately ordered according to the nobility of their mothers. So one can imagine the kidnappings, the substitutions of children, the inexplicable disappearances, in that atmosphere of plots tangled and disentangled.

Tutankhamen had no children, so what had he to fear in his harem? Yet he must not forget the pretty concubines outside the Palace, those of Amen himself, who, egged on by their relations or friends, had often before plotted the death of their sovereign in the history of his country. Was not Queen Amtsi, who had tried to poison Pharaoh Teti, just as gracious, true, and tender as his own little Queen?² Also, there were all the Royal Princes, who sometimes bought the officers most closely connected with the harem and attacked the Palace,³ while Pharaoh was lost in paradises of skilfully created and well-subsidized bliss.

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i.

² Erman, in *Zeitschrift für äg. Sprache*, 1882, pp. 10, 12.

³ Papyrus Sallier II, pl. i, 1-9.

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Tutankhamen might have had a foreboding of the terrible harem conspiracy discovered, long afterwards, in the twentieth year of Rameses III. It is related in great detail.¹ It was led by one Pentaueret, a Royal Son of Rameses III and a Secondary Wife Tii, who undertook to obtain the crown for him at the expense of the sons of the Queen, Isis. The plot had been brewing a long time. First, supernatural methods were tried, and Panhuibaunu, the Director of Herds, who was an expert in magical matters, promised to throw a spell on Pharaoh if he was given magical writings which he needed for the purpose. Some were found for him in the royal library, and, making his way into the harem at night, he made wax figures, some of which should arouse the hatred of the women against their husband, while others should attack the King himself and cause him to die of weakness.

Pentaueret was condemned, the papyrus says, "to die of himself," to spare his noble family the disgrace of a public execution, but indescribable horror fills us when we see the mummy found at Der el-Bahari,² which there is every reason for supposing to be that of the unfortunate Pentaueret. In the white coffin, which bears no inscription, the corpse shows no sign of mummification, but is simply smeared over with a thick coat of natron, which was applied direct to the skin while the man was alive, and was kept on by wrappings. Death by this horrible method must have been long in coming. The feet and hands are tied by stout bindings, and are clenched as if in awful pain; the belly is drawn in, while the stomach stands out like a ball, the chest is contracted, the head is thrown back, and the face wears a dreadful grin, the teeth

¹ Turin judicial papyrus.

² Maspero, *Les Momies royales de Deir el-Bahari*.

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showing under the back-drawn lips and the mouth open for a last scream.

Many accomplices were haled before the court of justice set up by Rameses, who "with rage became like the panther of the South." Against some of the men and women who paid for the conspiracy with their lives, the only charge was that of uttering words, or even of "keeping secret" words which they had heard, which were intended to "hurt" or to excite wrongdoers to hurt their Lord. Thus Paanuk, the Steward of the Harem, the Scribe of the Harem, the officer Baenisu of Ethiopia, whose only crime was that he had received a message from his sister in the harem, the captain of bowmen Paias, the majordomo Pabaikamen, the treasurer Mentuhati, the fan-bearer Kara, the scribe of the archives Mai, and six of the "people of the harem door" had heard something of what was being plotted against the life of their Lord and had not reported it. Pharaoh was implacable. "Give them death, since they wished to give it with their hands," he cried. "Cause the penalty of death to be executed. Let them die." So the soldiers were impaled, hanged, or made to commit suicide, and the lords of lower degree had their noses and ears cut off.

This harem (at Medinet Habu) is the only one which we can visit to-day; death once brought terror upon it, and then came silence.

But the ghosts of other victims than Pharaohs must have come to haunt Tutankhamen in his harem—those of the pretty princesses from Asia who did not long see the sun rising over the Nile through the narrow windows of their rooms. The only letter of Amenophis III which we possess is that in which he assures Kadashman-enlil, the King of Karduniyash, whose sister is in his harem as his wife, that she is not dead,

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although no one has seen her for a long time and although Pharaoh has asked for Kadashman-enlil's daughter as a new wife.¹ The King of Karduniyash had sent a messenger to see with his eyes whether the hapless princess was alive, but in the harem the messenger was confronted only with mocking Egyptian ladies, naked under the pleats of their white gauze, and not at all like his king's sister. "If your sister were dead, why should it have been concealed from you?" Pharaoh asks, simply. But the princess was never found.

Although we have no account of the life which Tutankhamen led in the coloured halls where his slim concubines ran about, his weak character and mystical aspirations tell us what pleasure he must have sought there—to hear his magician telling sweet love-stories in which "tender heroes laid down their hearts on the leaves of acacias when they felt suffering coming which might harm them;"² and those, too, which traced poetical arabesques about the two famous sayings which Thoth, God of Wisdom, wrote with his own hand: "If you recite the one, you will charm the sky, the earth, the world of night, the mountains, and the waters. You will understand what the birds of the sky and the reptiles say, all of them. You will see the fish of the deep, for a divine force will weigh upon the water above them. If you read the other saying, even when you are in the grave, you will resume the shape which you had on earth; you will even see the sun rising in the sky with its cycle of gods, and the moon in the shape which it has when it appears!"

¹ *Revue Sémitique*, 1893, p. 49.

² Maspero, *Contes : Two Brothers*, *Satni Khaemuas*, p. 238.

CHAPTER VIII

APOTHEOSIS

IN the year 1350, Thebes held a solemn procession to celebrate the return of the Egyptian people to the old worship of Amen.¹ The ceremony constituted a sort of apotheosis of Tutankhamen, and for the young Pharaoh it was one of those days of pleasant relaxation which the gods of all ages have granted to the great ones of the earth who have accomplished their work, sometimes on the eve of their death. He had a passing illusion of having satisfied the desires of the insatiable mortals whom he ruled. But whatever he did, the people, priests, and army had placed such exaggerated hopes in his frail person as he could never satisfy.

Great as was the munificence of the King who had returned to the religion of his fathers, the rage of the priests of Amen, recalled from exile, was not content with material compensation. Their prestige required that Pharaoh should be entirely under their control. Tutankhamen's eight years in Thebes must have been curiously like those which he had lived, amid suspicion and intrigue, in the days of the dual regency at Akhetaten. His great ancestors could at least be proud of him. In eight years he had done good work for Amen, whose satisfaction or wrath made the greatness or the decline of Egypt. According to the traditional rites, but with all the lavishness of a prodigal son, he had raised sumptuous buildings to the glory of the god, his

¹ Moret, *Le Nil*.

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father. In building these, he had taken inspiration from the *Book of the Foundation of Temples*, written by the god Imhetep in the ancient days when he ruled over Egypt.¹ When the gods fled from the earth and went up into the sky, the precious manuscript had been left at Memphis, so indicating the site on which the first temple should be built. Since then, all sanctuaries had been on the model of the divine architecture laid down in the book, for example, Edfu and Dendera.

Before the King applied the rules of the sacred book on the actual ground, he had to take counsel. Although Tutankhamen had only to repair or enlarge existing temples, we may suppose that, in view of his intentions of reparation and policy in respect of the god and, still more, of the priesthood, he observed the ancient tradition of the foundation of temples, the pomp of which would impress the imagination of all. It is probable that, sitting, like his ancestor Senusert,² in the midst of the priests and the nobles of his court, he made a solemn speech, to the effect that, since all the glory of his life came from Amen, it was his duty to build a new temple to the god. Then, everyone having encouraged him in his purpose, he ordered that work should be started, and proceeded in great state from the Palace, the royal diadem on his brow, with the divine ensigns going before and the courtiers following, to the Temple of Luxor, to lay the first stone of the new sanctuary. The chief officiant, guiding himself by the *Book of the Foundation of Temples* of Imhetep, set the stakes in the ground³ and stretched

¹ Luxor.

² Manuscript describing the foundation of Heliopolis.

³ Lefébure, *Rites égyptiens de la construction et de la protection des temples* (Publication iv of the École des Lettres of Algiers).

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the lines. When night came, Tutankhamen observed the Great Bear and all the constellations of the sky, and himself laid down the outside line of the precinct. At the four corners, which should be as stable as the Four Pillars of the Sky, he moulded a brick of damp earth symbolizing the union of earth and water, dug a hole in the ground, in which he buried gold and precious stones,¹ and laid the bricks on top, as divine bases for the walls, "which should be a piece of work complete and eternal."

In spite of all our modern science and organization, the architecture of Tutankhamen's day inspires us with humility and respect. The works of men like Puamra and Senmut, who combined and organized the labours of hundreds of skilled workmen to raise temples and obelisks in a few months, have defied the centuries. The blocks of granite, extracted from distant quarries, were run down to the Nile on sledges and laid end to end on huge rafts. Then the heavy burden was towed by three rows of nine boats, with eighteen rowers in each, with a pilot leading the way.²

Prodigious, too, is the profusion of cyclopean obelisks, some of which are over 160 feet high and weigh nearly 2,000 tons. In the reliefs of Karnak and Der el-Bahari we see obelisks laid on an inclined plane of bricks and faggots, and rising under the pressure of a mass of sand poured on to the foot from an immense funnel. This was how Queen Hatshepsut had set up

¹ In his *Bau und Maasse des Tempels von Edfu* (1871-2), Brugsch has translated the account of the foundation of a temple by the King, which is exactly the same as the above, and so is the text of Seti I at Abydos (in Brugsch, *Thesaurus*, pt. vii). The ceremonies are depicted in *Denderah*, i, pll. xxi-xxii.

² Der el-Bahari. Inscription of Thothmes III and Hatshepsut at Karnak.

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her obelisks, seven months after they had been hewn from the mountain. It took two months to extract the block from the quarry, and one month to construct the scaffolding, leaving four to plane, polish, and inscribe the granite surface. The men worked in shifts, each man doing an average of 30 square feet. In this way the Egyptians had the greatest possible number of men working on the same monument.

I am of M. Capart's opinion, that, while it was only the merciless exploitation of countless slaves, driven by brute force, that made it possible to undertake such Titanic works, this is not sufficient to explain the marvels of Egyptian architecture, inspired by the deep mysticism of a whole people. These huge edifices were not erected without cruel sacrifices by the free citizens of the Egyptian Empire. No doubt, it was malefactors, insolvent debtors, and prisoners of war, stooping in hundreds under a leaden sun and the ready koorbashes of the foremen, that dragged the giant obelisks and the sixty-foot statues.¹ But there were also workmen and peasants, summoned when needed, at the will of Pharaoh, to do forced labour in assisting with the erection of a temple, statue, or obelisk or the dredging of a canal. In spite of the mitigations of this impressed labour introduced by Tutankhamen, many Egyptians, driven by the sheikhs, still toiled all day long, resting only for two hours at noon, to quench their thirst with muddy water and their hunger with a bad durra scone, and lay shivering on the site through the always cold nights, to start again when the sun rose, until the work of reparation should be finished. Nothing could protect labourers, peasants, or even town craftsmen against these impressments.

¹ See the impressed men dragging the colossal statue of Prince Thothishetep, published by Wilkinson and Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. i.

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With the priests all about him, Tutankhamen remained deaf to the complaints which the local Qenbets referred to the Great Qenbet. If anyone was to be pitied, was it not the unfortunates who worked in the mines of Sinai? The discovery of those mines by the first, semi-divine Pharaohs, about 5300, had given Egypt the supremacy of the world, and enabled her to use copper, gold, and other precious metals at a time when the other peoples had only weapons of stone.¹ The Hawk King Smerkhet, of the dynasty of Menes, waged the first war known in the history of the world, to make himself master of the Wady Maghara. In those mountain gorges, round a fire lit by nomads, on a ground covered with a litter of ore, man, for the first time in the Mediterranean region, saw copper, melted by the heat of the fire, detach itself from the stone and flow red among the ashes. Metallurgy first began with these workings in the Wady Maghara, which were afterwards extended all over the peninsula of Sinai, and Egypt, from 5300 to her decline, would there obtain her lovely turquoises, her copper, and her gold, at the price of every kind of suffering imaginable.² The women and children of conquered countries were taken there, and, like the men, worked day and night without drink or sleep, harried by the spears of the soldiers. Death was certainly preferable.

At Luxor, for the greater glory of the Old God, thousands of men, whose creations still stupefy us after thirty-two centuries, built, "for millions of years," a new temple, an extension of that of Amenophis III,

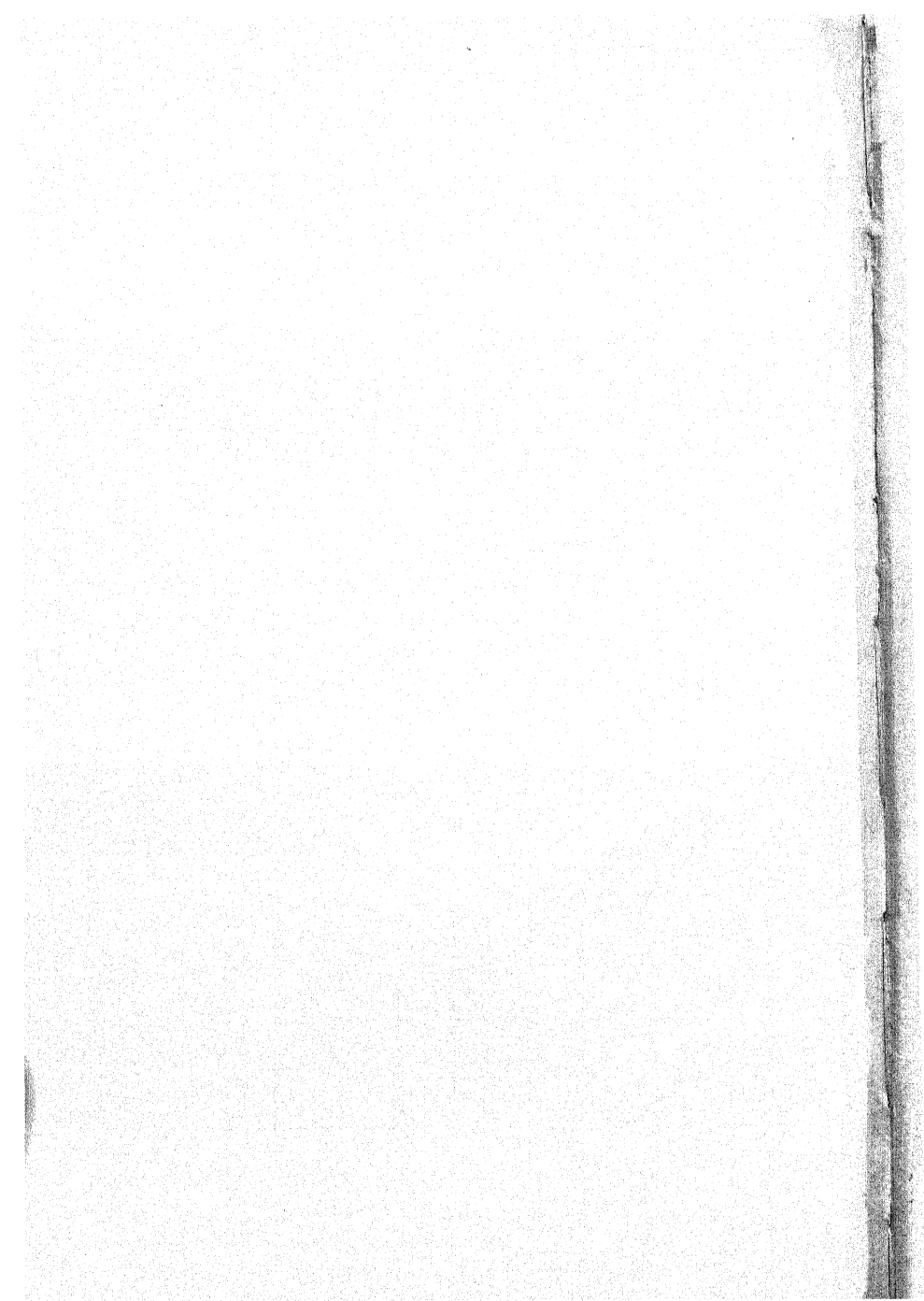
¹ Moret, in *Des clans aux empires*; Petrie, *Sinai*.

² Moret, *ibid.* The fight for the possession of this country was the beginning of the long series of greedy aggressions called "economic wars" which are the evil concomitant of civilization.



COLOSSAL HEAD OF TUTANKAMEN

Karnak. Sanctuary of the Boats)



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as a testimony of the recantation of Tutankhamen. On the walls, behind the columns of the hypostyle, run splendid reliefs which show the procession and the apotheosis of Tutankhamen. At Karnak, taking up the tradition of the past, the young Pharaoh continued the completion of the sanctuaries of Thothmes III, piling up three-hundred-ton blocks of granite and alabaster, laying sixty-ton architraves, and raising hundred-ton pillars, sixty feet high.

At Karnak, too, after other extensions which are hard to determine at this day, Tutankhamen, wishing to outdo his ancestors in love of Amen,¹ was the first to set up, in front of the Sanctuary of the Boats built by Thothmes III, a colossal granite statue of himself, in the costume and attitude of the god. Was it Amen as the King, or the King as Amen? The mystery is unexplained. In any case, the marvellous "Amen of Tutankhamen," still intact in his divine majesty, welcomes the little men who dream among the ruins of Karnak, and one thinks of Capart's words: "We do not know how this wonderful Amen survived to our time. It gives us an idea of the beauty of divine images in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty, when art had reached its perfection."

When these works were completed, Tutankhamen came to inaugurate them ritually. In front of the buildings, he cast round him, in accordance with tradition, the grains of frankincense called *besen*, he "caused the *besen* to radiate in the Abode of the God." Then, holding a long staff and the white club, he raised his right arm towards the temple in a gesture of consecration which "gave the house to its master." Lastly,

¹ See the illustrated article by Myriam Harry in *L'Illustration*.

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with both hands lifted to the sky, he "hailed the sanctuary of the God."¹

But still the priests were hostile. Tutankhamen must impress the imagination of the masses if he was to recover the ascendancy over them. He therefore ordered a thousand workmen to efface and repair the outrages which Amenophis IV had committed on the effigies of Amen in the days of the religious persecution. "That is not much," the priests murmured. Then the King caused the one temple built in Thebes to Aten, the Sun-disk, to be demolished, stone by stone. Still it was not enough. Urged on by Ai, Tutankhamen, in spite of his adoration of his father, ordered that all monuments bearing the charming, gentle figure of the "fairest son of Aten" (such as the tomb of Rames), should be mutilated with the hammer.² The zeal of the priests, in their hatred of the iconoclast,³ required that the tombs in the Valley of the Kings and near the heretical city should be violated, that the reliefs born of the amiable, fleeting art of Akhetaten might be battered.⁴

However, Tutankhamen did not allow them to break the ten colossal statues of his father which adorned the temple built at Karnak by Amenophis IV

¹ In the temple at Sulb on the Upper Nile, we see the founder, Amenophis III, with the white club in his hand, striking twelve times on the door of the sanctuary. The last pictures of the temple at Edfu also recall these scenes.

² Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii. See the reproduction of the mutilations of the tomb of Rames.

³ "It is not at Thebes, alas!" writes Capart, "that one can study that charming art. The restorers of Amen have done their work too well. Thousands of blocks, overthrown by order, have been collected and heaped pell-mell on the south, in the court of the Bubastite Kings. On every one is a carved and coloured scene."

⁴ Weigall; Petrie, *Tell el-Amarna*; Maspero; Davis.

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at the beginning of his reign. They were merely thrown down, and there they lie, still intact, face in the dust, where M. Lacau found them last year (1927).

Yet all this was not enough, the high-priest said, to compensate the god for the insults of twenty years and the cruel persecution of his priests. A solemn decree must consecrate the priesthood in all its privileges, and that decree Karnak must keep for ever. Tutankhamen obeyed, and on the walls of his temple we can read, engraved on the red sandstone:¹ "His Majesty caused monuments to be made for all the Gods, and made their images in real mountain gold. He rebuilt their sanctuaries as eternal monuments. He established their divine offerings as daily services, to supply their services of loaves on earth. He gave more than had existed before, since the time of Ra and the Ancestors. He consecrated the Priests and Prophets, choosing them from the children of the Great of their cities and from the sons of people of known name. He filled their workshops with slaves and prisoners of war. . . . He doubled, tripled, and quadrupled all the goods of the temples, electrum, gold, lapis lazuli, turquoises, precious stones, cloths of royal linen, oils, frankincense, beyond numbering. . . . His Majesty purified the male and female slaves, the singing-girls, the dancing-girls, who had been transferred to the King's House and whose services had been inscribed for Pharaoh's palace. They were henceforth set apart and consecrated to the Father of All the Gods. . . . So, all the Gods and Goddesses of this land, their hearts are joyful. They give eternity, long years, life, wealth, all things, for the nostrils of Tutankhamen."

The thirst for reprisals seemed assuaged. Pharaoh

¹ Legrain, *Grande Stèle*.

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must profit by the lull quickly, to celebrate his apotheosis. To-morrow, Amen's demands might be too burdensome for a son who was so anxious to re-establish his divine father in all his glory. Already, the deadly cold which reigned in the temples of Amen, where the King officiated almost naked, had hastened the development of the phthisis which was sapping him. His face was growing hollow, and his cheek-bones stood out. Hastily, a second and last statue of him was set up for posterity, that of grey granite,¹ now in the Cairo Museum, on which Maspero, comparing it with the wonderful colossus at Karnak, studied the ravages of his disease. It was high time to celebrate the apotheosis, the account of which may be read on the walls of Luxor.

Under a dazzling sun, men towed a great barge along the Nile.² The hull was of silver, overlaid with gold; bow and stern ended in rams' heads, glittering with jewels; between the tall silvered masts with their flying red pennons the electrum tabernacle of the god was placed. Tutankhamen looked like his own statue, his head bending under the huge gold head-dress with the two great feathers, his body hidden by jewellery, and his legs showing under the white linen, burning incense with his arm outstretched in a ritual gesture.

On the banks, escorting the barge, went the high-priest, chanting a hymn to Pharaoh's glory, soldiers marching, priestesses shaking sistrums, castanet-players dancing, and a whole people yelling and stamping with joy, for the Eastern tribute had come in and the valley of Thebes was exempted from taxation. The galley which bore the two gods of Egypt glided gently from the Temple of Karnak to the Temple

¹ See Frontispiece.

² Description based on the great reliefs. See Capart, *Thèbes*.

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of Luxor. This was the Divine Procession, always an exceptional solemnity in the history of the country.¹ Tutankhamen was showing his god what he had accomplished to glorify him. Even the sun seemed to forgive, and Tutankhamen tasted a moment of happiness as he heard the happy murmur of mortals.

The whole landscape seemed like a prayer. The two rows of pillars of the temple-colonnade of Luxor stood pink against the blue sky. The walls, draped with mauve shadow, were already sculptured with the pomps of this immortal day, the divine sailing and the ceremony in the temple. Further away, the graceful form of the sanctuary which contained the shrine of the god rose above the Nile, as if suspended between sky and earth.

The twelve bearer-priests took the tabernacle on their shoulders,² landed, and climbed a monumental stair. Tutankhamen went before them; through the porticoes with the magnificent papyrus columns, gilded by the sun, he conducted his god to the hypostyle hall, passing from the earthly world to the divine. Now the whiteness was dimmed. The shadow deepened. Of the outside world, Tutankhamen caught no more than a pale light, a faint humming. He went on, drawn by the dull glow of the golden shrine, dimly seen at the end of two dark halls, a mysterious and fearful Holy of Holies. Then he mounted the platform of the shrine and presented to Amen the lotuses, the incense, the water, and then the fire.

Along the avenue of rams and sphinxes, the procession brought the god of Egypt back to his temple at Karnak, and the wind of the Nile bore to Pharaoh's ears the voices of all his people at prayer, all voices

¹ Capart, *Thèbes*.

² Daressy's transcription. See also Capart, *Thèbes*.

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merging in one enthusiasm—the single, sublime cry of a world which had found its soul again.

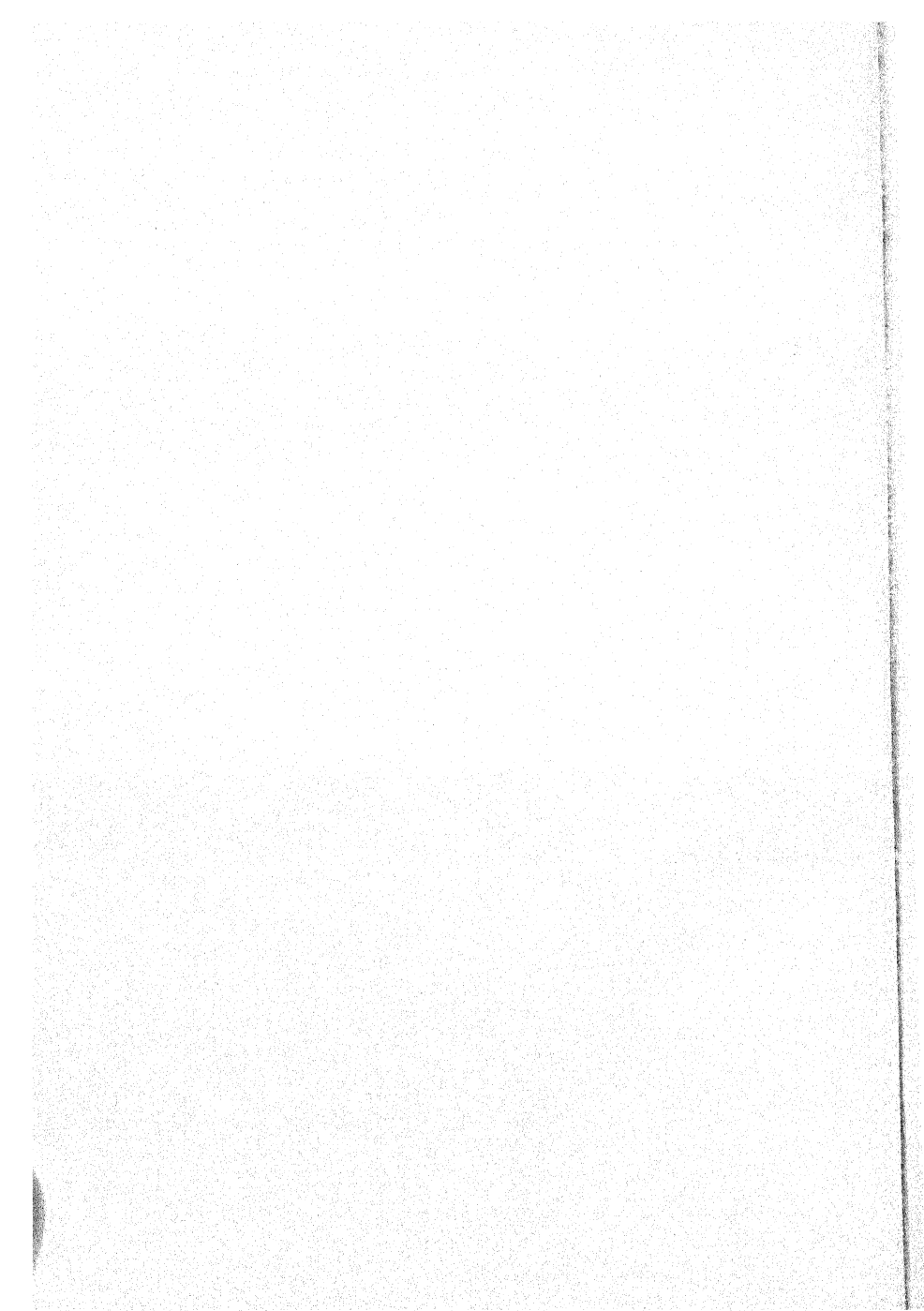
In that moment, Pharaoh must have felt that he was at the summit of his destiny. It was a moving instant for all, but it struck very different chords in various hearts, as they tasted the supreme pleasure of pride gratified or the sense of tired well-being when duty has been done. This latter must have been the sentiment of Tutankhamen; the crowning point of his life had been reached only under hard constraint, without enthusiasm, and with all the sombre bitterness which a sensitive heart finds in recantation.

Had he any notion of the very great action which he had just accomplished in thus reviving the old Egyptian tradition for ever? Had he even understood his father's ideas, his search for a wide human ideal, his attempt to deliver the souls of men from degraded slavery to worships which were essentially crude and barbarous, his mad, generous endeavour to establish the reign of a gospel of love and peace, so much alike, in many points, to the loftiest and purest hopes of the highest minds that have adorned history? Under the interested tutelage of Horemheb and Ai, he had doubtless seen only the consequences—the ruin of the most civilized people in the world, the danger that Egypt would shortly lie helpless at the feet of barbarian invaders, and the prospect of very serious retrogression.

By taking up the thread of his country's history in this solemn ceremony, burning what he had adored and adoring what he had burned, Tutankhamen was certainly returning to lower, more material traditions. But it was the worship of Amen, which he was now restoring to its old splendour and prestige, that had given the people and the Pharaohs the power which



AMEN PROTECTING TUTANKHAMEN
Diorite group, mutilated under Horemheb (Louvre)



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was asserted on every side in stone—and how grandly! The spiritual development needed to safeguard the future could not be enforced by a weak, sickly Pharaoh twelve years old. Only the worship of Amen, with its ancient traditions, could revive, or at least preserve, the benefit of the mad, superhuman enterprise of which Voguë has said, "It is difficult to hope to feel a more violent intellectual commotion, a more sudden illumination of the soul, before the day when we shall be called into the light of the Beyond."

The time had not yet come when the Egyptians, following the melancholy prophecy of Asclepios, would perceive that "it is in vain that they have preserved the worship of the gods, with pious minds and scrupulous religion," and when "godhead will return from the earth to heaven." Tutankhamen had completed his task; he might come down from the mountain and escape by "the Road where the Sun goes down."

CHAPTER IX

TUTANKHAMEN AND HIS MEDICAL MEN¹

IN the Temple of Amen, before the shrine of the god, the priests had, since Tutankhamen fell ill,² repeated the invocations of the Mystic Treatise, every hour, with due ritual. For each protective deity of every hour there was a special invocation for Pharaoh's health. At the twelfth hour, in the darkness of the great halls, the voice of the priest went up:

“ Watch, O Gods who are on duty in your hour !
Watch, you who are in the night, keep vigil over Pharaoh !
Life, Health, and Strength to the one, unique issue of the name !
Brighter than the Bright Ones,
More god than the Gods,
Conceived yesterday,
Born to-day,
Great Mysterious Lion,
Come in thy shape of a storm, now that Pharaoh fails.
Life, Health, and Strength !
Defend him from every foe, from every evil shadow !”

¹ For Egyptian medicine in Tutankhamen's time, we have a very important papyrus found by Reisner in 1901 when excavating at Der Ballas. The script is of the same type as that of the Ebers Papyrus and, according to Maspero, quite characteristic of the end of the XVIIIth Dynasty. The manuscript doubtless belonged to a physician established in the small ancient town which stood on the site. Like many others, such as the Berlin Papyrus, the biggest of all, those of Leipzig, London, and the University of California (the Hearst Papyrus), and the Kahun Papyrus, it is not an original work of the man who wrote it out but a copy of an older work. Examination of the text shows that it originally dates from a very remote period, and one must conclude that medical science in Egypt did not change for centuries.

² Bulaq papyrus, translated by Chabas, vols. i and ii, p. 61.

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Meanwhile, Tutankhamen was surrounded by the college of royal physicians. The zeal which they owed to His Majesty was increased by their gratitude to the King who had restored the traditional religion in all its old prestige and principles.

That restoration had given them an increased authority, for from all ages medicine had been regarded in Egypt as being of divine origin. Thoth and Imhetep, "the Gods of All Intelligence," were the authors of the first medical treatises, known as *Embre*. Before they went up to the sky, they had deposited them in a temple, to be used for the relief of the sick. Later, these beneficent deities returned to earth to teach suffering humanity that most divine of all remedies, the clyster. The sacred texts bring us an echo of the memorable event: "One day, the God of Medicine and Science, transformed into the shape of an ibis, came and bathed in the Nile when some physicians were passing by. He filled his beak with water and inserted it in his anus, thus teaching mortals the benefits which they might obtain by taking water in this manner."¹

The priests in the temples drew up the god's prescriptions. *The Beginning of the Book of Healing Illnesses* and the treatise *On the Destruction of Pustules on all the Members of Man*, written in the ancient script, were put in a box at the feet of Anubis in the temple at Letopolis in the reign of King Usaphais of the IInd Dynasty.² Another medical work was found by a priest in the great hall of the temple at Coptos. The earth was plunged in darkness, and the moon, suddenly rising, shone only on this book, which was taken to King Cheops as a miraculous object.

¹ G. Guiart, "La Médecine au temps des Pharaons," in *Revue Poulenc.*

² Maspero, *Histoire.*

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The Egyptians had augmented these divine texts with prescriptions learned from the most celebrated foreign physicians, Phœnician and Syrian, and also with their personal observations. Every medical priest had to record his prescriptions and note the result, to determine which were good, which ineffective, and which disastrous. So experience once gained was not lost, and, for the greater prestige of the priesthood which held the keys, the treasure of science increased from generation to generation.

Round the great temples of the Delta, those of Aten-Ra at Heliopolis, of Anubis at Letopolis, and of Neith at Saïs, and in those of Thebes and Memphis, the medical body was formed and educated. Priests who devoted themselves to the practice of this art were vowed to chastity on pain of death. Lacking antiseptics, they practised strict hygiene, shaving their heads and bodies several times a day. Behind each temple was a medical library, full of papyri, and it was surrounded by botanical gardens, in which the medical students grew the plants needed for their very complicated pharmacopœia. On certain days, students attended consultations, and the temple, to which a small clinic and a laboratory were attached, then became a court of miracles.¹ When the priests judged that their pupils were sufficiently trained, they made them undergo initiation by fire and water, and if a candidate stood the ordeal courageously, he was consecrated—*dignus est intrare*.² This entitled him to exemption from half the taxes and a place in public ceremonies.

The knowledge of this host of practitioners was

¹ Maspero, *Causeries*, "Sur un papyrus médical de la XVIIIe dynastie."

² From the burlesque of a medical graduation ceremony in *Le Malade Imaginaire* (TRS.).

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practically nil. Their therapeutics were infantile. Divine inspiration doubtless had to make up for the uncertainty of their diagnoses. Their total ignorance of human anatomy is all the more surprising because every day, in every city in the kingdom, hundreds of Egyptians were dissected for mummification.¹ Here, for the first time, we find the spirit of initiative and the fundamental practicalness of the Egyptian lacking. No physician had even the right to look on at a mummification. Only the priests whom the Greeks called *paraschistae* could make an incision in a mummy, and, according to Diodoros Siculus, anyone who destroyed the integrity of the human corpse was regarded with such horror that the unfortunate *paraschistes*, whose business it was to do it, was an object of universal execration. As soon as he had done his job, the others threw stones at him and would have killed him on the spot if he had not fled for his life. Physicians claimed to "give life"; they shunned the dangerous publicity to be acquired by interfering with death.

Round Tutankhamen swarmed a whole college of physicians, bald-headed and naked under their panther-skins. To preserve the precious life of Pharaoh, they employed all the resources of their art, that combination of quackery and a little witchcraft.

He could not even escape from the frequently contradictory zeal of specialists. Round his bed, there must have been heroic debates between ordinary physicians (*saumu*), exorcists (*uabu*), and exorcizing sorcerers (*sau*), to say nothing of the surgeons. He may even have had, like his ancestor Senusert, one doctor for his right eye and another for his left.² Amazed at the diversity of Egyptian medicine, Herodotos wrote, many centuries after the decline of the

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*.

² Mentioned in the Ebers Papyrus.

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Pharaonic dynasties: "The art of medicine is divided among them as follows. Each physician deals with one malady and no more; and the whole place is full of physicians. Some are established as healers of the eyes, others of the head, others of the teeth, others of the region of the belly, and others of internal complaints."¹

The King's physicians, at all events, were fortunate. They alone among their colleagues were allowed to marry. Their fees, too, were certainly not fixed according to the ancient custom. Since every Egyptian kept his head carefully shaved, the hairs which grew while he was ill were afterwards carefully cut off and weighed. Their weight determined the sum to be paid, part of which was devoted to the maintenance of the temple where the physician had been educated. But the King's physicians were laden with gold and honours.²

Tutankhamen's *Saumu* went for inspiration to a medical treatise then popular, *The Art and Mystery of the Physician who knows the Movement of the Heart*. It would have been an insult to the gods to think of transgressing their rites. These rites had been established by Atoti, Menes' son and successor and second of all the Pharaohs, who, so legend said, had practised medicine and had, with the collaboration of the gods, written this summary, which had enjoyed authority for over three thousand years.

But that authority, based on a total of experiences continually augmented without judgement or scientific deduction, could not save the young Pharaoh's life from a heavy hereditary burden. For the augurs,

¹ ii. 84; J. Guiart, art. cit.

² Ebers Papyrus; Berlin Medical Papyrus; Chabas, *Mélanges*, 1st ser.

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who watched over him, swelling with their own importance, the beautiful young body was only "a little wind, a breath conveyed by the veins from limb to limb." His head, pressed by a heavy, painful helmet of migraine and fever beneath the *Pshent*, "contains the two vessels which bring the spirits into it and send them thence to all the parts." In his chest, gasping painfully, "there are likewise two vessels, irradiating heat all through him. There are also two vessels for his thighs, two for his neck, two for his arms, two for his occiput, two for his eyes, two for his eyelids, two for his right ear, by which the breaths of life enter, and two for his left ear, by which the breaths of death will one day go in."¹

The *Saumu* dictated peremptory prescriptions, that "the good breaths, the delicious breaths of the North," the vital spirits, "should enter by the right ear" of Tutankhamen and proceed by way of his nose into his veins and arteries and through all his blood into the centre of his body, his heart, "*haiti*, the beginning of all his members," and the heart, whose movement was perpetual, should distribute the vital breaths all through his body.²

By incantations and remedies they also expected to prevent the breaths of death from entering by the left ear, for in that case the veins and arteries, instead of allowing life to flow through them, would become hot and obstructed and would harden and split, and if the *Saumu* could not reduce the inflammation death would come. The good breaths, the delicious breaths of the North, would then withdraw with the soul, the blood, lacking air, would coagulate, the veins and arteries would run dry, and Pharaoh would die for

¹ *Ibid.*

² Ebers Papyrus.

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want of breath.¹ *Haiti*, too, the indefatigable mover, would stop, and under the vigilant fingers of the *Saumu* the regular beat of its movement would no longer be perceptible at once "under his head and his nape and his hands and his chest and his arms and his legs."

It is true that the efforts of the college of physicians were not free of an element of mystic fatalism. They were all profoundly convinced that their young Pharaoh, just like other Egyptians, would not die, but would be murdered by a visitant from the unseen world, an avenging god, demon, evil spirit, soul of a dead Pharaoh, or spectre, which would creep secretly into his breast or fall on him with irresistible violence. How could they discover the nature of the evil spirit which was attacking Tutankhamen? Remedies were of no avail if it was not driven away or destroyed.² For such a delicate major operation as this, the help of all was required—physicians exuding science (both specialists and general practitioners), exorcizers acting under divine inspiration, and sorcerers who had neither science nor inspiration, but could recite magical spells with all the proper rites and gestures.

On the whole, the progress made by medicine since the time of Tutankhamen is perhaps not so obvious as we might suppose. It is still based in essence on confidence. "Faith alone can save," and the sick are still cured with old wives' remedies.

Tutankhamen's heart was full of burning faith. The varied and often repulsive treatments imposed on him combined the attraction of novelty with the mysticism of the ancient pharmacopœia, which ascribed the more virtues to a drug, the more disgusting it was.

¹ Guiart, art. cit.

² Maspero, *Causeries*.

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There were voluminous papyri laying down the divine rules for the wise application to Tutankhamen of the prescriptions of the treatise of *Him who knows the Movement of the Heart*¹ in all its severity, beginning with the regular use of the divine clyster. "The Egyptians look after their health with emetics and purgatives, and clear themselves out for three days running once a month."² Thanks to this universal rule, they had the reputation of being almost "the healthiest of men." Two of Tutankhamen's physicians presented themselves at the Palace at daybreak for this operation, and for days in succession, the papyri say. The *Saumu* had made up one of the hundred and seventy prescriptions, the most usual of which consisted of a mixture of warm goat's milk with honey, or woman's milk with oil and salt.³ During the operation, the *Uabu*, or exorcist, a priest of Serget,⁴ between two servants, one of whom held his magical writings and the other a box containing the ingredients needed for the concoction of every talisman imaginable, stretched out his hand over the royal stomach and howled his exorcism: "Clear, poison, clear! Clear, poison

¹ Most of the ailments from which the ancient Egyptians suffered were those which afflict the modern Egyptians—ophthalmia, complaints of the stomach and bladder, worms, varicose veins, ulcers of the leg, and epilepsy, the "divine mortal malady" (Maspero). Dr. Guiart (art. cit.) says that, through a method discovered by a British scientist of injecting mummies so as to cause the tissues to swell sufficiently for it to be possible to search for traces of disease, a number of cases of syphilitic lesions, Pott's disease, tumour, typhoid fever, itch, etc., have been found at Thebes.

² Herodotos, ii, 77; Chabas, *Mélanges*, 1st ser., p. 65.

³ The most widespread intestinal malady was *ulhu*.

⁴ One of the goddesses whose anger was the cause of most illnesses and deaths, so that her priests were naturally the right men to deal with disease.

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hidden in this stomach, disorders which racked Ment, son of Ment !"¹

But this morning Tutankhamen also suffered great pain in his eyes,² and the physician in charge of His Majesty's eyes came after the *Saumu*. Spelling out his treatise, which gave "a cure for him who suffers from the eyes so that he can hardly see," he gravely declares: "It is discharges of the vulva that affect the eyes. Make a fumigation of incense and fresh oil, and fumigate his vulva with it. Fumigate his eyes with a bee-eater's feet, and then make him eat the raw liver of an ass."³

Tutankhamen never thought of complaining or expressing surprise at this disagreeable treatment. In his mouth there was a worse taste of many other drugs. For his sickness hardly allowed him any respite. Only yesterday he had another attack of the shooting pains which shook all his limbs after a chill. His two physicians had come. While the specialist for pains ground, mixed, and cooked frankincense and stag's horn diluted in *ak* (beer), the exorcist had taken a little clay from his box of mysteries and mixed some blades of grass with it. Of this he had

¹ Berlin medical papyri. According to Maspero (*Causeries*, p. 314), the use of the most unlikely substances and prescriptions which seem grotesque to us did somehow cure the patients. Ammonia is obviously less revolting than urine or animal excrement, but the result was sometimes much the same. Here as in many points, the progress of modern science has lain rather in the simplification of the drugs of the ancient pharmacopœia than in the substitution of new ones. So, extraordinary as it may seem, we must resign ourselves to believing that this quaint science was serious, and effective.

² Ophthalmia was the most widespread complaint in ancient as in modern Egypt.

³ Kahun papyrus, translated by Maspero. This papyrus shows the dexterity with which the oculists of the time operated on cataract.

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made a large bolus, which had been both tasteless and and nasty, although it had been made salutary by one of the best spells in a magical book of divine origin: "Arise, permanent for ever, destroying the ill before thee! By Isis the Divine, let the deadly germs in thy members be destroyed!"¹

As for his surgeons, Tutankhamen had not seen them since the day when, just before his marriage at the age of twelve, they had come to circumcise him in accordance with the rites. The Egyptians had invented this hygienic operation. The same spirit of initiative, ever on the alert, had made it possible to have eunuchs to watch over the harems, and we may without malice suppose that the surgeons had some say in the severe clauses in the unwritten code of Egypt which punished rape with castration.² Tutankhamen, however, hoped that he would not need to resort to their services again. Although he had been given a local anæsthetic in the shape of "Memphite Powder,"³ the circumcision had left painful memories. On the reliefs adorning a tomb at Saqqara, he had seen luckless patients making frightful faces and howling to their tormentor, "Make an end and let me go!" or "Don't hurt so much!" while younger physicians held them firmly down on the operating-table.

Yet the treatise used by the surgeons inspires more confidence than the medical treatises, for only one case out of forty-eight requires the employment of magic.⁴ Every surgical case is foreseen—"three for the jaws, five for the clavicular and scapular regions, six for the

¹ Chabas, *Mélanges*, 1st ser.

² Guiart, art. cit.

³ Ground Cairo marble which, when mixed with vinegar, liberated carbonic acid.

⁴ The papyrus translated by Edwin Smith, which bears his name.

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throat and cervical vertebræ, five for the temporal region, ten for the head, four for the nose, nine for the thorax, and one for the dorsal column." The treatise also gives wise advice to the Egyptian surgeons following Pharaoh on his campaigns. With the aid of the anæsthetics which they had discovered, they had a hundred methods of amputating arms and legs, applying splints to fractures, and trepanning skulls injured by spears. Gravely, the treatise counsels: "If you examine a man presenting such-and-such symptoms, say of it, 'It is such-and-such a complaint.' If the malady is mild, say, 'It is a malady which I can treat'; if it is difficult, say, 'It is a malady which I can combat'; if it is incurable, say, 'It is a malady for which I can do nothing,' and in that case take no action."¹

The young Queen was likewise attended by an imposing army of physicians, displaying their science and their magic. Gynæcology already pretended to resolve all the mysterious problems with which womanhood confronts science.² Ingenious specialists were active about Ankhsenpaamen,³ trying to remedy the barrenness which distressed her as much as her royal husband, and their imagination proposed more cures than the pundits of the medical world could offer to the women of to-day. After trying every process in order

¹ The Egyptian surgeons were even expert in facial restoration. Mummies have been found, on which it is proved that the ears were re-affixed during life. Cutting off the ears or nose was a common penalty in Egypt, and there is no doubt that those who had incurred this degradation would be most anxious to resort to surgery to remove the evidence of past crimes. Perfect fracture-splints have also been found, and large numbers of instruments used by modern surgeons.

² Petrie's gynæcological papyrus and the Ebers Papyrus give full information on the subject.

³ With the return to Amen her name, like her husband's, was changed from -Aten to -Amen.

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to conceive, she must have lent herself to the most amazing experiments, that she might know if she would ever conceive, and whether she would give birth to a Pharaoh or to a girl.

The gynæcological specialists, who formed far the largest body in the Egyptian medical world,¹ presented themselves at the Palace once a year to make the unfortunate Queen swallow couch-grass pounded in the milk of a woman who had given birth to a boy. If she thereupon vomited, the Empire might count on an heir; if she did not, there was no hope of issue, male or female. Ankhsenpaamen's heart was indeed sore. Some other means must be found, and scientists were summoned, who advised her to soak a small bag of barley and another of wheat in her urine. If the wheat sprouted, at last she would have the heir she wanted; if the barley, a girl was promised. Alas, nothing sprouted at all, and Ankhsenpaamen remained childless.²

Less disappointing, and less unpleasant, were the consultations which the Queen loved to take about the care of her magnificent hair. "Carefully cook a greyhound's foot, date-stones, and an ass's hoof in oil, and rub it on."

If science was powerless to deliver princesses of their ills, the gods came to the aid of science, even if they had to make long voyages for years for the purpose. Khonsu, the son of Amen, who reigned in the temple at Karnak, would one day go off to the capital of Naharin³

¹ The precocious maternity of women, who bore children at the age of eleven and in large numbers (never less than ten), had greatly developed medicine in this direction. Internal treatment, cures, and operations were little different from our own.

² Chabas, *Mélanges*.

³ A country lying on both sides of the Euphrates, between the Orontes and the Balikh.

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in order to cure the sister of the Queen of Rameses II. Someone went to the great Pharaoh, when he was praying in the temple in Thebes,¹ in the 15th year of his reign, and said, "There is there a messenger of the Prince of Bekhten, who has come with many gifts for the Royal Wife." When this man was brought before His Majesty with his gifts, he said, "Glory to you, Sun of foreign peoples, you by whom we live! I come to you about Bintresh, your younger sister, for a malady penetrates her members. Let Your Majesty send a learned man to see her." His Majesty ordered the Royal Scribe to go to Bekhten.

"When Thothemheb arrived in Bekhten, he found Bintresh in the condition of one possessed. He returned in the 23rd year of the reign to report the matter to His Majesty, and His Majesty said before Khonsu, God of Good Counsel in Thebes, 'Excellent Lord, if it please thee, turn thy face, which Governs Destiny, towards Bekhten, great God who Drivest out Foreigners.'

"Then the God gave two great nods of his head in assent. Then His Majesty said, 'Give him thy virtue.' And on a great boat the God set forth,² escorted by many chariots and horses, going along the right and left of the river. When the God came to Bekhten, in the space of a year and six months, the Prince of Bekh-

¹ Maspero. Translation of the stele discovered by Champollion in the Temple of Khonsu in Thebes, removed in 1845 by Prisse d'Avesnes and presented to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

² In the story it is expressly stated that divine statues, like human, had their "doubles," and that it was one of these duplicate statues that Khonsu sent abroad. The "doubles" corresponded to the god's different manners of being. One double of Khonsu represented the God of Good Counsel; the other, Khonsu who Governs Destiny and Drives out Foreigners. It was this latter double that Khonsu, God of Good Counsel, sent to Bekhten.

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ten came with his generals and his soldiers before Khonsu who Governs Destiny, and fell prostrate, saying, 'Thou comest to us.' And when the God had gone to the place where Bintresh was, and had made magical passes over her, she was at once well. The evil spirit which was in her said in the presence of Khonsu who Governs Destiny in Thebes: 'Come in peace, great God who Drivest out Foreigners. Bekhten is thy city, its people are thy slaves, and I myself am thy slave. I shall therefore go to the place whence I am come, to give satisfaction to thy heart.' " But Egyptian gods would not remain in a foreign land after they had done their duty, and when the Prince of Bekhten said, "Since this God has been given to Bekhten, I shall not send him back to Egypt," Khonsu showed him in a dream himself, Khonsu, rising out of his casket in the shape of a golden hawk, flying towards Egypt. So the Prince of Bekhten said, "Let the God who sojourned with us be taken by his chariot back to Egypt," and he gave Khonsu many gifts of all good things, and a strong escort of soldiers and horses.

"And Khonsu, the God of Good Counsel in Thebes, returned in peace to his temple in the 33rd year of the reign," after having thus covered Egyptian medical science with glory.

Tutankhamen's condition went from bad to worse. Anæmia, which had been prevalent in Egypt in all ages and had been sapping the Pharaohs for many generations, was complicated by neurasthenia which oppressed his heart, heavy with the recantation of Akhetaten and the Queen's barrenness. It predisposed the young King to the phthisis which must have carried him off very rapidly, according to Mr. Carter's examination of his mummy. The malady in its ravages did not

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affect the beauty of his figure; only the face is rather emaciated.¹

On his beautiful young chest, shaken by coughing and devoured by fever, one poultice followed another, emollient and of all kinds. Round his bed, the ordinary physicians, accompanied by exorcists, worked up lizard's blood, the humours of a pig's ear, woman's milk, faeces of children, and toad's poison² into marvellous plasters. To ease the inner fire which devoured his lungs, he resignedly swallowed potions of Plant of Osiris (bindweed), Heart of Bubastis (saffron), Blood of Osiris, and Set's Eye.³

The malady advanced steadily. Science gave place to magic. Spirits of evil had to be driven away, and the exorcist, insinuatingly and firmly, persuaded these dead souls that their victim was under the immediate protection of the gods, and that all the parts of his head were animated by divine spells against which their malignity could not prevail. "The magical virtues of thy left temple are the magical virtues of Horus. The virtues of thy left eye are the virtues of that eye of Horus which destroys beings." Gentle exhortations were as unavailing as bitter drugs. Pharaoh did not appear relieved, and his weakness increased. Then the evil spirits learned from the voice of the exorcist that "each of the members of Tutankhamen is a separate god. His upper lip is Isis, his lower lip is Nephthys, his neck is the Goddess, his teeth are swords, his flesh is Osiris, his hands are divine souls, his fingers are blue serpents, his sides are the Two Feathers of Amen."⁴

Still the disease grew worse. Helpless against that rapid consumption, the physicians were convinced

¹ Carter.

³ *Ibid.*

² Ebers Papyrus.

⁴ Maspero, *Histoire*.

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that the strange malady could only be a vengeance of Amen. The demons would triumph over the son of the heretic; Tutankhamen was gradually passing away. A last hope—the sorcerer was summoned to the Palace. He leaned panting over the King's chest, he spoke to the malady, he besought it: "O thou who bearest away, bear not his heart away! O thou who masterest, master not his members! . . . Do not come against him, do not seize his flesh, do him no hurt!"

In the 8th year of his reign, in the third month of Akhet, in spite of all the science of physicians, sorcerers, and magicians, "the God entered into his double horizon, King Tutankhamen soared to the sky, taking the form of the Sun-disk, and the limbs of the God were absorbed in him who had created them. The Palace was silent, hearts were in mourning, the Double Great Door was sealed, the courtiers remained squatting in grief, and the people too lamented."¹

¹ Maspero, *Contes*.

CHAPTER X

TUTANKHAMEN GOES OUT INTO THE DAY¹

TUTANKHAMEN was about to perform the greatest act of his life, the act for which every Pharaoh had to prepare himself from his accession—entry into immortality. He felt that death was there, but, like a good Egyptian, he knew that death does not destroy life. To him, burial could not be the end of this material existence, the joys of which were so dear to him, though he had had little enough of them. To die, was rather to realize the dream which mortals have always cherished—the attainment of an eternal life which, while perpetuating human life at its happiest, would also detach the spiritual and divine essence from it.

With that keenness of mind which comes with fever, the young Pharaoh in his dying moments, the long dying moments of the consumptive, must have dreamed of the delights of the life which would soon open before him and tasted the consoling charm of Egyptian metaphysics. He must have repeated very often the old text of which we have a poetic echo in Papyrus Anastasi IV, which depicts the next life in charming hues. A splendid and refined spirituality,

¹ Egyptian metaphysics are so familiar to archæologists and historians that it is unnecessary to explain the labours by which I have tried to obtain for the reader a true picture of the way in which the greatest problems of the other world presented themselves to Tutankhamen.

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very childish and yet very close to our own, must have adorned the visions of the future life which rose before his mind.

The Egyptians lived entirely in the expectation of another existence. In their determination to conquer death by every means, they had conceived the astonishing notion of adding to the eternal life of the soul an eternal life of the body, a complete and immediate resurrection of their material life at its happiest moment. So all the reliefs, all the inscriptions, all the priests, had taught Tutankhamen that "to die is to go to one's Ka," the divine element of his person, and had extolled the glories of the next world which awaited his Ka, lovely in its eternity of human joys and divine bliss.¹

"The joy of Amen is in your heart, and you go through life in joy until you reach bliss. Your lip is healthy, your limbs are green, your eye sees far, you dress yourself in fine linen, and you ride on your two-horsed chariot, a golden oar in your hand and a whip with you, driving your team of Syrian stallions. The negroes run before you, doing your will. You go upon your boat of cedar, high at the prow and stern, and you come to the excellent abode which you have made for yourself. Your mouth is filled with wine, beer, bread, meat, and cakes, oxen are sacrificed, jars of wine are opened, and sweet music is sung before you. Your Chief Perfumer anoints you with essence; your Director of Waters is there with garlands; your Steward of Country People brings you geese; your Fisherman brings you fish. Your ships which go to Syria are laden with all kinds of good things, your byres are full of cows, and your bondwomen are flourishing. You are stable and your enemy is overthrown. What is said against you does not exist,

¹ Papyrus Anastasi IV.

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but you go into the presence of the cycle of the Gods and you come out, just in voice."

Is that the life of a dead or a living man? Is it not rather a metamorphosis awaiting Pharaoh on the other side of death? When his whole people conducts him to his grave, he will not be alive—but will he be dead?

By the bed on which he spent the last days of his earthly life, Tutankhamen must have seen in imagination the light shadow of his Ka, the protecting double, the guardian of the soul and itself a soul, the Ka which we might be tempted to identify with the indulgent, protective guardian angel which modern theology introduced into the dreams of our childhood. But to imagine his Ka, Tutankhamen had only to remember the sculptures at Luxor and Der el-Bahari which perpetuated the glorious memory of the births of his ancestors, in which their Kas were shown as exactly like themselves,¹ but already illumined with godhead as by a gleam of the immortality promised to each as he came into the world. How charming was the Ka of the great Thothmes,² already laying its protecting hand on the little naked shoulder of the Pharaoh!

To recover one's Ka was to recover eternal youth. The Kas grew up with the Pharaohs, but they never grew old; the eternal soul could not grow old. Tutankhamen had certainly not forgotten the fresco in which the yellow, dried-up face of his ancestor, the aged King Hor, appeared illumined by the dazzling youth of his Ka which followed him, outlined against the horizon of the great Pyramids, on which the law had been written for thousands of years: "All that

¹ Lepage-Renouf, in *Trans. Soc. Biblical Archæology*, vi (1878), 2; Maspero, *Études de mythologie et d'archéologie*, vol. ii, pp. 1-181.

² Moret, *Mystères égyptiens*.

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passes, passes into the other world with its Ka. Thoth passes with his Ka, Geb passes with his Ka. So do thou pass with thy Ka."¹

Following with his eyes the birds which flew across his field of view, Tutankhamen invoked the Ba Bird, in whose form, he knew, his Ka would presently fly, with the "breaths of life," from his mouth when the priests opened it, to be born on that same day to its human and spiritual life.²

In the drumming of the fever against his temples, the little Pharaoh must surely have heard a funereal echo of the murmur which constantly went up from the lips of his people all over the immense Empire, "His Majesty (Life, Health, and Strength) will presently rejoin his Ka,"³ and he may have seen, dancing before his delirious vision, a thousand of the hieroglyphs which personified the Ka, a weird sign consisting of two little hands raised desperately towards the sky, for ever begging for light and happiness. As a child he had drawn it for fun.

What did his palace matter to him now? There Ai was a too burdensome and disagreeable reality. His bent back grew straighter every day, and already priests, courtiers, and princes collected about him as the heir to the throne. It was hard, too, to reflect on the mortal future of the little Queen, condemned to endure, as a Queen Dowager of eighteen years, the triumph of Ai.

It was better to allow a free rein to the mysterious, divine recollections of his childhood. There was the grave voice of his father, lying sick on the terrace at Akhetaten, reciting the wonderful *Dialogue of an Egyptian with his Spirit*, which generation after genera-

¹ Sethe, *Pyramidentexte*, i, p. 10, 450-60.

² Moret, *op. cit.*

³ Pyramid of Unas

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tion had repeated for hundreds of years. "Brothers are cruel and the friends of to-day love no one. The hearts of men are violent. The gentle perish and the strong triumph. There are no longer any just men, and the earth is delivered over to the sinner. Death appears to me as the cure of a sick man, death with the sweet smell of the lotus. Death will be rest on the shore of a land of drunkenness, like a sailor's homecoming. Death I desire as every man desires to see his house after many years of captivity."¹

The eternal words made the Theban Mountain, there against the sky, lovely and desirable to the dimming eyes of Tutankhamen. That was the country of the dead, where he had hastily built himself a "House of Eternity" near those of his ancestors, quite close to that of his father. There, at last, he would enjoy a blissful, unending life in peace. No more orders of exacting priests to obey, no more denial of city and god, no more temples to build, no more priesthood to feed, no more edicts to deliver! Peace, peace in a little cool house, and eternity for the free enjoyment of all the good things of this world, which were heaped about him but had been given to him for so few years on earth! And all these things, beasts, and plants which would be reborn with him shone with such a light of divinity! Everything personified a god.

Does one ever know the wrench with which a dying man bids farewell to life? The religion of Egypt had invested that farewell with such high hopes, human and divine, that that of Tutankhamen cannot but have been confident and joyful. The pleasures which he had been taught to expect in the next world far surpassed, in their human reality, the happiness

¹ Erman, *Gespräch eines Lebensmüden mit seiner Seele* (Abh. d. Kgl. Preuss. Akad. d. Wiss. zu Berlin, 1896).

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which most men expected from their daily life down here.

But as the dying youth conjured up the other life, his brain must have been haunted by a strange phantasmagoria of images — images mingling and conflicting, the serious but doubtful visions of his early years. The worship of the Sun-disk certainly promised that at least the "great minds" would enjoy communion with the godhead; but the next life which it promised was very uncertain, devoid of all childish, pleasant delusions, a continuation of a political imperialism so wildly realistic that the King had hardly appreciated it. More agreeable were the visions offered by the worship of Amen, to which he had returned six years ago when he went to Thebes, but they were disturbing in their very diversity—a vast, confused assimilation of all the beliefs, material or spiritual, of every ancient cult. But, in their manifold aspects, all these beliefs connected with Atum, Ra, Shu, Geb, and the rest of them only tended to bring the gods nearer to men and to make them more accessible to their prayers.

The days were long past when the Pharaohs alone had enjoyed immortality. Since the Revolution of 2000, all had been equal before death, and death was no longer the "great mystery" of a hypothetical or unknown new life; it was simply, for every Egyptian, a metamorphosis which enabled him to make his human joys everlasting. Tutankhamen must have seen the confident, joyful faith with which his whole people took part at Abydos in the Mysteries commemorating the life, passion, death, and resurrection of Osiris. That human god, having taught them how to make their body incorruptible by mummification, promised the immortality of that body and of the soul to every man who knew his rites and, whether King or

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slave, cleared himself before the holy Tribunal of the sins done in his life.¹

Tutankhamen might think that, even if he had been misunderstood on this earth, there, at least, "Thoth will judge him, the Scribe of Truth will justify him, and Ra in his sun-boat will hear his words."² Of the day of Judgement, his ancestor King Merikara had said: "Life on earth goes by quickly; it is not long; it does not profit the Lord of the Two Lands. The virtuous man will live for ever. He who passes with Osiris goes to the next life, but he who has been indulgent to himself is annihilated."³

It was certainly a kindly affair, the religion which the priests of Amen had taught him. To win eternity, it was enough to know rituals and prayers. The high-priest had given Tutankhamen a papyrus sixty feet long, containing four hundred and fifty-three chapters, the *Book of the Dead*. That precious roll would guide him on his wonderful journey. The priests had taught him the essential part of it, what he must know in order to enter Paradise.

When the great sleep commenced, he would, following the prescriptions of Chapter LXV, proceed to Abydos, the kingdom of Osiris. He would strike on the door of the kingdom of Justice, and, before the assessors of Osiris, he would declare the purity of his conscience: "I come as a perfected shade to bring justice to him who loves it."⁴ As he had done every morning at Karnak, he would go forward, alone, towards the shrine with the cobra frieze, inside which Osiris, redeemer and judge, sat on his throne, waiting for his son who came from the earth.⁵

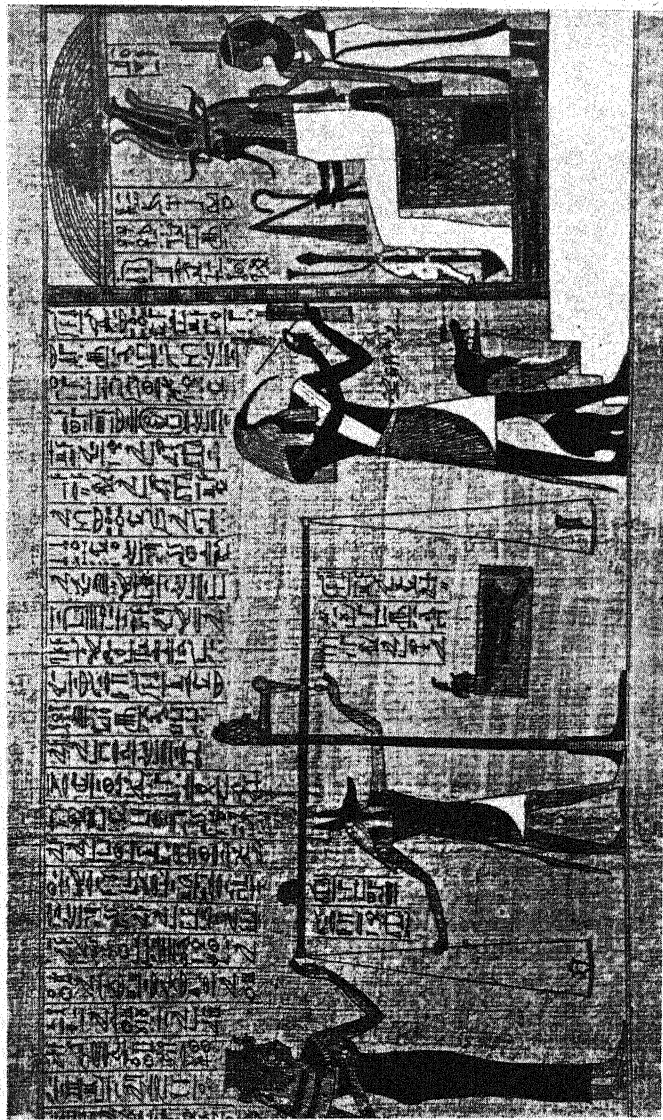
¹ Moret.

² Erman, *Literatur*; *Book of the Dead*.

³ Drioton, *Les Confessions négatives*, in *Recueil Champollion*.

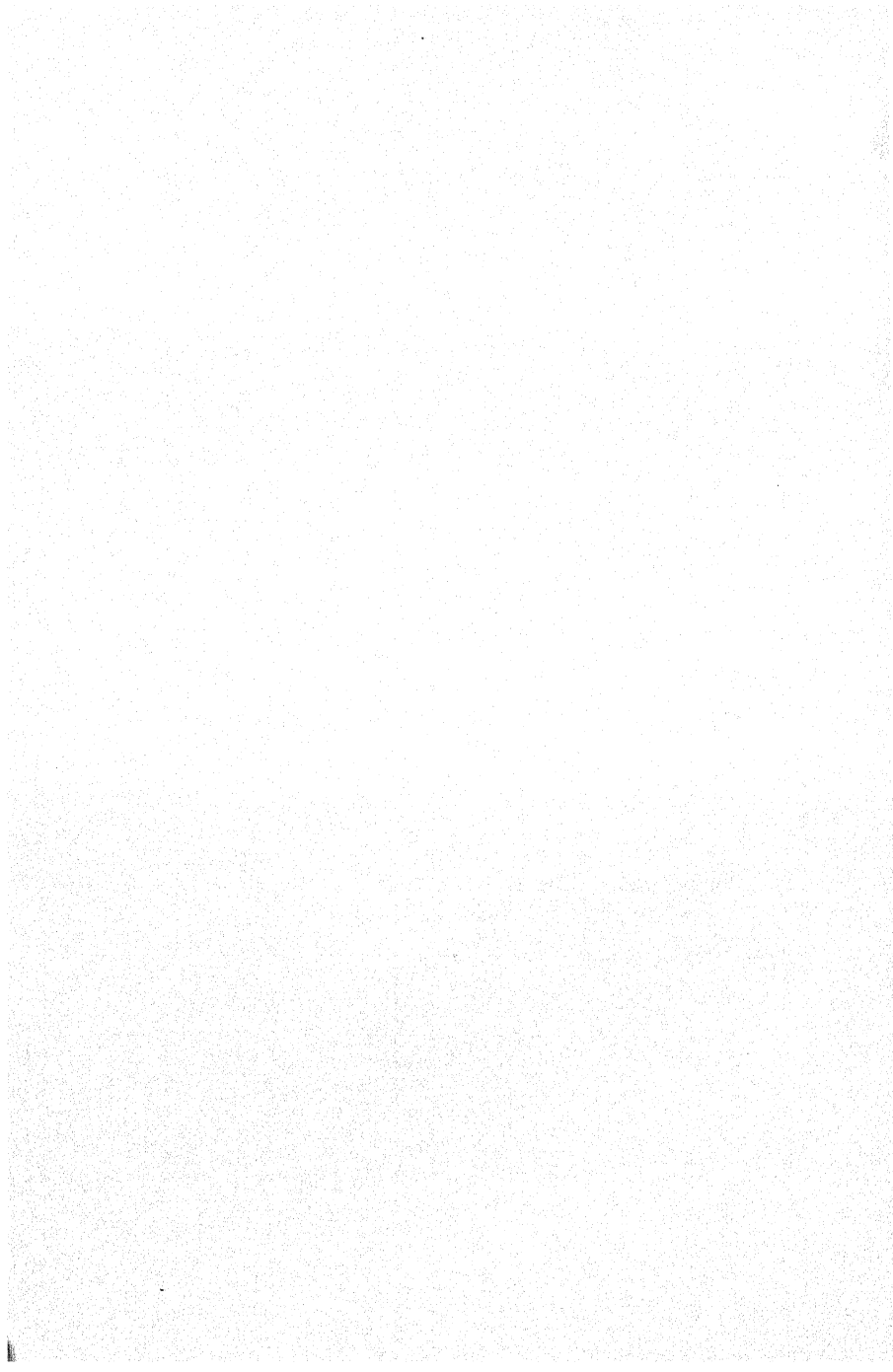
⁴ *Book of the Dead*.

⁵ *Ibid*.



THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD

From Moret (Brugsch)



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There would be a great balance set up, beside which Maat, the Lady of Truth and Justice, would stand, ready to weigh his heart. There, too, would be Ammit, a monster with a hippopotamus' head and a crocodile's body, her vast mouth already open to devour him at a sign from the god. But Tutankhamen would appeal to the judgement of the forty-two Gods of the Nomes of his kingdom, squatting all along the walls: "On this day of rendering account before the Good Being, I bring truth to you and I have destroyed sins for you"; and he would make the "negative confession" of the sins which he had not committed: "I have come to thee, my Lord, to see thy beauty. I have not done evil. I have committed no violence, I have not stolen, I have not caused any man to be killed, I have made no one weep. I have not despised God in my heart. I am pure! I am pure!"¹

Then Thoth, God of Wisdom, with the aid of Anubis, would place Tutankhamen's heart in one scale of the balance and a figure of Truth in the other—and the two scales would hang even. Thoth would write on a tablet: "The deceased has been weighed in the balance. There is no fault in him. His heart is according to Truth. The index points true, there is no doubt." And Osiris would give sentence: "Let the deceased go out victorious, to go wherever he will among the Spirits and the Gods."

So he would not be turned back by the Keepers of the Gates of the West, as was foretold in Chapter LXXVI. Proud and happy, he would go without fear past the basin of fire, guarded by four monkeys, in which, according to Chapter XVII, he would, had the verdict been against him, have had to purify himself of such venial sins as he had committed. Still less need

¹ *Ibid.*; Moret, *Au temps des Pharaons*.

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he heed the priests' awful descriptions of Hell—"burning zones, gulfs of fire, where the water of flame is the only drink for the thirst of the wicked, and the demons who torment the damned dwell in halls with floors of water, roofs of fire, and walls of living asps, and there are gridirons and boilers for the torture of sinners."¹

Making his own choice of his fate, as it was written in Chapter LXXXIII, he would become Ra re-incarnated, for "the Double of the God has united with him who loves him." Thoth and Anubis would lead him to a river, where a ferryman would take him on the Sun-boat. Tutankhamen would say, "O keeper of the mysterious boat, I am in a hurry. I am going to see my father Osiris." "Tell me my name," the hull of the boat would ask, and Tutankhamen would answer, "Darkness is your name." "Tell me my name," the mast would ask, and Tutankhamen would answer, "He who Leads the Great Goddess on her Way is your name." "Tell me my name," the sail would ask, and he would answer, "Nut (the Sky) is your name." Then Tutankhamen would be taken across, and would go into the heavenly Fields of Ialu.²

Then he would see the "fertile fields" of which Chapter XLIX speaks, "where there are no reptiles, nor dangerous fish. The chosen recline softly by the waterside, in the ever green shade of the great trees. They breathe the cool wind of the North. They fish among the lotuses, they go on their boats and are towed by their servants. They hunt birds in the brake, or retire to their pavilions to read stories, play at draughts, and find their wives, always young and beautiful."³

¹ Chabas, *Mélanges, L'Enfer égyptien.*

² *Book of the Dead.*

³ Maspero, *Vignette du Livre des Morts.*

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And every morning the Sun-boat would bring him back into his cool tomb, where he would rest until the sunset. If he did not rightly understand the mystery of the revelation in Chapter XVII, which required long meditation, at least he perceived the underlying meaning of the "going out into the day" by which the great minds of Egypt defined death. He knew that in the end he would be merged in the divine, without losing his human joys, and, as it is written in the *Book of the Dead*, he could say, "I am he who existed in Nothingness, I am he who creates, I am he who will create himself. I am yesterday, and I know to-morrow, always and for ever."¹

The judgement of each man according to his works, a Heaven, a Purgatory, a Hell, the resurrection of the body, its eternal life, the immortality of the soul—such were, in somewhat childish forms, the prospects which opened before Tutankhamen in his last hour. What freedom, to be able "to dwell in or leave the tomb and Paradise, to come down to earth, to sail in the sky in the boat of the gods, to visit the stars in the shape of a man or of a god!"² What freedom, after the bondage of the land of the living!

And the brown eyes closed for ever. The stern face of the most beautiful of the Pharaohs gently relaxed; the great sleep began. The Fields of Ialu were near. Death took Tutankhamen back to the divine home from which he had been exiled during his sojourn on earth.

The Queen wept. Ai was already busy over the funeral.

¹ *Book of the Dead*, chap. xvii, Papyrus of Sutesmes.

² *Book of the Dead*.

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Now Tutankhamen was stretched, naked, in the darkness of an underground chamber.¹ The light of the red candles set in gold sticks played lovingly, for the last time, about the slender body, whose harmonious lines had been respected by disease.²

A Master of Ceremonies, embalmers, a priest, and a surgeon leaned over him.³ With a bent piece of iron they drew the brain out through the nostrils, they said a prayer, and then a scribe drew an ink line, four inches long, on the left side of the belly, exactly where Horus had opened the body of Osiris. After another prayer, the surgeon made the incision with a knife of Ethiopian obsidian. Then an embalmer put his hand into the cut, and with marks of the deepest respect took out the intestines, heart, lungs, and liver. He washed the cavities with palm-wine and filled them with spices. All again uttered a long and fervent prayer, before dipping the body in a great vat of liquid natron. Then they went out, walking backwards, to allow the sacred remains of their master to macerate. Seventy days passed before they returned.

Then, with decisive, tender movements, they lifted Pharaoh's body out of the vat. The natron had taken all the rigidity from the limbs. By the incisions, which remained wide open, they stuffed the chest and belly, and also part of the face, with fine linen and sawdust of scented wood, placed the two legs together, and crossed the arms in the hieratic, eternal gesture

¹ It is due to the magnificent discoveries, labours, and publications of Mr. Howard Carter, little known in France for lack of a translation, that I have been able to reconstruct the various ceremonies which attended Tutankhamen from his death-bed to his grave.

² Maspero, *Livre de l'embaumement : mémoires sur quelques papyrus du Louvre*.

³ Herodotos, ii, 86.



HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF TUTANKHAMEN
(Cairo Museum)

Photograph by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. World copyright strictly reserved.

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of the Pharaohs.¹ The goldsmiths swiftly took casts of the graceful shape, which they would amplify when they modelled the coffins in which Pharaoh would lie in his wrappings. The embalmers stepped back, amazed; in that instant, they saw Tutankhamen once more young and wonderfully beautiful.

The ceremony was conducted according to a pious, unchangeable canon. The embalmers knew that they were performing over Tutankhamen the selfsame rites as Anubis and the Sons of Horus had performed over Osiris when they made the first mummy.² The embalming over which they were at work was, indeed, the very symbol, both spiritual and real, of immortality. The soul did not perish when the breath died on a man's lips; his future existence depended on that of his body, and went with it. If the soul was to be immortal, the body must be incorruptible, and that only mummification could make it. Mummification had not been practised in the first ages of the Creation. Horus had been the first, with the aid of Isis, Nephthys, Thoth and Anubis, to give eternal life by this means to his father Osiris, murdered by Set. The embalmers of Tutankhamen stood for reincarnations of the revered deities who had conducted the first mummification, and their meditations were thereby imbued with eternity.

Carefully,³ they enclosed each toe in a gold case. With devotion, they set a small cap of white linen, bearing symbols of Aten, on the head. On the face, they laid a mask of pitch, and then a light piece of lawn. They spread soft materials all along the body, which they swaddled in a tight web of mystical wrappings,⁴ while the priest with the roll said an appropriate prayer

¹ Maspero, op. cit.

² *Ibid.*

³ Carter.

⁴ See the ritual of embalming (Maspero).

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over each: "He who says this chapter after having purified himself in water of natron shall be born again to the day, after burial." The dying Tutankhamen must have already repeated these spells of hope, knowing that they would open the happy roads of eternal life to his body and soul. Did an echo of them reach him now, when the priest whispered them in his ear during the dressing of his body?

Standing motionless, Ai, who would succeed to the throne, listened, thinking of the future; for it was Ai who stood there, since there was no son of Tutankhamen, who alone should rightly have been admitted to the ceremony.

"With this talisman, Pharaoh is a god! He lives the eternity of the Gods!" chanted the priest, while they wound round Pharaoh's neck a strip of papyrus which seemed to be sealed by a scarab of green paper, bearing an inscription which forbade his human heart to bear witness against him at the last judgement: "Heart of my mother, heart of my birth, heart which I had on earth, do not rise in witness against me!"

The wrappings were laid on, they were crossed and crossed again, and jewels were added all the time. On the head, the Master of Ceremonies placed the diadem which Tutankhamen had so often worn over his wig in his human life, dazzling the people with its splendour.¹ In the darkness it still emitted bright glints, as the light of the candles caught the uncut cornelians set in soft ribbons of gold, the turquoise border of the central cap, and the thousand gems which adorned the two crossing flaps which hung behind.

¹ This diadem and those of a Pharaoh of the XIIth Dynasty and of Princess Sut-Hathor (Middle Kingdom) are the only ones which have come down to us.

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Still more wrappings, and then, over the already hidden face, a gold mask, ending in a triple row of red gold, white gold, and blue faience round the neck. From this mask, which seemed to crush the emaciated face under the weight of all the riches of mankind, hung the four gold collars of Nekhebt, Buto, Nebti, and the Hawk, marvels of goldsmith's work never equalled, which the imagination of the artists had made in the form of conventional birds with outspread wings in a variety of aspects. From it, too, hung the twenty amulets, each of which should give Pharaoh divine protection in his long journey on the other side of death.

On the arms the Ba Bird, a huge pectoral of gold cloisonné, spread its wings, symbolizing Pharaoh's Ka, his divine soul soaring to the Beyond. On each side was a dagger, one of iron and one of gold, both in finely chased sheaths. The legs were wound inextricably in two more splendid collars.

There was a sudden gleam of whiteness, as Pharaoh with all his trappings was wholly enveloped in a great shroud. Only the head remained in the darkness. The officiants busily wrapped the mummy in bands of gold tissue, bearing sacred invocations: "O Osiris Tutankhamen, thou goest to Ra!" "My son, so thy heart and thy body shall live for ever!"

Then the priest with the roll, aided by Ai, gently lifted the mummy and laid it in the first coffin, the precious wood of which was hidden by gold plating. The head of the mummy lay on a pillow, under which was Pharaoh's *Book of the Dead* and by its side, by the Queen's wish, their little perfume-box, with their two cartouches on its sides. A soft, sickly smell of wax filled the place; the priests were covering the mummy with an ointment, to fix it to the walls of the first case before they put on the marvellous lid, so delicately

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wrought that the gold seemed to wave like the robe of Osiris.¹ The metal seemed to cling to Pharaoh's body. The gold mask, crowned with the head-dress of gold incrustated with coloured glass, lapis lazuli, and cornelians, was an exact impression of the face, bearing the marks of death. The eyes were wide open, the obsidian pupils in the calcite eye-balls dilated in an eternal stare. Over the swelling chest, the arms were crossed, the right hand holding a whip and the left a crook of white and dark blue enamel. At the level of the head, the figures of the goddesses Nekhebt and Buto were modelled in relief in gold. Over the legs, Isis and Nephthys spread their opposing wings with the fluttering feathers, as if to maintain Pharaoh in endless immobility.

Ai and the priests came forward again. They wrapped this first mummy in a sheet, which they covered with garlands of flowers. Then, lifting it with an effort, they laid it in a second gold coffin, an exact replica of the first, but adorned with turquoises and red jasper. Everything was just the same, save that the slender little body, the mask, the arms, the trunk, the legs, grew thicker and clumsier with each new casing.

Now they were at the last coffin, which was thicker. It, too, was covered with gold plating, but no precious stone was set in it, and, by a touching attention on the part of the Queen, a crown of flowers was laid on the head-dress, round the sacred Uræus, whose little cobra-head rose above the brow.

Then Tutankhamen was restored for a last time to his great mortal love. He was laid on a state bed from the Palace, and beneath him were set the Canopic jars, on which, by an admirable innovation, the orthodox

¹ Carter.

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heads of man, hawk, jackal, and baboon were replaced by the radiant portrait of the young Pharaoh himself.¹

The little Queen was there. For seventy days, she had scrupulously observed the rites, living through those grievous hours in tears and sadness. According to etiquette, she had remained lying in the death-chamber. She had not had a bath, she had not painted her pale face. She had fed on her grief and allowed herself to grow ugly with weeping. It had been easy for her to abstain from eating meat and bread.²

But she had not been idle. She had started looking for a new husband with all the ardour which she had brought to her passion for Tutankhamen. She wanted her Pharaoh to survive in her. She had three months in which to marry a prince and ascend the throne; otherwise Ai, the only heir by his wife, the Royal Nurse, would reign in Egypt. An Asiatic through her mother Nefertiti, the Queen had turned to Asia, and as she staggered towards the state bed on which lay her beloved Tutankhamen, she was anxiously wondering whether the Hittite King would consent to give her his son in marriage. Then she would reign and he would be Pharaoh.³ Once poor Tutankhamen was in his House of Eternity it would be too late.

One of the chances of archæological discovery has brought to light in the ruins of Boghazkeui, the capital of the great forgotten Empire of the Hittites, the pathetic story of this marriage which never came off. The Queen sent the King of the Hittites a messenger, to say, "My husband is dead and I have been told that you have grown-up sons. Send me one; I shall make him my husband and he will be King of Egypt." But

¹ Carter.

² Wilkinson.

³ Letter published by King and reproduced by Carter, Introduction.

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Shubbiluliuma, King of the Hittites, was distrustful, and suspected a trap. "Surely you have a son by your husband," was the message which went back to the Queen. "What has become of him, that you should make such a proposal to me?" "Why should I deceive you," she answered, "I have no son, and my husband is dead. Send me a son, I shall make him King; but be quick!"

Fifteen days had gone by, and the messenger whom the little Queen had sent to Boghazkeui had not returned.

CHAPTER XI

TO THE ROAD WHERE THE SUN GOES DOWN

THE premature death of the young Pharaoh, the rapidity, in particular, with which his malady seems to have progressed towards the end, the haste of his successor to ascend the throne before the Queen should secure the power by another marriage—all this is definitely revealed by the great simplicity prevailing in the adornment of the tomb in which Tutankhamen was united to the earth and hid his head in the funerary valley.¹

Normally, there should have been a long interregnum between Pharaoh's death and his funeral, to allow all the workshops of the kingdom to build and adorn the subterranean palace which should be his tomb, and its decoration and furniture should have been designed and executed for that special purpose. But in the case of Tutankhamen it does not seem that the craftsmen and the workmen of the Two Lands had the time for their great task. They had only eighty days in which to prepare the sarcophagus, the four shrines, the three coffins, the Canopic jars, and all the ritual objects of the funeral. In Pharaoh's House of Eternity the articles found are chiefly jewels, vases, and other articles which, since they bear his portrait as a child or emblems used at Akhetaten and abandoned when he returned to Thebes, must have been made long before

¹ Carter.

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his death, and furniture, chariots, and weapons which had obviously been in daily use during his life.

It was, therefore, in abnormal circumstances¹ of haste and improvisation that, at the break of a blazing day in the year 1350, a whole people, surprised by the news of the funeral, crowded before the Palace, endlessly repeating, as a litany, the prayer consecrated by tradition: "To the West, the dwelling of Osiris! To the West, thou who wert the best of men and didst hate duplicity!" Who in Thebes now thought of the recantation of Akhetaten? Even the gods of Amen had forgotten, and their priests answered the ritual wishes of the crowd with the absolution: "O Chief, when thou goest to the West the Gods themselves lament!"²

Suddenly the prayers doubled in fervour. The doors of the Double Great House were opening; the mummy stood before dazzled eyes in all its resplendent glory of gold and gems. The bier was there, in the shape of a boat mounted on a sledge. The mummy vanished into the closed cabin from before the gaze of the assembled multitude, which continued to marvel at the precious stones with which the bier was covered in such masses that its walls seemed to be made of a mosaic of innumerable colours.³ The procession was led by slaves and great vassals, bearing all that Pharaoh would need in the next world, to adorn his life and make it as sweet and pleasant as possible. The useful was mingled with the superfluous with amazing prodigality. The Service of the Mouth went first, carrying on

¹ Procession of Harmabi, in Wilkinson; Maspero, *Histoire*, chap. ii; Bouriant, *Le Tombeau d'Harmabi*.

² Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i, pp. 81-184 (the words are from the tomb of Harkamiti at Memphis).

³ Such sledges are exhibited in the Giza Museum. Maspero, *Études de myth. et d'arch. égyptiennes*, p. 203.

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shoulder or in hand jars of water, bottles of liqueurs, painted boxes of cakes and a thousand other eatables, and low tables heaped with pots of fruit.¹

Then came a section laden with frivolities—scent-bottles, flowers, birds on light perches.

It was followed by a large body, bearing the sumptuous furniture which the King had used in his life—state beds and thrones, arm-chairs, chests of linen. Slaves bent under the weight of a chariot, dismounted except for the yoke and quivers, and other chariots followed, drawn by pairs of horses led by grooms.²

The funerary furniture came next. There seemed to be no end to the procession which carried it, and the variety of the articles was equal to their luxury. At the head went a human-headed hawk, symbolizing the soul, libation-vases, and Canopic jars. Then came weapons, masks, sceptres, rods of command, and collars, on great square trays, in a long meander of gold. Behind all these riches, a body of mourning-women conscientiously gave an exhibition of violent grief, sobbing, wailing, and tearing their hair.³

The Grand Master of Ceremonies came next, panther-skin on shoulder, and after him the bier was set in motion, drawn by two white bulls which the drivers goaded, singing,

“To the West, bulls who draw this bier !

To the West ! Your master comes behind you !”

¹ Bouriant, *op. cit.*

² Procession of Harmabi, in Maspero, *HisBoire*, vol. ii ; Wilkinson ; Bulaq papyrus ; Berlin papyrus.

³ Five Theban hypogea of the XVIIIth Dynasty have served as models for the funeral of Tutankhamen, and in particular that of Harmabi, a very wealthy lord who died in his reign. The texts have been copied by Mariette and the scenes by Bouriant and Faucher-Gudin.

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By the side went the Queen, weeping under her veils, followed by a throng of kinsfolk, courtiers, and friends in full-dress. A chaotic mob of merely curious people closed the procession as, keeping to the slow pace of the bulls, it wound its long ribbon of magnificence and wealth through the tortuous streets, exciting the wonder and greed of the crowd.

And everywhere, above the wailing of the paid mourners, the occasional sincere cries of kinsfolk, and involuntary exclamations of greed and envy, there went up the deafening, mournful call which every rising generation addressed to that which was passing, "To the West! To the West!"

Here was the Nile, and the procession crowded on to boats and barges. The river was presently so encumbered with vessels that the water could not be seen, and it looked like a huge moving road. On a great blue and yellow boat with a high stern shaped like a lotus, manned by eighteen rowers, half-naked mourning-women gathered on a platform draped with hangings of leather studded with coloured stones, and yelled, "Mourning! Mourning! Lament as loud as you can!"

Towed by the barge of the mourning-women, a long boat of slenderer, lighter build moved with slow majesty, each end adorned with a silver lotus which bent inwards as if under its own weight. This was the funeral barge of Osiris, the *Neshemt* which was worshipped at Abydos.¹ In the middle was a shrine decorated with bunches of flowers and palms, under the canopy of which the mummy of Tutankhamen lay

¹ This crossing of the Nile was especially important to the future of the dead man. It symbolized the mystical journey of his soul, which was supposed to embark at Abydos by the Mouth of the Cleft, with Osiris, for the heavenly regions.

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concealed. Forward, the Grand Master of Ceremonies burned incense, while by the golden sarcophagus the Queen sobbed in wild grief: "I am your sister. Do not leave me, beloved. She who mourns for you is as one bereft of her mother. With veiled bosom, she grieves and laments and rolls by the side of your funeral bed."¹ Two priestesses, representing the goddesses Isis and Nephthys, stood aft. Behind the funeral boat followed a whole fleet, bearing nobles, servants, priestesses, singers, and all the furniture.

It was the last royal procession led by Tutankhamen. As it moved away from the exact point of the shore west of Abydos, whence souls had to set out on their journey from this world to the next, the cries of the multitude which remained on the bank grew more insistent and more melancholy: "To the West, to the West, the Land of the Just!" Meanwhile, on the water, the priests and singers of Amen sang, to the accompaniment of harps, the funeral hymn of the Kings:

"Greatness above the earth, what is it?

The annihilation of the tomb, what is it?

To die, is to be formed in the image of eternity.

It is to come to the Land of Justice.

There all violence is abhorred; there no man attacks his neighbour."²

There were boats, and more boats. They crowded together under their load of men, who gave noisy vent to their grief. The courtiers cried, "To the West! He flourishes no more, the excellent one who loved truth and hated lies!" The servants replied, "Our guardian is torn from us. To the West!" And

¹ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*; Wilkinson.

² Moret; *Book of the Dead*, translated by Maspero in *Histoire*, vol. ii.

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the echo of their lamentations followed the river, intercrossing and blending. "To the West! Go to the West, O just one! Land in peace, west of Thebes! Go down in peace to Abydos! Go down in peace to the Western Sea!"¹ And the Queen, heart-broken, sighed, "O my beloved husband, abide! Alas, you go over the river! Boatmen, do not hasten! He is going to the Land of Eternity!"

At last they touched the shore of the dead. The royal galley, with its majestic canopy, was lifted on to a wooden sledge drawn over the sand by four white bulls. Behind went all the splendours which should accompany Tutankhamen into his tomb, piled on waggons. They set out for the Mountain of the West, whose sharp crests reflected the rays of the blazing sun. The priests continued to sing the funeral hymn, full-voiced.

"To all here below it is said :
Go, prosper, safe and sound,
That you may come to your grave,
Never having forgotten in your heart
That one day you must lie on your funeral bed . . .
Such is your fate . . .
To be united to the Lords of Eternity."²

First the interminable procession wound along the sides of the mountain, in a golden cloud. Slaves threw milk on the baking ground to keep down the dust, while, behind the golden bier, the Master of Ceremonies scattered scented water on the throng with a gold ladle. Suddenly they turned into a wild valley, zigzagging first westwards and then southwards, and presently passing on the right a smaller ravine which led to the tomb of Amenophis III. Ai turned his

¹ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i, p. 139.

² Moret; *Book of the Dead*, translated by Maspero.

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head; there he intended to build his House of Eternity, and there he would be buried. Continuing along the main valley, the long procession crossed a threshold cut in the rock and at last came into a cemetery without its like in the world. This was the gloomy amphitheatre of the Valley of the Kings, where lay almost all the great Pharaohs of the XVIIIth Dynasty. The forbidding landscape was dominated on the west by a peak which the Egyptians had deified and consecrated to Mersker, "Her who Loves Silence." She was worshipped there in the form of snake in a cave, where oracles were delivered and miraculous cures performed in her name. At the foot of this peak, in the most mysterious part, the Thothmes, Hatshepsut, and all the ancestral kings lay under forty feet of earth. Here too, Tutankhamen had resolved to spend "his eternity."¹

The throng, exhausted with heat and weariness, halted before a cleft between two rocks. Tutankhamen's mummy was set on its feet for the last time; for a last time the little Queen kissed his feet, and the priests paid homage to him with all the wealth of thrones and jewels which should go with him into his grave. The censers swung; Ai and the princes marched past their Pharaoh, hiding their faces with their left hands in sign of mourning. The mourning-women yelled louder, ate earth, scratched their breasts, and tore their hair.

Tutankhamen, back to the wall and face to the assemblage, seemed to take leave of all who had followed him to his new dwelling. Behind the heads of the throng, a fantastic landscape rolled away as far as eye could reach. In front was the Valley of the Kings, which they called the Road where the Sun Goes down, to mark the divine conformity between the

¹ Capart, *Thèbes*.

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shining orb, which every evening when its course was run sank behind that valley, and Pharaoh, son of the Sun, who, when he left his human life, came to hide here in his eternal grave. Beyond the cemeteries, with their tiny replicas of great temples, the valley widened and grew more pleasant, with a thousand graces of cultivated nature; water babbled in countless little channels, weaving with their silver threads a carpet of perfumed greenery all the way to the Nile. The great river made a vast bend north of Thebes, and beyond the plain and the harmonious, varied mass of pylons, obelisks, and temples the horizon was bounded by the outline of the Arabian Mountain.

But the high-priest and Ai, as we see in the frieze of the mortuary chamber of Tutankhamen, were stepping forward to the mummy. In the haste with which the funeral had to be celebrated for political reasons, no chapel had been built in front of the tomb as tradition required.¹ In the open air they celebrated the divine mystery of the Opening of the Mouth, which liberated the Ka of Tutankhamen and enabled the dead King to taste all the pleasures of human life. In front of the mummy, which Ai and the high-priest had purified "with ordinary water and with red water, with frankincense of the South and alum of the North," the sacred butchers slew and cut up the beautiful white bulls which had drawn the coffin. Bloody morsels were held to the golden lips of the mummy. They remained shut, but Ai, with curious instruments with wooden handles and iron blades, went through the motion of opening them. Instinctively, the throng looked up to the sky for the Ba Bird, the symbol of the soul. Henceforward, the soul of Tutankhamen was free. It

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii, p. 518.

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would live its human life in the tomb and its spiritual life over all the worlds with the gods.¹

The high-priest cried out, "To thy double Osiris, whose voice is just in the presence of the Great God!" Two priests, taking the mummy, entered the House of Eternity and went down the sixteen steps of the porch, while the voice of the multitude grew fainter and fainter: "Thou canst not vanish for ever, thou dost go through the periods of eternity and thy annals shall be renewed without ceasing, because thou hast been set up and made perfect."²

¹ Maspero, *Études égyptiennes*, vol. i, p. 143.

² Moret; *Book of the Dead*, translated by Maspero.

CHAPTER XII

THE HOUSE OF ETERNITY

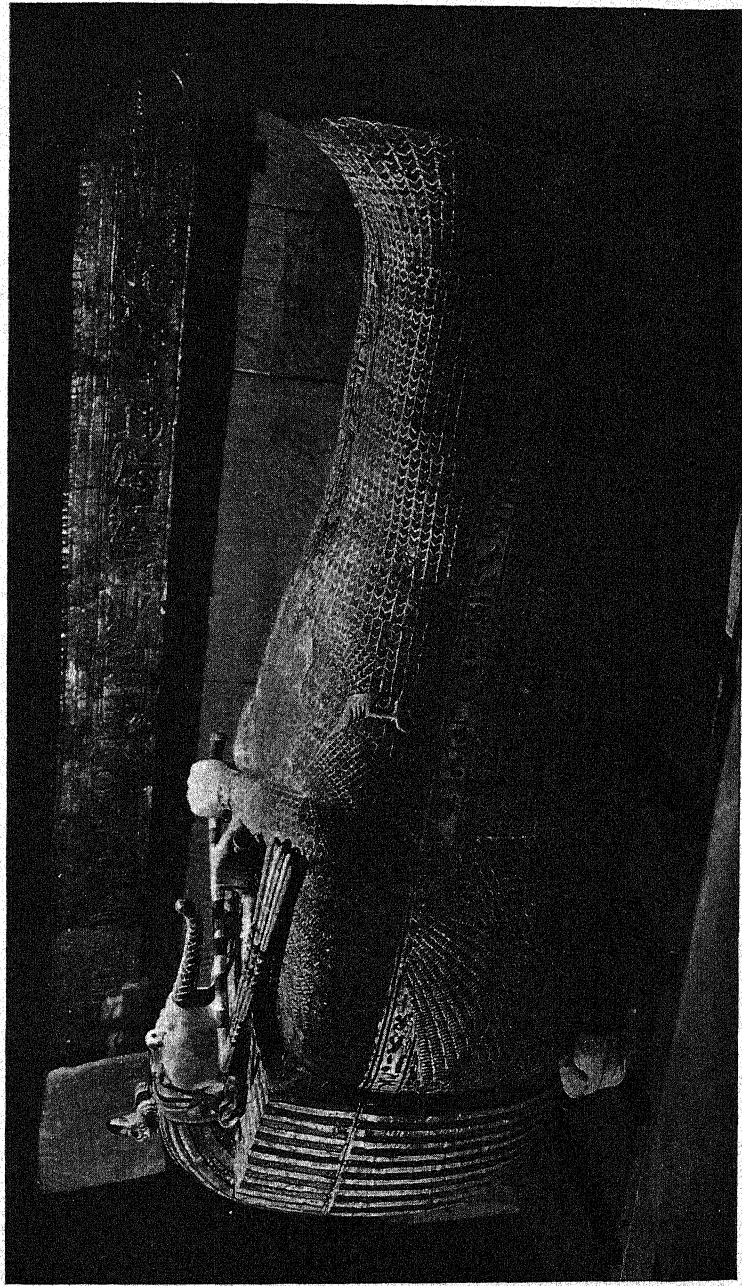
IT was a small cell, seventeen feet long, eleven wide, and nine high, but everything in it blazed with unexpected splendour. In the centre was a yawning sarcophagus of quartzite, over which its pink granite lid and the lids of the four shrines hung from the roof by pulleys, each fitting into the next. The gold panels of the shrines were arranged along the walls in order of size.

The dying light of the torches set gold glinting on every side in the panels and the cobras which adorned the lids, and beyond them fell on the paintings with which the walls were covered. At the back was a fresco of the funeral procession. The mummy was borne on a lion-shaped bier, escorted by Isis and Nephthys and followed by the nobles and the Vizier, with white fillets on their heads. The inscription explained: "The Officers of the Royal House go in procession with Tutankhamen, King Osiris, to the West," and their hymns were written in front of their mouths:

"O King, come in peace!
O God, protector of the land!"¹

On the north wall, to the right, was the great historical scene in which Ai was depicted for the first time wearing the royal attributes, performing the ceremony of the

¹ Carter, vol. ii, pp. 45. 47 ff.

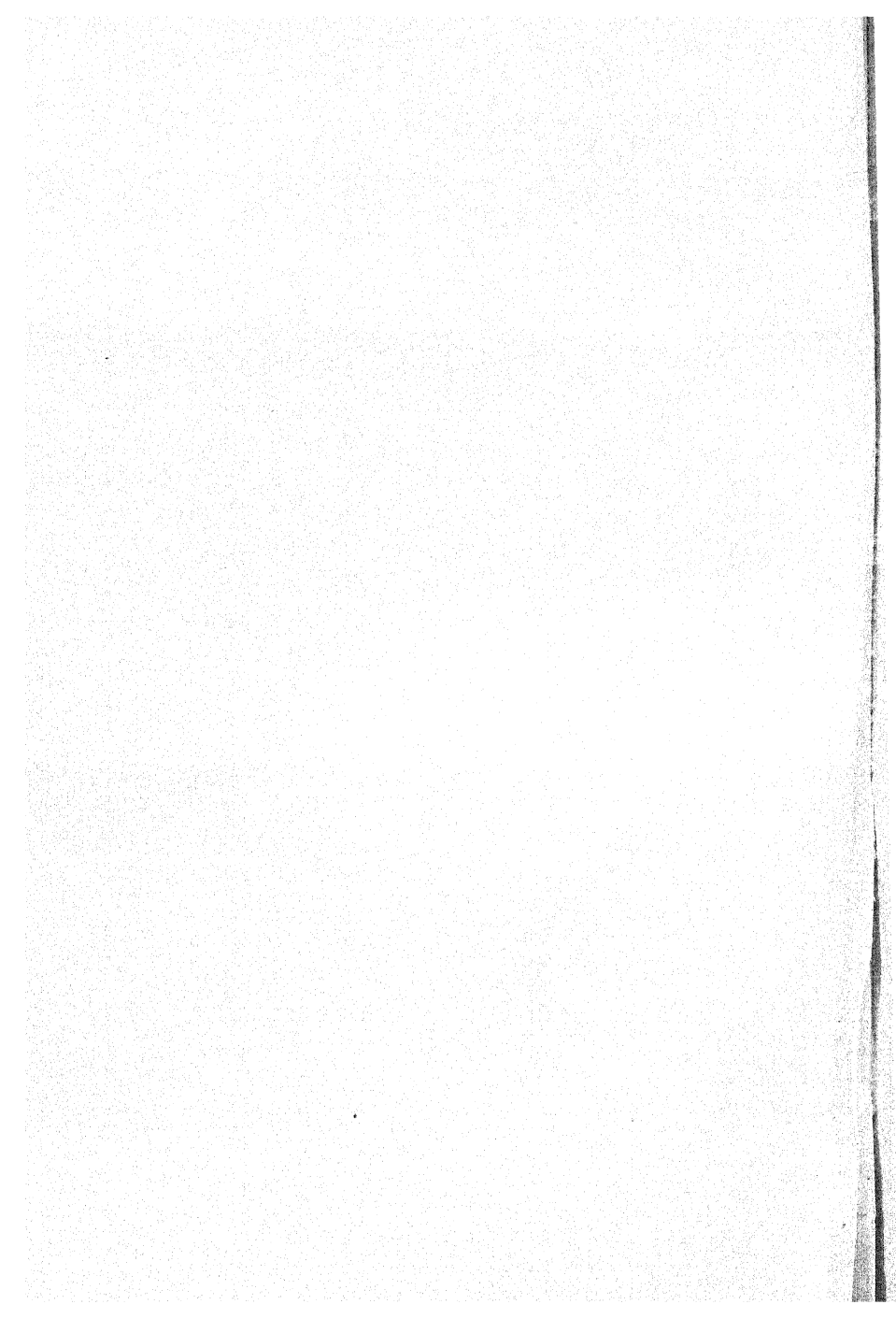


THE GREAT COFFIN OF TUTANKHAMEN

(Cairo Museum)

Photograph by Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. World copyright strictly reserved.

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Opening of the Mouth on Tutankhamen, who stood before him. On the same wall, to the left, was Tutankhamen appearing before the Ladies of the Sky, the Mistresses of the Gods, from among whom Nut stepped forward to welcome him. The fresco ended in another representation of the little Pharaoh, followed by his double, his eternal Ka. The west wall was painted with a selection of vignettes from the *Book of Knowledge of what is in the Next World*. On either side of the entrance, the figures of Anubis and Isis seemed to spring from the walls to wish Tutankhamen "millions of lives." He must have felt now that they were familiar, friendly deities; it was a long time since he had trembled at the sight of such reliefs, that first night in Thebes.

With the help of the priests Ai and the Master of Ceremonies carried the triple mummy to the quartzite sarcophagus, laid it in gently, and covered it with a great sheet, over which they strewed flowers and perfumes. At the four corners of the sarcophagus were the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Neith, and Serqet, carved in high relief, side-face, in mystical absorption. Their long, slender arms were outstretched, and at their wrists were bangles holding their light wings, which met as if to enfold the King's last sleep in their maternal protection.¹ Slaves worked the pulleys. They dropped the first lid, that of pink granite with the frieze of serried cobras, with a crash, and it broke across—a foreboding of the violation by which, thirty-three centuries later, men would disturb the eternal rest which the Mistresses of the Gods had promised to the young Pharaoh.

The priests took the first four of the panels which

¹ *Ibid.*

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stood against the wall, and set them round the sarcophagus. They locked the joins, where, in the thickness of the gold, Nephthys spread her wings, by slipping wooden bars into metal sockets, and servants laid chased bows, gold arrows, and fans along the shrine. On one fan was an ostrich-hunt, woven in gold thread, and another bore the King's name, set amid turquoises and lapis lazuli. The slaves rapidly lowered, this time without accident, the second lid, which was very simply carved with bands of hieroglyphics, and above it they set a horizontal frame, over which they spread a pall of black linen embroidered with great silver daisies and falling in soft folds at the four corners.

The priests took the second set of panels from along the walls. On the plates of gold, Tutankhamen was engraved in all the splendour of the next life, under a frieze of winged disks. The heavy wooden bolts were thrust home, and on the sides Ai placed the two wax seals which were first broken by Mr. Carter. One bore the King's cartouche, the other the device of the seal of the Royal Necropolis.¹ Along this second shrine, the servants placed yet more objects of Pharaoh's daily life—the two walking-sticks, on the hilts of which were gold and silver statuettes of Tutankhamen at the age of twelve, when he ascended the throne, ceremonial staves of red wood overlaid with ivory and gold filigree, a very plain stick which bore, engraved on gold, the well-known inscription, "His Majesty's Best Stick," and another of ordinary wood, in a case of gold and electrum, on which we may read the thrilling words, "Wood which His Majesty cut with his own hand."

The priests put together the panels of the third shrine, which was exactly like the second, and as the third lid was descending they made up a fourth shrine

¹ Carter.

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of the last panels, which were of wood adorned with a lattice-work of blue faience with the protective emblems of the Ded and the Thet.

It was now hardly possible to move in the mortuary chamber, so crowded was it, and here were yet more servants, who placed against the north wall ten magical oars, which should convey Pharaoh on the seas of the next world. At the back, behind the shrines, they set up the emblem of Anubis, between two little ebony pavilions. Along the east wall they laid Pharaoh's sacred goose, carved in black wood and covered with a veil.¹ Before the door they placed the perfume-vase of the King and Queen, of translucent alabaster adorned with the emblems of Upper and Lower Egypt united by the Nile; the cosmetics-pot, a cylindrical alabaster box of a type unique in Egyptian art, with a little pink ivory lion with its tongue hanging out on the lid and a support consisting of prisoners carved in hard black and red stone; and a thousand other articles—daggers, stilettos, gloves of skin with gold embroidery, and so on.

Having bidden the priests and servants to make way, Ai placed at the foot of the shrines four jars of wine and a huge bunch of pansies and olives which the Queen had given him.

As the priests recited a last prayer and withdrew with Ai, the last torch burned out, plunging Pharaoh and all his wealth in eternal darkness.

Hastily, naked slaves built a wall in front of the door, and Ai, after setting the royal seals on it, caused two great statues of painted wood to be set up by the side, representing the King with his pleated waist-cloth, his rich head-dress, his gold bangles and spears and clubs. Tutankhamen would animate these, to take

¹ Carter.

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part in the furious wars of men, when he tired of his divine ecstasy and the vague, barely conscious existence which he would lead in his tomb.

In the antechamber, the servants were now stacking the Canopic jars, boxes, furniture, and provisions which had accompanied the procession all through the day. Ai's generosity in furnishing the last abode of his young master had known no bounds, and it remains a mystery. As a rule the Pharaohs had for their after-life only articles specially made in honour of their funeral. Ai had caused all the furniture of the two palaces in which the little prince had lived to be brought, as if he wanted to wipe out all memory of the earthly life of Tutankhamen from the minds of living men.

On the top of the voluminous bales containing food "for millions of years" stood the beautiful state beds, shaped like mythical animals studded with precious stones. One was the bridal bed, on which Tutankhamen had spent his "hour of eternity" at Akhetaten—a hieratic, ancestral bed of ebony and ivory, with Bes and Thueris carved on the foot; on this, too, he had fallen asleep for ever on the terrace at Medinet Habu. Thus he could live again all the hours of his life,¹ for he would be resuscitated in his mortal flesh and would leave his funerary chamber for the other world, where, in the company of the blessed souls, he would know only pleasures, perpetual feasting, song, and games of all kinds.

Here, too, along the walls, were the gold chariots, dismounted. There was the one on which the twelve-year-old King had ridden amid the shouting people of Akhetaten, in all the glory of his youthful majesty, and there were those on which he had rushed about

¹ Carter.

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the Two Kingdoms on his hunting-expeditions. On one side were the wheels with the six gold spokes; there was the harness of dun leather, adorned with coloured glass set in a delicate gold network. In the corners stood the poles, likewise covered with gold filigree, capped with a gold hawk which bore on its head the sun-disk, with the royal seal engraved in the centre. The gold which covered the woodwork of the bodies was engraved with historical scenes. One symbolized the union of the Two Kingdoms, the whole weight of which was borne by a line of slaves, tied by the neck. In another, Pharaoh stood as a triumphant sphinx before his kneeling Asiatic subjects. The hunting-chariots were adorned with beautiful conventional flowers, surrounding the King's cartouche.

In the place of honour, Ai caused the throne from Akhetaten and its footstool to be set. On this throne, on which a host of artists had worked, Tutankhamen would love to sit again; he would lean against the back, on which an intimate love-scene was finely worked in gold and lapis lazuli on an enamel background, to recall his happy life with the little Queen, while his hands would caress the emerald heads of the royal hawks on the ends of the arms. Quite close to it, Ai made them place the throne from the palace in Thebes, very severe, on which Tutankhamen should continue to sit in ritual state to receive the tribute of the peoples of his empire.

The antechamber in its turn was full, and Ai had to remain on the threshold. One little oil-lamp was enough to light the room, and its solitary flame was repeated to infinity in the sparkling of heaped-up treasures—an unprecedented accumulation of wealth which would not see daylight for many a long age.¹

¹ Carter.

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Up above, the slaves had already begun to serve a banquet in the open, since Ai had not allowed time to build a chapel. On the platform where the mummy had recently stood, a statue of Tutankhamen presided over the feast. It was given a portion of each dish the first,¹ for even things have a soul, a double with which the doubles of men, and even those of animals, can be contented.

The mourning-women were gone, and their lugubrious utterance had given place to joyous songs and dancing. Addressing the dead man no less than the living, they sang incessantly the festive refrain:

“ Make a happy day ! Life has but a moment ! ”

Squatting on the ground, a blind singer, as thin as the aged Job, with the skin in folds over his belly and tight and dried-up on his sides, twanged a harp, and with his head raised towards a sun which he always saw in his dreams but never otherwise, he sang:²

“ Make a happy day, for our bodies are born only to pass away ; so it has been since the time of the Gods.

The sun rises at morning and sets at evening ;

Men beget, women give birth, and one generation drives out another, keeping nothing of what they have possessed down here.

Forget all ills, and think only of pleasure.

Do not wear out your heart in sorrow until the day come for you to beg for a new lease of life, while the indifferent God does not hear.

So make a happy day, and enjoy it as best you can.

Of a truth, man, none can take his goods with him in death.

Of a truth, none who has gone has come back.”

¹ Maspero, *Histoire*, vol. ii ; *Études égyptiennes*.

² *Song of the Harper*, in Breasted, *Records of the Past* ; Maspero, *Histoire*, ii, p. 525.

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Of a sudden, all were silent. Ai was coming out into the light of day. King at last—sole lord of the Empire which deemed him supremely generous and just !

In despair, the little Queen had gone back alone to the Palace. Would he come, the prince who should save her ? Nothing showed on the horizon. M. Capart, in his work on Tutankhamen, tells us that the Hittite prince whom she awaited as her bridegroom was murdered by Egyptian nobles when he arrived in the Nile valley. Perhaps he would have changed the history of Egypt. What would have been the result of that extraordinary phenomenon—a foreign ruler on the throne of the Pharaohs ?

And history loses all trace of the pretty little Queen for ever. Probably she had, like all the daughters of Amenophis IV, a sad destiny, quickly cut short in a harem conspiracy organized against her inconvenient existence. Let us hope that Egyptian death with its thousand joys was not long in coming, for life would have brought nothing but pain to her love of Tutankhamen. As Queen Dowager, she would have watched with indifference the short inglorious reign (1350-1345) of Ai and his vulgar wife, the Royal Nurse Ti; but how she would have suffered at the triumphal advent of Horemheb, whom Ai had made his heir in his lifetime !

One glorious morning of the year 1345, the god Horus, in the human shape of the high-priest, took Horemheb with him to Thebes amidst general rejoicing, and presented him to Amen that the god might allow him to become Pharaoh. He was consecrated in the temple of Luxor, which had become a kind of family chapel for the descendants of Amenophis III. "Amen

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rejoiced to see that lord, the heir of the Two Lands. He led him to the royal palace, and took him into the rooms of his daughter Nezemmut. Then, when she had recognized her child and held him to her heart, all the Gods broke out in acclamations and their shouts went up to the sky."

Horemheb, made Pharaoh by the will of Amen—and of the priests—wished to give a public and brilliant manifestation of his gratitude to both. The recantation of Tutankhamen, solemn though it had been, had been only a partial rehabilitation. God and priests had recovered their prestige and power, but they had not savoured the sour joys of revenge, and they nursed bitter memories of the insults and proscriptions of Amenophis IV.

Tutankhamen had all through his reign been made to suffer from their spite, which was partly appeased but still alive. Horemheb, "the chosen of Amen,"¹ an able politician, meant to show his gratitude and secure his authority by wiping out all memory of the grievous days of Akhetaten. He gave them the treat of a persecution, which he led in person—and it was directed against Tutankhamen! The young Pharaoh was a symbol of the continuity of Egyptian policy outside of spiritual happenings and divine dogmas. It was not enough to have restored Amen and his priesthood in their glory; he had not rooted out the vestiges of the heresy of Aten. The persecution of Horemheb was conducted with frenzy.² All the cartouches of Tutankhamen were obliterated from the stone, and those of the aged general were carved in their place. His statues were thrown into the Nile, and the beautiful reliefs on which he appeared were

¹ Maspero, on the reign of Horemheb, p. 339.

² *Papiers inédits de Nestor Lhôte*, vol. iii, pp. 80-97.

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destroyed. With the superb indifference of turncoats and neophytes, Horemheb severely condemned the

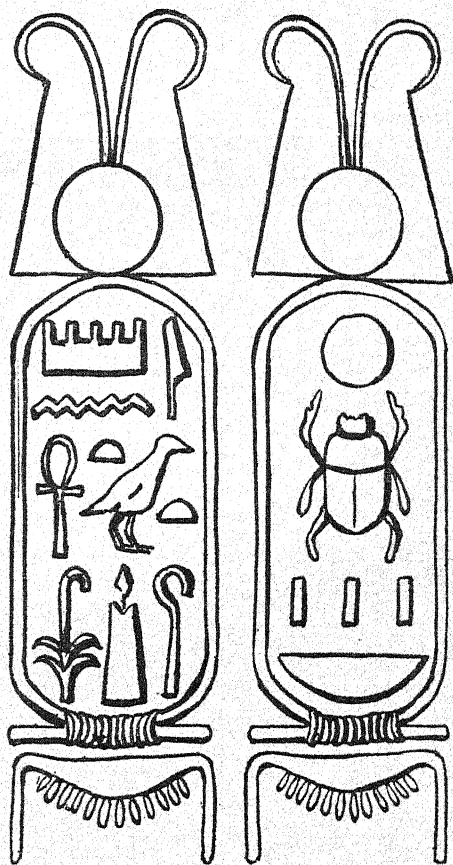


FIG. 17.—CARTOUCHE OF TUTANKHAMEN.

attempt at a religious international policy which he had once inspired at Akhetaten. He ordered hundreds of workmen to hammer out the annals which had been

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inscribed on the walls of the temple of Karnak in the last two reigns. From the death of Amenophis III the Magnificent to that day, those annals should say nothing of Amenophis IV or Tutankhamen, and should ascribe all the glories of Egypt to the reign of the great Pharaoh Horemheb. Of Aten, the Sun-disk of Akhetaten, of Amenophis IV, of Tutankhamen, of Ai, no more should be heard. The history of Egypt should know nothing of the insult done to ancestral traditions and to the faithfulness of the people of Amen to its god.

Horemheb restored the kingdom. He was the first to issue an edict for the maintenance of the administration and army "in perfect order and honesty."¹ On the last day of every month, he caused the doors of his palace to be opened wide, and banquets were given to the people; Pharaoh appeared, and conversed freely with one and all. He was very popular. For the greater glory of Amen, he revived, in his own person, in spite of his great age, the "wars of the God" in Syria, and returned in triumph to Thebes after having, for the first time, come into conflict with the race which would destroy the Egyptian Empire, the Hittites. That people would presently, after the dazzling glory of Rameses III, rob the Pharaohs of their empire in Asia.

Horemheb's end was near. He had settled his account with all the gods. In his youth a tomb had been prepared for him at Memphis, by which he might enter the paradise of Ptah; another tomb had awaited him at Akhetaten, that he might enjoy the "divine rays"; a third received him into the bosom of Amen, in the Valley of the Kings.

¹ Stele discovered in 1882, Brugsch's text.

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His head, of black granite, in the Bulaq Museum, inspires respect, with the straight, thin nose, the long, dreamy eyes, and the determined chin, in the aspect of a Pharaoh of the great period. Some historians regard him as the enemy of Tutankhamen; I do not hold this view. At once energetic and gentle, Horemheb was first and foremost a statesman, and great statesmen never hate anything but what opposes the greatness of their country. To Horemheb, Tutankhamen was nothing but a very frail being, whom he managed, living and dead—for the greatness of the Empire.

Little Queen of seventeen years, who loved the most beautiful of all the Pharaohs, we do not want to think that you saw the glory of Horemheb dim the radiant figure of your husband! You who still live somewhere in the land of the dead in the Theban Mountain, be happy! The glory which you desired, with all the ardour of love, for your royal consort has now come. After thirty-two centuries, in spite of Horemheb's persecution, the renown of Tutankhamen is equal to that of the greatest Pharaohs of Egypt.

CONCLUSION

THE glory which we assign to Tutankhamen is due much more to the beauty of the objects found in his tomb, eloquent witnesses of a refined civilization, than to the importance of his short reign in the history of the world.

The dazzling charm and essential interest of that short-lived glory do not come from the arts; it will always be unique because it brings before us the proud soul of old Egypt in the last hours during which it remained a soul. It was still a primitive, barbarous soul, but it asserted all that it had gained by adhering to its traditional beliefs and virtues.

The twelve years of Tutankhamen's reign were indeed the dusk of the XVIIIth Dynasty, which had raised Egypt to the height of her greatness, but they were also, in their work of restoring the past in its entirety, the dawn of the great age of the Ramessids, a last blaze of the glories of Egypt before they went down under the repeated blows of the forces of disorganization whose seed had been sown by the mad Utopian schemes of Amenophis IV.

It is very useful to take a last look at Egypt, crystallized at the edge of the tomb which is already dug for her, in a very ancient ideal, at once grand and simple, of peace, wisdom, nobility, and happiness.

The short history of Tutankhamen is the first, in the dawn of the great civilizations, which teaches us that individuals, however exceptional and powerful

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they may be, are never anything but "instants in a race," even when they seem to be brushed by the wing of genius or chosen by fortune. It shows that it is in respect for the things of the past, for the national and spiritual aspirations of peoples, that the action and authority of great leaders show themselves effective and potent. It is the age of an institution or of a race which compels time to crown them with sacred fillets and to adorn them with the only charms of a past which is definitely dead. Historical facts are never anything but solidified ideas.

Tutankhamen, whatever he did to obliterate the traces of his father's politico-religious revolution, which nearly left Egypt "like a body without a soul, a chapel without a god,"¹ did not quite achieve this. Leaning over the edge of the dim abyss which Amenophis IV had dug in his attempt to shape the soul of his people to the vague, undecided forms of the future, he strove to attach that soul once more to the ancient foundations of the past. But the balance was overthrown, the charm destroyed.

The insolent happiness of Egypt was at an end. The past with its principles tottered; the mystical awe which had held Asiatics and negroes in subjection to those living gods, the Pharaohs, had been dispelled by the sacrilegious hands of one of them. After Amenophis IV, Pharaoh was only a man—still powerful but subject to weaknesses and renunciations, to kindness and indulgence. Barbarous peoples have a simpler, more mystical conception of human authority. Neither force nor magnanimity can take the place of divine unction. However glorious the majesty may be with which their lord is surrounded, if they only regard him as a man like other men, who has managed to secure

¹ Papyrus Anastasi IV, pl. ii.

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a place of greatness, they will think of claiming that place for themselves.

The glory of the Ramessids was not flawless. It no longer had the halo of godhead; it was merely made by Egyptian victories over rebels and invaders. Other more brutal masters would come from abroad. Ancient Egypt awaited them in the violated bed of her age-old traditions.

Tutankhamen attempted the impossible—to go back upon a revolution in order to recover the past and establish it in its splendour. The great spiritual principles had received their death-blow. Amenophis IV had destroyed too many of the things which can never be replaced—beliefs. It was necessary, by a unique opportunity, by intelligent sympathy, to give new life to the dying past. Tutankhamen could do no more than keep it stationary for a moment—but with great brilliance, binding the last hour of the Empire with a glittering thread to its most distant past.

PARIS, *Spring*, 1928.

APPENDICES

I. HOW DID AMEN GIVE HIS REPLIES ?

AMEN was the King, and the Egyptians regarded him as a beneficent ruler, who by his decrees ordered the affairs of this world like those of heaven. Theologians must have had an explanation of the mechanism of the omnipotence of Amen, while preserving the prerogatives of the other gods.

How did Amen give his replies ? The mechanism of the oracles is still very obscure, and, in spite of the apparent clearness of certain documents, various suppositions have been suggested—jointed statues worked by priests, movements, mysterious voices heard in the sanctuary.

At Karnak, south of the Sanctuary of the Boats, a wall still standing bears a great inscription called that of the Government of Thothmes III. There the King relates how he, who not had been called to the throne, was suddenly designated by the choice of Amen. When he was quite young, before he was even raised to the rank of Prophet, and was acting as a junior priest, he was standing in the north hypostyle while a procession was going by. "The God rejoiced heaven and earth with his beauty, and his rays shone in the eyes of the people, like the appearance of the Sun-god on the horizon. . . . The God began to go round the hypostyle hall, following the two sides, and the hearts of those who were before him did not understand

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his action, as he sought a majesty everywhere. Then recognizing me, he stopped. I fell on the pavement, I prostrated myself before him. He caused me to rise, and I was placed in the 'King's station.' The secrets of the hearts of the Gods were revealed before the people."

It would be too easy to adopt the universal explanation which satisfied the philosophers of the XVIIIth century—the credulity of the people exploited by the priestly "caste."

At least one example is known in which it is certain that the god consulted was in the sacred boat carried on the shoulders of the priests, and the text invokes the testimony of the Prophet who accompanied the boat and the bearers who had it on their shoulders.

Legrain,¹ who spent thirty years of his life in studying the temple of Karnak, believed that Amen manifested his will by weighing on the shoulders of the bearers so as to guide the movements of the boat. He is speaking of facts similar to those which he had himself observed at the burial of a member of the family of Abu'l-Haggag, the great Mussulman saint of Luxor, at whose feast a sacred boat is carried about at this day. The document which Legrain brought forward in support of his hypothesis is a statement, certified sincere by the seals of witnesses:

"That day we were present at the burial. During the procession, we were carrying the bier on our shoulders when, coming near the Nile by the side of Shekh Abu'l-Abbas, we suddenly felt the boat growing heavy. None of us could walk. We set down the bier, and after reciting the *Fatihah* we took up the

¹ Legrain, in *Annales du Service des antiquités d'Égypte*, vol. xvi (1908), p. 168.

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bier and felt nothing. Then, going along the west cemetery road, no one could proceed, for the Sheikh was heavy in the bier. Then, on the north road, he sometimes became heavy and sometimes light.

"That we have observed and to that we can testify; we were the bearers of the bier."

6th November, 1916.

Seal of (Signed) HASAN ABDALLAH AHMAD.
ABD' UL-WARA GHANIM.
SULAIMAN KHALIL.

II. DID MONEY EXIST IN THEBES UNDER TUTANKHAMEN? WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

The most usual measure of capacity for milk, raisins, etc. was the *han*, equal to about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint. For larger quantities the *apet* (= 18 *hans*) was used, and the "great measure" was equal to 16 gallons.

The current money was the bronze *utnu*. It was seldom used for wages, though in contractors' accounts we find certain employees receiving 5 *utnus* a month. It is also certain that silver and gold money existed, and 5 pieces of silver were worth 3 of gold.

Usually, however, pay was in kind; for example, each door-keeper of the temple received two and a half great measures a week, and *hutu*, or army-sergeants, got four great measures a month; so the minimum allowance was $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel of grain a month, or one pint a day.

But in the papyri we find merchants' accounts as follows:

1 goat worth	2 <i>utnus</i> .
2 ducks	$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>utnu</i> .
1 bronze razor	1 <i>utnu</i> .
Hand-staff	$\frac{1}{2}$ <i>utnu</i> .
1 pick	2 <i>utnus</i> .
1 worked piece of furniture	5 <i>utnus</i> . Etc.

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But Chabas claims, in his *Recherches sur les poids, mesures, et monnaies des anciens Égyptiens*, that in a tomb reckonings have been found which were made by a lady named Ubket after a decease, for payments due to her. Here we see clearly that the *utnu* is used not as a measure of weight but as money, for we read:

1 goat	2 <i>utnus</i> .
1 wooden bed	2½ <i>utnus</i> .

Another conclusive fact is that the *utnu* is mentioned without any indication of the metal, and that only the total specifies "*utnus* of bronze," the current coin. Maspero does not seem to think that it was used as early as the XVIIIth Dynasty, but we may suppose that it was, since the previous method of sale was too obviously inconvenient.

Moreover, a document published by Mariette Bey testifies to the minting of gold and silver, or at least the use of these metals as a monetary sign. Hieratic Papyrus No. 111 in the Bulaq Museum (discovered in ruins on the Asasif of Thebes), of the type of writing of the XVIIIth-XXIIInd Dynasties, bearing the name of Amenophis on the last line of the obverse, contains merchants' accounts in three columns, and in col. i. we see, "1st Paophi. Delivered to the merchant Khennait, three ox-heads; that makes so many pieces of gold."

In sum, money existed in Egypt under the XVIIIth Dynasty, but the mass of the people still preferred the method of barter.

APPENDICES

III. INSCRIPTIONS AND REPRESENTATIONS OF TUT-ANKHAMEN AND QUEEN ANKHSENPAAMEN KNOWN BEFORE THE DISCOVERIES OF 1923

KHEPERU-NEB-RA TUT-ANKH-AMEN, HEQ AN RESU

1. Piece of material found by Davis in the tomb of Queen Tii.¹
2. Red granite couchant lion, dedicated by the King to his grandfather Amenophis III, found at Gebel Barkal.²
3. Sandstone blocks with cartouches, found between the Nile and the Red Sea, in the Nubian district of the Etbai.³
4. On a hypostyle column of the temple of Luxor.
5. On fragments of wood from Thebes, where the King restored certain buildings of Thothmes IV.
6. Tomb of Hui, viceroy of Ethiopia, at Qurnet-Murrai.⁴
7. Pieces of gold plating found by Davis in the Biban el-Muluk, in a tomb of a contemporary of Tutankhamen.⁵
- 8-9. Two blocks at Karnak, one surcharged with the name of Horemheb.⁶
10. Large red sandstone stele found at Karnak in 1905.⁷

¹ A. J. Reinach, in *Revue Archéologique*, 1911, p. 332.

² Budge, *Guide*, 1909, pp. 235, 238.

³ F. W. Green, in *Proc. Soc. Biblical Archaeology*, xxxi (1909), p. 248.

⁴ Hilton Price, *ibid.*, x (1887), p. 130; Champollion, *Notices descriptives*, i, p. 477.

⁵ Griffith, *Egypt Exploration Fund, Arch. Report*, 1908.

⁶ Prisse d'Avesnes, *Monuments égyptiens*, pl. xi, no. 1.

⁷ Legrain, in *Ann. du Service des Ant.*, vol. vi (1905), p. 192.

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11. Standing granite statue, usurped by Horemheb, from Karnak, now in Cairo.¹
12. Red sandstone statue of one Horemheb, squatting and holding a roll of papyrus, found at Karnak in 1889 and preserved in the Cairo Museum.²
13. Colossal red sandstone statue of Amen, usurped by Horemheb.³
14. Wooden box covered with gold, on which the King is represented in state dress, found at Abydos.⁴
15. Alabaster vase, giving also the Queen's name, found at Gurob, now in the Petrie Collection.⁵
16. Wooden cubit, giving also the Queen's name.
17. Limestone stele from Memphis, in the Cairo Museum.⁶
18. Glass pendant, found in the tomb of the Apis which died in the time of Tutankhamen, Memphis.⁷
19. Small limestone stele presented to the Berlin Museum by Messrs. Borchardt and von Bissing.⁸
20. Various scarabs, in the Louvre, the Turin, Cairo, and British Museums, at Tell el-Amarna (eight), and in the collections of Miss Brocklehurst, Fraser (two), Grant, and Hilton Price.
21. Green porcelain ring in the Turin Museum.
22. Bronze ring in the Petrie Collection.
23. Rouge-boxes in the British Museum.
24. Scribe's palette found at Thebes by Champollion.

¹ Legrain, *Catalogue général : Statues et Statuettes*, i, pp. 53-4.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 81, 83.

³ Legrain, *Le Musée égyptien*, ii, 1904, p. 5.

⁴ Amélineau, *Nouvelle Fouille d'Abydos*, ii, p. 301, 1897-8.

⁵ Petrie, *History*, ii, p. 237.

⁶ Daressy.

⁷ Petrie.

⁸ Breasted, *Ancient Records*, ii, p. 420.

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THE QUEEN (SAME CARTOUCHE)

1. Great stele of Tutankhamen at Karnak.
2. Alabaster vase in the Petrie Collection.
3. Rouge-box in the British Museum.
4. Wooden cubit found at Gurob.
5. Piece of gold plating from the Biban el-Muluk, now in the Cairo Museum.¹
6. Another piece of gold plating from the Biban el-Muluk.
7. Scarabs, at Tell el-Amarna and Gurob and in the Fraser Collection and the British Museum.²

¹ See refs. for these objects under the King's name.

² Petrie, *Kahun, Gurob, and Hawara*, pl. xxix.

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